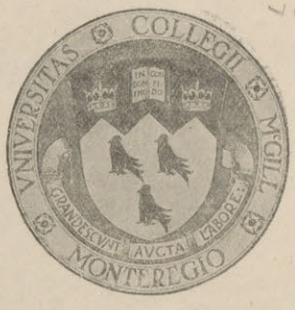
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No. CCCCXXII—April 1912

'WE ARE THE GOVERNMENT NOW'

Thus a Miners' Federation leader is reported to have recently expressed himself in the words which head this article. The report may, or may not, be literally true. It has not, as yet, been publicly contradicted. But it is quite safe to say that this arrogant statement accurately represents the attitude and frame of mind of the Federation leaders, who, for years past, with an ability, perseverance, and foresight that his Majesty's present Ministers might well emulate, have been organising the powerful machinery of the wealthy industrial association they control for this very purpose of a general strike in order to attain their end. Speaking at Maesteg on Saturday, the 16th of March, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn is reported to have said: 'It is the duty and the intention of the Federation to see that whatever legislation was passed it should be of such a nature as to secure to the miners what they had always contended for—a wage commensurate to the services rendered by them to the community. The one outstanding fact was that the workers (*i.e.* the miners) possessed

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the power and all the power. *No one to-day questioned that.*' (The italics are mine.)

For the moment I am not dealing with the merits of the Federation demand, but only with the position assumed by their leaders in regard to it. Although Labour is represented by over forty members in the House of Commons, there has been little talk recently of constitutional action through its Parliamentary representatives. Nothing is, perhaps, more remarkable than the quiescence and apparent impotence of the Labour Party in the House of Commons during this present industrial crisis—the gravity of which is unprecedented in our history.

'Labour is no longer on the doorstep,' wrote the *Clarion* in February 1906, after the General Election of that year, 'Labour is now inside'; and it was prophesied that 'things would happen.' Things certainly have happened, the passing of the Eight Hours (Mines) Act and the Trades Disputes Act to wit, among other consequent events. These two Acts have a direct bearing on the present crisis, and may be taken as part of the settled and carefully thought-out Labour policy that was initiated about ten years ago after the 'Taff Vale' decision. The Eight Hours Act for mines has tended to increase the cost of coal production on the one hand, and unwittingly to reduce the wage-earning power of the miner on the other, and so has rendered more acute the economic struggle between profits, rate of wages, and price of coal. The Trades Disputes Act, one of the first Labour pills obediently swallowed by the present Government, soon after their advent to power in 1906, has made Trade Union funds immune from civil action, and so enabled the Federation to tear up industrial agreements between employers and men at their own sweet will, and without fear of any consequential damages.

A month ago the scene changed from the Deliberative and Legislative Chamber of the representatives of the people to the pit-mouth. Armed with the weapon of a general strike, and their funds being immune from all danger of legal interference, the Federation leaders had no further use, for the moment, for the House of Commons. 'We are the Government now.' There was no question of sweet reasonableness here; there were not even two parties to the discussion; but only one. They, the miners' leaders, were reason, they were master. Our terms, they said, are not only the *principle* of a minimum wage—for this is an inconveniently vague term—but the adoption of the schedule containing the arbitrary figures that we, the leaders, choose to fix. Either accept, they said, in effect, to a popularly-elected Government and a democratic, freedom-loving nation, without demur and without discussion, our minimum-wage figures, or take the consequences of a general strike.

We are in the process of taking the consequences now. Some 3,000,000 men or more have been thrown out of work, a very large proportion of whom have nothing whatever to do with the coal dispute, and stand to gain nothing by it whichever way it may eventually be settled. Thousands of families have been threatened with hardship and even starvation. They are the innocent victims of an industrial quarrel in which they have no direct interest and which they do not in the least understand. The general transport service of the country has been, of necessity, curtailed. Our industrial and manufacturing centres, and our shipping ports, have been gradually paralysed for want of the cheap fuel which to them is life. In addition to these direct and more or less immediate consequences, the indirect consequences of the coal strike may be even more serious still, because more lasting. Collieries with narrow and deep seams that are difficult to work at a profit, or that are short of capital, once shut down, may not be readily re-opened, if at all. Contracts lost in consequence of the strike may not be regained. Some diversion of business to foreign competitors is certain to take place. Lastly, a much severer and more rigorous selection of workmen may be forced on the coal industry as a consequence of the strike. All these things will tend to permanently increased unemployment and reduced wage-earning capacity.

These are some of the far-reaching consequences that have been forced on our country by the leaders of a Federation numbering one-fiftieth only of our total population, and probably less than one-twelfth of our industrial population. They have been enabled to exercise this tyrannical power—for tyranny it is, and nothing less—first because of their unique position, in that coal-producers have an absolute monopoly of the first necessity and original basis of our industrial greatness—namely, cheap coal; and secondly, because of legislation that has freed them from all legal obligations.

So the Federation leaders have told us—and the object-lesson has been more forcibly driven home with every day that the strike has been prolonged—'We are the Government now.' If this boast were finally made good, if their arbitrary schedule of wage, whatever its merits or its necessity—these points I am not discussing now—were forced upon a possibly reluctant coal industry as a result of the strike, and from fear of its results and consequences, then in truth would the arrogance of the Federation leaders be fully justified, and they would indeed become the virtual rulers of our country. For the future, whatever terms they might choose to dictate would perforce be thrust, or attempted to be thrust, in defiance of economic laws, upon this or any other of the great industries which are the material life-blood of the

kingdom. The immediate and patent results of a general coal strike are nothing like so dangerous as the reckless and revolutionary spirit of which it is the symptom and the outcome. It is not so much the thing itself as the driving-force behind it that will concern the thinking community.

The position is at once so startling and so dramatic in its scope and intensity, that the detached onlooker, if it is possible under present circumstances for any British citizen to assume such a position, naturally asks himself how it has come about and what is the real meaning of it all. No one will seriously contend that a general coal strike is really the best or only way of settling the question of what is a fair wage for the miner. The mere fact of such a method being adopted, the possibility even of its adoption, argues that there must be something wrong in our system of government, some weak point in our executive and constitutional machinery, and that an immediate overhaul of our national body politic is urgently required.

The existence and progress of organic disease in the human body is often secret and insidious for a time. Suddenly some grave but mysterious symptoms appear, necessitating a thorough and immediate diagnosis of the patient. So a strike of this kind, which unless promptly checked threatens grave and even permanent injury to the whole community, appears to indicate the necessity of a similar national diagnosis.

A general coal strike is clearly differentiated from every other form of industrial dispute or warfare, because of the wideness of its scope and consequences. No statesman or even politician worthy of the name can say, 'I had no idea it would be so serious.' The basis of England's commercial and industrial greatness, as already stated, is comprised in the two words, 'cheap coal.' The fact that we have a population of nearly fifty million people in these two small islands in the North Sea, largely dependent for their maintenance and livelihood on the continuance and prosperity of our productive and manufacturing industries, can never be forgotten or ignored. For the continuance and prosperity of these industries a permanent and adequate supply of cheap fuel is a first and absolute necessity. It therefore follows that our coal production is really an affair of national importance from every point of view, and, although it is carried on by private enterprise, that the community has a right to expect from its Government a constant and effective supervision of the general conditions of the industry, coupled with some degree of intelligent anticipation of events in regard to it.

These are simple and self-evident propositions, only recited here because, while the Miners' Federation have remembered and

acted on them, our Government appear to have ignored or forgotten them. None of our present Ministers can say, 'I did not think a coal strike was really intended.' (To do them justice, the Federation leaders have been perfectly explicit on the point all along.) Their policy of a general strike on a certain day was openly indicated months beforehand, and has been steadily elaborated and developed without any concealment whatever. The ordinary citizen paid small attention, the predominant feeling probably being that a settlement of some kind was certain, by Government action or otherwise, in view of the appalling consequences of a stoppage of our national coal supplies, even for a short period. The Press, it is true, the *Times* in particular, laid stress beforehand on the coming danger. Nevertheless the strike has happened, and (what now impresses the impartial but suffering onlooker is the extraordinary impotence of our democratic Government, the evolution of a century or so of a Party system and a gradually extended franchise, in this time of national perplexity and distress.) Let us take it for granted that the men have every right to do the best they can for themselves, and that the colliery owners are also entitled to claim some adequate return on the capital they have invested, and are not to be asked to attempt the impossible task of running a colliery on purely philanthropic principles. (All this being conceded, our national necessities imperatively demand that in an industry of such scope and importance the combatants, or either of them, shall not be allowed either the opportunity or the means of thrusting the whole community into a state of starvation and industrial paralysis simply because they cannot agree between themselves. 'Salus populi suprema lex.') (It is the business of a Government to govern effectively and for the general benefit of all.) It was the business of our present Government to have foreseen and provided against the actual event of an openly and long-threatened general coal strike. The inevitable and startling conclusion to which we are driven is that in this England of ours, whose boast it has always been that we are the freest, most enlightened, and best-governed country on earth, there is something radically and seriously wrong with the political and administrative system which can permit of such a national catastrophe.

No one supposes, then, for a moment, that our present Ministers did not know of the coming strike, or that they did not realise what the actual happening of it meant. Only a few months ago they had the practical object-lesson of a railway strike, less important only in degree. Everyone also will readily assume that when the event actually happened they did their best, as humane and capable men, to bring about a peaceable and lasting settlement at the earliest possible moment. The

unpleasant and unforgettable feature, from a national point of view, is that, although animated with the best intentions, and—let us assume—endowed with the highest qualities of statesmanship, these same Ministers have been able to accomplish so little.

The simple, overwhelming truth is that this country cannot afford, from any point of view, economic, social, or international, to indulge in industrial disputes of this kind, and general coal strikes least of all. It is incumbent upon us, as a civilised, enlightened, and business people, to take steps to prevent any possibility of a recurrence of a general coal or transport strike in the future.

Alternatively, if this cannot be done, and if it is ever again possible for the leaders of any industrial Federation or Association to say or imply 'We are the Government,' then we have lost our national and political liberty, we have surrendered our faculty for self-government, and we are exposed at any moment to successful foreign aggression and attack.

What, then, does the strike really mean, and how has it come about? The strike was skilfully engineered by the extreme section of the Federation leaders, whose motive and driving force is Socialism. This has been clearly and concisely put by Mr. Harold Cox in his pungent article, 'Holding a Nation to Ransom,' appearing in the March number of this Review. Mr. Enoch Edwards, M.P., the titular Federation leader, probably says what he is told to say by the more ardent spirits behind him, who, let us assume, really believe in Socialist or Syndicalist romance. These are two mutually destructive forces, only allied now for the common object of destroying private ownership of mines. In the yellow pamphlet recently circulated to Welsh miners, it is, I understand, seriously contended by the Syndicalists that once the capitalist coal-owner is got rid of the industrial millennium will arrive. So the forcible extinction of the owner has been decreed. Make the collieries impossible under the present *régime*, say the Syndicalists, and eventually they will be confiscated by the State and worked—here is the sublime pathos of it all, almost ludicrous if it were not so harmful—not for the benefit of the nation, but for the sole benefit of the miners engaged. Baldly put, this is the main outline of the case as presented to the Welsh miner. In order to get the English and Scotch Unions into line, the bait of a fixed and arbitrary minimum wage has been held out, alleged to be easily obtainable by a sympathetic strike, coupled with the suggestion that the Welsh coal-owner is a mercenary tyrant making large concealed profits at the expense of the real wealth-producer, the coal-getter. To secure public sympathy for the miner, it has also been neces-

sary to describe his occupation as 'penal servitude,' and himself as an overworked and underpaid slave of capital. It has long been obvious to the Federation leaders that a general strike was necessary for their purpose. Partial strikes have often been tried, and failed, because—being only local—they did not appreciably interfere with the nation's coal supply, and so did not terrorise the community at large.

This, then, is a leaders' strike. It is not a genuine miners' strike.[1] The colliers of England and Scotland have been hoodwinked and misled by ardent Socialist agitators. They cannot be expected to understand large economic questions, nor are they in a position to judge of and appreciate beforehand the far-reaching consequences of a general coal strike, and until it has been in operation for a period. The disastrous results of their organised action may, however, be dawning on them now, and it is possible that the ultimate outcome of this dearly-bought experience may, some day or other, be a reaction disastrous for the leaders who have misled them.

I know something of the Lancashire collier. Some thousands of them sent me for twenty years to the House of Commons through five contested elections. I have been down their pits, worked for a spell at the face, forgathered with them at their clubs and suppers, and talked politics to them at the pit-mouth and at election meetings. More manly, straightforward, fairly temperate, and industrious lords of their hands do not exist in the British Isles; nor a better-paid class of industrial workers. Working eight hours a day for three or four days a week, they can earn enough to maintain themselves and their families in comfort and put by for their old age, while they thoroughly enjoy their off-days and holidays. To describe their occupation as 'penal servitude' is sheer, unadulterated nonsense. No class of men have been more effectively and quite properly legislated for than the British collier; while their general appearance, health, and physique are a living contradiction to this 'penal servitude' romance.

But they are clubbable and gregarious, with a strong clan-feeling; and so they have readily lent themselves to the purposes of a Federation organised with consummate and unscrupulous ability by ardent leaders inspired by ambitious, but economically impossible Socialistic—or Syndicalistic—dreams. Moreover, their

[1] Of the 880,000 men and boys (or thereabouts) employed below ground, 115,000 voted against the strike; and about 200,000 did not vote at all. There is also good reason to believe that many did not understand what they were voting for; while others voted in the belief that there would be no strike; or that it would only last a few days. The desire to have a holiday and spend some strike funds actuated many. The voting papers were marked in the presence of a Union official.

Federation is financially strong, as may be gauged from the fact that threepence per collier per week is the minimum contribution to Federation funds,[2] yielding a possible income of over 500,000*l.* yearly; while recent legislation places these funds beyond the reach of penalty for corporate breach of contract.

And so the strike came about. Now for a word from the mine-owners' point of view. I have no pecuniary interest in any colliery, and write from an unbiassed and purely outside standpoint.

It can, I believe, be clearly shown that the aggregate profits of British colliery enterprise are, at most, only just sufficient to pay a moderate rate of interest on the whole capital sunk or employed; while in some cases mines have been frequently worked for years at a loss, and only kept going because allied to some other industry, such as iron or glass works, under the same ownership. In other cases large capital sums have been spent in opening up what have subsequently proved unprofitable collieries. In other words, the capital risks of the enterprise are considerable. A leading British colliery proprietor has informed me that he and his associates have recently expended 400,000*l.* in sinking a new shaft, equipped with all modern plant and appliances, on which not one penny of return has yet been received, nor will for some years be received, even if conditions had remained as they were before the strike. If the Federation Schedule were granted, this colliery could never pay, the 400,000*l.* capital would be lost, and 2500 colliers and allied working men in that particular locality would lose their employment; unless, of course, the price of British coal was materially and permanently raised. This is merely one example of many similar cases that could doubtless be quoted, if required. It is hardly necessary here to discuss the disastrous effect that a permanent rise in the price of coal would have on the railways and industries of our country and on the Welsh export trade, assuming that it were made possible by an import duty on the foreign coal that might otherwise be attracted to our market. If there is any reasonable doubt as to the coal-owners' position, when they tell us that the industry cannot stand the economic strain that Socialist leaders would put upon it; if, in other words, there is any doubt as to their knowledge of their own business and of their sanity—for surely no sane business men would go to the length of permitting a general coal strike if it were financially and economically possible to avoid it by conceding any reasonable demands of the men—then the solution, as a business matter, is a simple one. Let the accounts of the whole industry be compulsorily submitted

[2] From one English colliery, I am informed, the men pay 6*d.* per week, of which 4½*d.* goes in salaries to Union officials.

to a leading firm of auditors, armed with full powers, and we should soon arrive at the real economic truth; the collieries, meanwhile, to be worked as at present, pending the result of the investigation. Unfortunately, the real economic truth is the last thing the Federation leaders desire to ascertain or have revealed. Their policy is reckless and in defiance of economics, while the colliers themselves, except the older and more moderate minority who have all along been opposed to a strike, are mere pawns in the game, either ignorant of economic laws or gulled into believing that their capitalist employers are mercenary wretches, possessors of untold and inexhaustible wealth, that can easily be squeezed out of them if they—the men—only adopt, as they have adopted, this new-forged weapon of a general strike.

This, then, is a general outline of the position that the Government of this country are now called upon to face. 'We are the Government now.' So Democracy is challenged by an industrial Federation in its midst.

Earlier in this article it has been submitted that his Majesty's Ministers ought to have foreseen and prevented so widespread and general a coal strike; and, alternatively, when they intervened after the strike had come into operation, that they should have done so effectively; also, that their failure in both cases, granted the best intentions and the highest qualities of statesmanship on their part, argues some serious flaw in our constitutional machinery.

The general ground of this indictment is that, in occurrences of this magnitude, the people of this country have a right to expect from their rulers a certain intelligent anticipation of events, and some effective power in promptly dealing with them. In industrial crises of this kind, the national risk incurred is so great that we cannot afford to run it. A general coal strike, if sufficiently prolonged, would be as calamitous as a successful invasion by a foreign foe. The nation has long insisted on the latter danger being adequately provided against. So also, for similar reasons, should the former be made practically impossible.

Let us glance at the facts.

During the months that the strike was being openly threatened and prepared for, the Government apparently did nothing. When it arrived, hastily summoned Ministerial conferences with owners and the men's representatives took place. Early in the proceedings the Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, committed himself to the statement that he was satisfied a case had been made out for the principle of a minimum wage, though a month before, during the debate on the Address, he had flatly declined to accept this principle. It may fairly be contended that this grave commitment, from which with-

drawal is now impossible, was hastily and prematurely entered into by the Government, purely for political reasons, and without sufficient justification or knowledge of the facts. Owing to the great variety in the nature and depth of coalseams, and the general conditions of the enterprise, it is probable that the coal industry is least of all industries a fit subject for the application of the minimum-wage principle. Or, to put it another way, if applicable to the coal trade, it is, *a fortiori*, even more applicable to most other industries. This is a very startling proposition, with far-reaching consequences. It has been conceded, moreover, not to reasoned argument, but to force, as Mr. Balfour, at a later stage, so pithily pointed out. In spite, however, of this important concession to the men, no settlement was arrived at, the Federation leaders insisting on the acceptance of their own schedule without discussion, although the owners intimated that if coerced they would accept the principle of the minimum wage if coupled with adequate safeguards ensuring competent work by the men.

And then, after three weeks' continued strike and futile Government effort, panic legislation was resorted to. The Minimum Wage Bill was introduced, enacting a statutory minimum wage for underground workers, and appointing district Wages Boards with a Government arbitrator to settle district rates, etc. For the first time in our history the price of labour was to be fixed, not by free bargaining between employer and employed, but by statute. This is a complete reversal of the system of industrial relations hitherto obtaining in Great Britain. The questions at once arise : Has this startling change been carefully and properly thought out? How will it work? What precedents are there to justify it? What are the resultant responsibilities thrown upon the State?

Neither time nor space here permits any adequate attempt to deal with these vital points, but a brief general purview may be permissible while important industrial history is in the making.

It is obvious in the first place that Government action has been guided mainly by political considerations. This may or may not be an unfortunate necessity of the case. At any rate it is an outcome of the present development of our Party system. This statement may be tested and verified in several ways. What would have happened, for example, if positions were reversed, and it had been a case of a general lock-out, not a strike, because the Welsh Coal-Owners' Association, not the men, had torn up the agreement of April 1910, and were insisting on fresh and more onerous terms of employment? The country would have rung from coast to coast with denunciations of the mercenary capitalists who were exploiting for their own advan-

tage the enslaved underground worker, and, to that end, paralysing the trade of the country. It is certain that such a position on the part of the owners would have been untenable. But the ethics of the procedure are precisely similar in both cases, and equally indefensible. The practical difference is that the Federation claim to control sixty-four seats in the House of Commons.

Again, let us assume the country to have been governed by an enlightened Dictator, or even by a strong and homogeneous majority Government in the House of Commons, entirely independent of the Labour vote. It is at least highly probable, if not quite certain, that in this case a clear intimation would have been conveyed to the Federation leaders, long before the strike actually took place, that any general attempt to hold up the nation's trade would at once be met, as has been done in Australia as well as in Europe, by seizure of Union funds, and prosecution of the Federation leaders for conspiracy against the public weal; that the necessary legislation for these purposes would be rapidly passed; this action also being accompanied by a clear and definite public declaration that all willing workers would be promptly and adequately protected if and when they desired to continue work. At the same time every facility for calm discussion and arbitration might have been offered. One thing is quite certain. Had some such steps been taken in good time, there would have been no strike. This would have been good national business, though it might not have proved, for the present Government, good party tactics.

The Suffragettes have recently destroyed about 20,000*l.* worth of West-End tradesmen's plate-glass windows by apparently organised action in order to call attention to their cause and attain their object. For this the actual offenders have been promptly and very properly punished, while the leaders are being prosecuted for conspiracy, and their funds and papers seized. No doubt this will satisfy our public sense of justice. But at the same time it is impossible to deny the plaintive force of Mrs. Pankhurst's logic, that while errant Suffragettes and their leaders who have no Parliamentary vote are promptly punished, the Government go cap in hand to the Federation leaders, who have been similarly endeavouring to attain their own selfish class desires by means of destructive violence—for this is what in effect the strike amounts to—organised on an infinitely larger and more dangerous scale than anything the Suffragettes have ever attempted.

Surely it would seem to the law-abiding citizen that Mr. Asquith has lost a unique and magnificent opportunity for an act of practical statesmanship that would have secured for him full Unionist support, and discounted the sixty-four arguments of the

Labour party. Let the 115,000 coal-getters who voted against the strike, as well as the 200,000 who were so indifferent to it as not to vote at all, be assured of adequate protection in their desire to work, and there can be no reasonable doubt that numerous pits would at once re-open. Had such protection, in fact, been publicly proclaimed in good time, it is highly probable that many pits would never have closed at all. Is this protection for willing industry, which is an elemental right of citizenship, beyond the resources of our latter-day civilisation? If coupled with vote by secret ballot of the men without Union official supervision, as the Bishop of St. Asaph, writing with local knowledge, has so clearly pointed out (see the *Times* of the 21st of March), it would make a general coal strike impossible.

It is clear, then, that there *was* a way to prevent the strike before it actually occurred. It is also clear that there always has been a way rapidly to terminate it, if the Government possessed the courage and determination necessary for the occasion. We ask ourselves, Do a Coalition majority and a Labour vote constitute an insuperable bar to measures required for our national safety? Are the miseries of a prolonged general strike the price we have to pay for our present log-rolling Party system? If this is really the case, then the more thoroughly the lesson is learnt, the greater and more lasting will be the inevitable reaction.

The Minimum Wage Bill was hastily introduced while the strike was still going on. Calm and deliberate discussion of its provisions was, under the circumstances, unlikely. In ordinary warfare, hostilities are usually suspended while terms of peace are being discussed. The Government have attempted the extraordinarily difficult task of introducing a remedial measure, containing an unprecedented and far-reaching principle, while industrial strife was in actual progress throughout the country.

But the remarkable feature of the Bill was that it, necessarily, accomplished nothing, and, to say the least of it, has not been fervently supported by either of the disputant parties. It was avowedly a stop-gap measure, intended only for the special emergency, and yet it contained no guarantees or compulsory powers for the enforcement of its provisions. The owners, we know, are always prepared to submit to the authority of Parliament, whatever they may think of its wisdom or its partisanship. After a month's strike without definite result, what the Federation leaders urgently required was some means providing them with a more or less dignified retreat from an impossible position, and so, for the time being, enabling them to 'save their face' with the general body of miners in whose pay they are, whom they have so grievously misled, and to whom they must eventually justify their own existence.

On the other hand, it does not follow, as a result of this kind of legislation, that owners will open their collieries if economic conditions remain impossible, or that the men will be allowed by their leaders to return to work until exhaustion and necessity compel.

On the 21st of March, in the second-reading debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour, at the request of Mr. Bonar Law, moved the rejection of the measure in a masterly and telling speech well worthy of the occasion. The general grounds for this Unionist opposition were that while the Bill was an ostensible concession to those who 'were holding up society,' and possessed no element of finality, it also contained a far-reaching and unprecedented industrial principle whose consequences no man could foresee. The fact that the second reading was carried by a Coalition majority of 123 votes merely emphasises the administrative weakness of the present political position, and of the Coalition Government, which has already been alluded to. The Irish Nationalists, who have no direct interest in the coal dispute, and whose political power is out of all proportion to the population they represent, voted solid for the Bill, not on its merits, but because they wished to maintain in office a Government pledged to Home Rule; while the representatives of thirty-five millions of English people showed a united and homogeneous majority against the Bill. The refusal by the Government to insert day-rates in the Bill has been the first—possibly unexpected—intimation to Federation leaders that the Mother of Parliaments has not yet become a mere machine for enacting Trade Union decrees.

The final alternative is a fight to a finish outside the House of Commons between the Miners' Federation and Great Britain's industrial prosperity. But at the time of writing there are some hopeful signs visible, some pacifying agencies at work behind the scenes. The men have clearly been getting restless. The strike has lasted far longer than they anticipated or were led to believe. Many of them—and this number is probably increasing daily—want to get back to work, and may any day throw their leaders over. Union funds are being depleted; nor should the distress in other trades fail to have its due effect on the colliers, and bring home to them the dire results of their selfish action.

By the time the collieries are all re-opened, furnaces, works, shipping, and industries of all kinds re-started—and these things are not done in a day—an appreciable time will have elapsed, a few more millions of money will have been lost in wages to our industrial population, a little more British trade will have been driven abroad, thousands of innocent women and children will have gone through a further period of bitter hardship and starvation, and the community at large will also, let us hope, have done a good deal of hard, serious thinking.

One thing is certain—the Minimum Wage Bill is not the end, but only the beginning, of the matter. There could be no finality in a measure so hastily and rapidly brought forward during a time of strain and stress. 'The Government,' says Mr. D. A. Thomas, in his able and convincing letter on the Coal Crisis appearing in the *Times* of the 19th of March, are attempting to cure the cancer with sticking-plaster. . . . The surgeon's knife is what is wanted.'

What, then, shall we have gained, as a business and industrial nation, by it all? If we have gained more knowledge of ourselves, of the forces at work amongst us; of the weaknesses and mistakes of Democratic institutions and how to remedy them; of the folly of permitting Federation leaders or any other class of ardent and irresponsible citizens too much organising freedom, particularly where the necessaries of life and trade are concerned; if, let me repeat, we gain more true insight, as a nation, into such matters as these, then the coal strike, with all its damage and its folly and its danger, will not have been endured in vain.

But when industrial peace is again restored, and we are able calmly to take stock of the situation, the reasoning, unbiassed, common-sense portion of our nation, that large bulk of our people whose views constitute public opinion, and from whose verdict, once thoroughly aroused and expressed, there can be no appeal, will doubtless arrive at some clear-cut and fundamental conclusions.

I venture confidently to hope that among these conclusions will be the following: Never again shall the production of the first necessaries of our nation's life and trade, and the means of our transport, be allowed to be the instrument of organised industrial unrest. No longer shall corporate Trade Union action remain freed from the common obligations of honesty and honour, such as are inherent in and necessary to all other forms of civilised human intercourse. No longer, perhaps, shall the insane economic doctrines of Socialism and Syndicalism be allowed to be preached, unchecked, in our midst. And never again shall a Trade Union Executive be allowed arbitrarily to control individual freedom, and to usurp or to claim the functions of Government.

HENRY SETON-KARR.

March 26th, 1912.

THE COAL STRIKE—AND AFTER

THE coal strike has made an impression on the country such as no previous labour dispute has ever made. Perhaps the time to take stock of its genesis and results has not yet come; but it would be a great mistake to regard it as distinct from the great upheaval of the workers of the world which is characteristic of the present moment. Things have been tending to an explosion for several years. As in a volcanic region there are earth tremors before the actual eruption takes place, so there have been threatenings and smaller disturbances before the great outburst of Syndicalism which we have just witnessed. The railway strike of last summer in this country, and its predecessor in France, the strike in South Wales directed against the group of mines known as 'the Cambrian Combine' were such premonitory symptoms. What has been the proximate cause?

Very largely industrial discontent is due to the awakening of the popular intelligence, fostered and at the same time hampered by our necessarily very imperfect system of elementary education; by the broadening of the outlook of the working man and his increased desire to participate in the pleasures as well as the obligations of life. Our system of education stops short at the point where it touches the real problems of modern civilised life. The hackneyed saying that a 'little learning is a dangerous thing' has been illustrated in a startling way. We have in teaching the masses to read opened the gates to a flood of printed matter which, if it contains much truth, is to a large extent a turbid stream of error. Just as the greatest care has to be exercised in the supply of drinking-water, and the law interposes to prevent the use of wells and tainted sources of supply, so in the intellectual sphere care is needed to see that the springs of truth are not polluted by pernicious falsehood; for to poison the mind is no less criminal than to poison the body. It is even worse when it is considered that the effect of the material poison is at once manifest; whereas the mental poison is unobserved until it breaks out in an epidemic of unreason. Education is a means to an end—not an end in itself. It is not sufficient to be able to read:

it is necessary (as Lord Bacon tells us) 'to weigh and consider,' to discern the grain from the chaff, the truth from the lie. And 'who is sufficient for these things?' 'Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?' Whatever appears in print is to the half-educated man sacrosanct. He assumes that what he reads in print is true, and he is incapable of perceiving even very gross fallacies, unless it palpably contradicts his own experience. Party politicians and party newspapers have a great deal to answer for. Their mission is to stir up discontent and to fish in troubled waters. The moderate section of the nation cannot make its voice heard among the blatant bellowings of the extremists. Above all things, the primary laws of Nature as expressed in logic and political economy are hardly ever inculcated; it may be asserted that men of education who know better assert vociferously in public the thing which is not. And as long as truth is bartered for political ends it is no wonder that the unlearned and ignorant are impelled to rush down a steep place and perish.

We are fast losing the restraints of tradition and law. The Decalogue is largely out of date; judicial decisions from the highest authorities are disparaged as being biassed by class-prejudice; and all the securities of an ancient civilisation are going into the melting-pot. The crowd can do no wrong; to employ the forces of the State against the mob is coming to be regarded as tyranny. The Government are supposed to be acting in the interests of the propertied classes, for Prudhomme is now among the prophets—Property is theft.

The coal strike has been mostly Socialistic in its origin, and Socialism appeals more quickly to the Celtic than to the Teutonic temperament: hence it has obtained a greater hold of the Welsh miners, and of the workers in the Scotch coal-mines amongst whom is a very large Celtic element from Ireland and the Highlands, than of the miners of England itself. No one can have observed the internal differences by which the Miners' National Federation have been swayed first in one direction and then in another without seeing that amongst the representatives of the English miners the old trade-union traditions still prevail, but that even amongst them a considerable movement has taken place in the direction of Socialistic ideas as compared with the comparatively conservative views held by such men as 'Mabon,' Burt, Fenwick, Haslam, Wadsworth, and Edwards, and many others who could be named, who probably regard the recent action of the Federation with considerable misgivings. Certain it is that these men would have been only too glad to have come to arrangements to avoid a strike if they could have carried with them a majority of the delegates of the National Federation. And not only so, but in spite of all that has transpired, these men probably more truly represent the feel-

ings of the working miners of middle age than do the hot-bloods who have forged their way into office, and to whose incitements the strike was due. In the first place, although the figures showed an overwhelming majority in favour of a strike when the miners were balloted, it has become abundantly evident that the real issues as to which the votes were given were never properly understood, and that even amongst the votes which were given in favour of a strike a large number were given in a loose way, with the idea that the voters might as well strengthen their executive in the hope of getting something. The issue from the point of view of the average miner has throughout been a false one. It has been fought on the principle of a minimum wage for all workmen independent of capacity, and it is ostensibly intended to remedy a grievance which is not nearly as real as it has been represented to be. The public have heard the words 'abnormal places' and 'minimum wage' bandied about until they may well be forgiven for being utterly confused as to what they mean. They read that the Welsh coal-owners are absolutely determined not to grant a minimum wage, but, in the same breath, that they are prepared to grant a fair day's pay in the case where a man is working in an abnormal place. The explanation may be well repeated once more, and it is this: That the whole scale of piece-work prices in collieries is based on normal conditions of work, and that where these normal conditions of work prevail, a collier of average capacity is able to make very excellent wages, varying from 7*s*. to 12*s*. a day—to keep within limits which cannot be called exaggerated, as there are an immense number of cases in which the higher limit is exceeded. Therefore, it follows that as long as the conditions remain normal the opportunity to earn a handsome wage exists, and if a man does not earn it, it must be by reason of some incapacity in himself. If, on the other hand, the conditions of his employment are not normal: if he has physical difficulties to contend with which make it impossible for him to do justice to his efforts: it becomes a case for special treatment. This is what is meant by guaranteeing a day's wage in abnormal places. The man has only his labour to sell, and it is right that if he gives his labour fully and freely he should be equally liberally paid. But the converse is also true, that if the pay be liberal the labour must be fully and freely given. And this is just where the guaranteed minimum wage is the stumbling-block. While there are men who are able to earn 10*s*. or 12*s*. a day, there are other men who by reason of age or debility, or it may be idleness, are not able or willing to earn even an average wage; and the proof of this is, that while the average wage of all the miners at a colliery may be 7*s*. 6*d*. or 8*s*. a day, and there are a large number of men who are

making more, there are an equal number of men who are making less.

When the Midland coalowners very reluctantly admitted the principle of the minimum wage they made this concession in the hope that it would be sufficient to prevent a strike, and their desire to prevent a strike was much more because they were fully alive to the grave injury which a general coal strike would inflict upon the country than from any selfish desire to prevent it so far as their own business was concerned. It was only conceded subject to such conditions as would secure 'a fair day's work for a fair day's wage' with regular attendance at work, and with special rates for men who were old or inefficient. Of these safeguards the Miners' Federation as a whole would have none. In the midland counties they would have been agreed to as equitable. The agitation, as the men have now discovered, was not something by which the good workman would benefit but something by which he was more likely indirectly to suffer. But it would also not be to the real advantage of the inferior workman, supposing him to be a man who was honestly doing the best of which he was capable. If the minimum is more than the value of his work he must cease to be employed, and from his point of view he undoubtedly suffers a very grievous hardship; for while at present he earns what he can, and is thankful to earn it, under a hard-and-fast minimum wage he would be precluded from earning less than the minimum. It may be that a graded scale may be arranged for the benefit of those people, mostly the older men, but it is obvious that it would be an extremely difficult thing to adjust, and a constant source of friction and dissatisfaction ever afterwards.

What the miners have not remembered and have not realised is that their prosperity is bound up in the well-being of the community of which they form a part. It is impossible for them to flourish if they are sapping the life-blood of the rest of the community. To some extent probably—and here is one of the effects of their ignorance—they look upon their employers as being persons of immense wealth, from whose profits large additional wages could be taken and still leave an adequate return on the capital invested. It has been suggested seriously by Mr. Richardson, of Newcastle, that colliery proprietors ought to be content with 3 per cent. on their capital; and the less intelligent among the miners, seeing a statement put forward by authority and being told that this is the rate at which the Government could borrow money for the purpose of working the mines, think this would be a reasonable rate of interest. It is not worth while in the pages of this Review to argue that such a contention is quite absurd, that where a business is dangerous as well as fluctuating, and in the highest

degree speculative, a return of 3 per cent. would not attract any capital at all, and that if that limit were imposed on colliery undertakings (or even 5 per cent.) the miners would soon find themselves without work, because there would be no collieries where they could be employed.

The experience of the Prussian Government at the present time is of special interest because they have embarked on a costly experiment in the direction of the nationalisation of coal mines, of which we are able to see some of the results. As is well known, the German coal trade, which in the sixties could hardly support its existence, sought salvation in syndicating its sales. They decided that every colliery should sell its output to a syndicate, and by this means avoid internecine competition. The syndicate proved a great success, largely because it was conducted on wise and statesmanlike lines, with the knowledge that its prosperity was dependent on the prosperity of the trades which it served. Prices, while leaving a margin of profit for the collieries, were not only kept on a moderate level, but were not changed oftener than once a year, or even at longer intervals, except under exceptional circumstances. The collieries earned dividends, most of them from 12 to 8 per cent., and were able to develop their mines on the most up-to-date lines. But the existence of such a powerful combination as the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate filled many statesmen with apprehension; and above all the State appeared to be in a false position when it was entirely dependent on the supply of fuel for its railways on a combination of private individuals. The Prussian State were already owners of collieries in the Saar district, and these had yielded fair profits, although it is very difficult to arrive at what the profits actually were, owing to the peculiar method of treating depreciation and new expenditure; but the position of the Saar mines is isolated, and they may be said to have served a market of their own. All the mines, with one or two exceptions, belonged to the Prussian Government, and they could make the price what they liked. In 1902 it was decided that an attempt should be made on the part of the Government to acquire some control of the Coal Syndicate, and with this object it was attempted to purchase certain important collieries as well as to acquire coalfields and put down new pits. A law was passed abrogating the right to bore for minerals and acquire rights of working, with a view to preventing the further extension of the monopoly in coal lands which the Syndicate were endeavouring to establish.

In the preamble of the law in 1902, three objects were set forth:—

(1) To secure an independent supply of coal for the Prussian State Railways.

(2) To exercise some influence on the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate.

(3) To make profits which would be available for public purposes in relief of taxation.

The Prussian Government is the most practical and business-like in the world, and they already possess a very highly trained staff of mining engineers. They had the example of the private companies to guide them, and one would have supposed that they would have not been inferior in the management of their enterprises to the large private companies with whom they were about to compete. They put forth a memorandum (a *pièce justificative*) with regard to the three collieries with which they were making a beginning, and they showed in a tabulated statement the profits which it was assumed these State collieries would make. These calculations proved to be entirely wrong, and the amount which it was estimated the collieries would cost was also quite wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, the capital cost of these collieries was just twice as much per ton of annual output as the average of the privately-owned collieries in Westphalia, and three times as much as the average cost of the most modern collieries in Great Britain. The assumed profits were not made, and some seven millions of money had been expended in 1909 carrying interest at 3½ to 4 per cent. Whether any return is being earned on this large sum is very doubtful, but it has been calculated in a paper under the reliable signature of Dr. Jüngst, of Essen, that if a profit of 6*d*. a ton is being made, which is more than doubtful, the return on the capital can only be 1½ per cent. The last money borrowed was at the rate of practically 4 per cent. Therefore, instead of the State deriving any benefit from these mines, it is at present losing 2½ per cent. on a sum which now considerably exceeds 7,000,000*l*. The Government now admits its inability to conduct these mines independently of the Syndicate, and it has applied for admission into that body; and has been admitted. In this respect, the only difference between the State mines and the private mines will in future be that in the one case the money is public money earning less than the market rate of interest, and that the private mines, deprived though they are of the supply of coal for the State railways and at a disadvantage as compared with those companies who have not only collieries but ironworks, are able to make fair profits. The rates of wages at the State mines and the private mines are not very dissimilar, but it is obvious that the State mines could not afford to be generous to their employees except by a further drain upon the public purse.

So far as we in this country are concerned, we are affected by the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate's operations mainly in

the development of their export trade. This has been carefully fostered for many years, and the principle has been that of edging into the British markets at whatever price would secure the business, quite irrespective of the price obtainable in Germany. The losses on the exported coal are made good out of the better prices obtained at home. Thus the German consumer is for the time being subsidising the consumers in the export market : not very good business for him, but it is even more disastrous for us ! Let us see something of the development of the German export trade during the past few years.

In 1907 the total quantity of coal shipped at Rotterdam (most of which went to the French Bay ports and the Mediterranean) was 577,000 tons, while for the twelve months ending the 31st of March last year the amount shipped was 2,601,000 tons. A further increased tonnage is going from the Westphalian collieries *viâ* the Port of Emden. In addition to these exports by sea, to our former markets, the Germans are exporting greatly increased quantities by rail, barge, and steamer to countries and districts which used to be supplied by British coal *viâ* the Mediterranean and other ports. The quantity so placed has increased within the last seven years from about 6,000,000 tons to 30,000,000 tons per annum. These figures show that, as things are, the Germans are rapidly gaining, and Great Britain is gradually losing ground in markets where a few years ago we had a practical monopoly.

Of our British districts, Northumberland, Fife, and South Wales depend mainly on export trade, and the Midland counties are developing this part of their business rapidly. About one-fourth of the coal produced in Great Britain is exported. It is vital that the cost of production should not be increased to an extent which would cripple our power of competition. There are, of course, economists who think that the export of our coal is all wrong, and that we ought to save it for future generations. Whether they are right or wrong, so far as the working miner is concerned it would be a fatal blow to him if any very large proportion of our export trade were lost and the coal thrown on the home market : which, of course, that market would not be able to absorb. Prices in such a case—as always when Supply exceeds Demand—would fall, the more unprofitable collieries would close, and the result would be lower wages and more unemployment. What the collier has to realise is, that the first condition of his prosperity is a market which will take the largest quantity of his product, and that if he curtails that market by making his product too dear, he is killing the goose which lays the golden eggs for him. The minimum wage will undoubtedly increase the cost of production. About that there is no dispute. The question is : To what extent will the

trade be able to stand it? The employer is in truth only the middle-man, who provides for an average return of something like 5 per cent. from the mines and plant by which the collier earns his daily bread. The ultimate person who must pay for higher wages or less work for the collier is the consuming public, and the prosperity of Britain has been built up on cheap coal. Can the public pay much more than it is paying? Possibly by adopting more economical ways of utilising the heat-values of coal it may be able to get more work out of a given quantity of coal than it does at present, and in this way save itself. But by making less coal do more work, it will be *pro tanto* diminishing the demand for the collier's product, and more particularly for the higher-priced coals, since the cheaper and smaller varieties are just those which are most suitable for gasification. Thus the average price of coal from the seller's point of view may be affected in a downward direction, and the ability to pay higher wages correspondingly decreased. We have, on the one hand, a demand for increased pay, negatived in the opposite direction by a shrinking market. These can only be reconciled, if they can be reconciled, by a reduced number of men earning a higher wage, and a correspondingly larger number of men out of employment and forced to earn their living in callings where the pay is not so good.

It may be said that these are interested arguments, and, like all pessimistic views of the future, have been found to be wrong many times in the past; but the cry of 'Wolf, wolf!' was at last justified when people had ceased to believe in it. At the present moment we have to contend with the cheap coals of Japan and China in the Eastern markets; we have rapidly developing water-power and electricity taking the place of coal; and, lastly, we have the competition of mineral oil. All these things will have a prejudicial effect on the coal trade of the future. If only the miners realised the situation, their great object would be to conserve that which they at present possess, and to take every precaution not to risk losing it, like the dog in the fable dropping the bone he had in his mouth for that which he saw reflected in the water.

It is the ignorance of simple economic facts which ought to be brought home, and these facts instilled into the minds of British working-men in all the various educational institutions of the country, instead of political clap-trap for which any number of talented speakers can be found. It is doubtful, it is to be feared, whether anyone to whom the working-men would listen could be found to tell them truths on which their livelihood depends, but it seems to be the need of the time. If their leaders do not know these facts, they ought to know them, and if the blind lead the blind, they must inevitably fall into the ditch, and not the colliers only, but the whole country with them.

"When all the illusions of a future of universal plenty and good will have been scattered by the stern experience of the operation of economic law, the working-man will realise that the fund out of which comes the means of his subsistence is rigidly limited, and he will realise that the present moment has been a fatal orgy of unreason."

GEORGE BLAKE WALKER.

DIPLOMACY AND PARLIAMENT

THE session of 1911, notable as it was for its legislation, marks also an epoch in respect of foreign affairs. Leading dailies have expressed the view that, momentous as is the legislative record of the year, its administrative work, and particularly in the foreign sphere, is equally epoch-making, because it 'certainly denotes the awakening of the private member to the importance of real control by the House of Commons over administration.' The foreign situation is under discussion to a degree quite unique in recent years. The greater part of the Press, including the whole of the Liberal newspapers, assumes that public discussion is desirable; it is only the papers most inclined to express opinions on diplomacy themselves which are disposed to question whether Parliament has any right to an opinion in the matter, and to condemn the individuals who express one. In so doing the supercilious experts have touched the spot, for the question should certainly be fully debated—What is the function of Parliament in regard to foreign affairs?

Parliament represents the voice of the people, grudgingly admitted, after many centuries, to control of domestic interests, but, even less than in other times and other countries, allowed to touch with clumsy fingers the delicate machine of international relations. The principle, as well as the practice, of Parliamentary control is worth discussing, though, with characteristic neglect of logic, the practice of public intervention takes place first; the principle on which it should be grounded is only discussed because the need of a theory is afterwards felt. In British politics, as Professor Sidgwick observed, principles are only sought for as a justification of practice, which is not at the time of action based on principles at all. It is, therefore, typical of English life that we should be brought for the first time to ask whether Parliament should intervene, by the fact that, owing to the Moroccan crisis of 1911, it has intervened already.

The present outburst of public and Parliamentary interest is due to the Anglo-German situation, and to the discovery that this situation brought the country to the verge of war. But for this there would have been no such fever of anxiety as is evident to-day

when any opportunity presents itself for public expression. This has astonished those who have seen it at public meetings of many kinds, notably at the gatherings of the various Liberal federations, and especially at the Central Federation meeting at Bath. But Conservative organs have been almost equally insistent, and their leaders in the House scarcely veiled their criticism of the Government's treatment of Germany last July. They appeared more pacific than the pacifist Liberals themselves.

Putting then the cart before the horse, let us recall to our minds the main concerns of British foreign policy, for which Parliament has in the past intervened. These have been, apart from commercial arrangements and business matters generally, the maintenance of peace, and, secondly, the support of national rights or the promotion of prosperity among misgoverned peoples. In point of fact, the latter in recent times has occupied a large share of the time of the Foreign Office staff.

The function of Parliament is the more easily discussed, because parties are not markedly divided to-day. The negotiation of commercial treaties may induce differences of opinion, felt alike by Liberals and Conservatives, Free Traders and Protectionists, but on the strictly political side, parties follow the same general lines. Even a Radical writer, as, for instance, Mr. Gooch, in his *History of Our Time*, says 'While domestic controversy remains acute, a considerable measure of agreement has been reached in regard to external questions.' Both parties accept the Japanese Alliance and the triple entente, both support full arbitration with the United States, and the maintenance of a supreme navy. And so far as recent events are concerned, it has even been suggested that Conservative leaders are not less devoted to peaceful foreign relations than the Liberal Government, but possibly more so; while in regard to the policy of assisting misgoverned populations abroad, Lord Lansdowne is perhaps the most highly praised for his activity. As to Turkey, Morocco, Persia, China, there are no divergent views which follow party lines.

It has, indeed, been the deliberate policy of modern times to establish continuity. This idea, introduced by Lord Rosebery in the early nineties, has taken firm root, and though, by removing foreign affairs from party discussion, it has gradually decreased the public interest in them, it has led to a certain movement of views on both sides towards a common measure.

The main objects of policy being common to all parties, we are all concerned with the question: What is the way to carry them out? What is the international function of the supreme political body in this or any modern State? It is to regulate its own procedure, and to perfect its official machinery, so as to ensure a measure of harmony between governmental action and public

opinion. Sir Edward Grey, in his great speech on arbitration with America, made repeated appeal to public opinion as the true basis of action.

I.—Machinery.

First in importance is the official machine. The aim is to perfect the systems of the Foreign Office and of Diplomacy. But perfect them as you will, they will in these days be more in sympathy with one party than the other.

The upper class, which has long lost its administrative domination over home government, retains it in foreign affairs. Till recent times the admixture of Liberalism in this class, and the partial control exercised by Parliament, removed the practical objection to class domination. But both these factors have disappeared. While the upper class has become more entirely Conservative, Parliamentary control, weakened under Lord Salisbury, was not revived even after the Liberal victory of 1906, because political energy was absorbed in domestic politics. Thus at the very moment when international forces are becoming more democratic, progressive, and pacific, the inspiration of our diplomacy tends to grow more discordant with the public opinion it should represent.

But some further steps can obviously be taken to make the instrument less absolutely out of sympathy with a Liberal Government than at present it is bound to be. The Foreign Office suffers, not only from the natural infirmities of all officialism, but from the abnormal misfortune of being practically free from criticism.

It is notorious that Foreign Office opinion is out of touch even with the opinions of diplomacy. An ambassador once remarked to Lord Salisbury: 'For the first time in my experience you are doing what we ambassadors approve.' The Foreign Secretary replied: 'Then there certainly must be something wrong with the policy.' The retort was not merely a good specimen of Lord Salisbury's ironical humour; it indicates what is at all events of great interest to the public—that when a policy has been pursued which brought us close to a great war, it was probably not supported by the chief diplomats on active service.

Not content with the dangerous security of isolation, the Foreign Office adds the danger of restricted competition for places in its service. Like other offices, it has to control interests of great complexity, not only political, but in regard to trade and finance. For instance, though the Government seldom makes advances by loan itself, and does not directly control, as the French Government does, the issue of a loan by its authority over the Stock Exchange list, yet in effect its power is equally great, because a foreign loan cannot be issued without the statement that

it has the imprimatur of the Foreign Office. In a similar way the Home Office, having to cope with highly complicated interests of trade, is obliged to furnish itself with experts of equal knowledge to that of the traders. A Departmental Committee dealing, let us say, with factory regulations, is entirely subservient to the superior knowledge of the manufacturers concerned, unless the Home Office has upon its staff equally well-informed officials. In both cases, therefore, the very best available men must be induced to join the service, and above all is this essential in the Foreign Office, whose business is treated as an art so difficult as to be best shrouded in mystery. Bankers who finance foreign States deserve understanding treatment at the Foreign Office. Yet, paradoxically enough, this very office, by restricting the field of competition for places in the service, deliberately denies itself the use of the best available talent.

The same may be said in even more marked degree of the diplomatic service. In this case the candidate has not only to pass the gauntlet of nomination, which is intended to limit the profession to members of the 'upper ten,' but has to show that he has private means to the extent of not less than 400*l.* a year. It is notorious that in reality a man will be rash to enter the service without considerably more means than even this. It is no doubt desirable in many cases that he should be able to return invitations, so that by entertaining and being entertained, he can make himself acquainted with important people. To be comfortable, therefore, and to do his work thoroughly he must be worth a great deal more than 400*l.* a year, for his official pay is a negligible quantity. But this is not all. He may be moved at frequent intervals, and though the travelling allowances have been somewhat increased, it still happens that a man may be moved three times in four years, each removal costing him a round 400*l.* The pay of junior secretaries does not greatly exceed the difference between the cost of living abroad and at home.

One result of this is that the men who take up diplomacy are, in many cases, rich men who want an interest in life, or who intend to retire after a few years. These have no urgent incentive to succeed in the profession. The effect upon their activities may be foreseen.

A still more important question is that of amalgamating the Foreign Office and diplomatic services. An exclusively Foreign Office training provides only a paper knowledge of foreign countries. The diplomat, on the other hand, loses touch with English life and thought. One result of the system is the complete dependence of the foreign on the home branch, and the consequent lack of solidarity. And further, anything which increases the efficiency of the missions abroad brings them into closer touch with

the public of those countries to which they are in theory accredited. Amalgamation should be complete.

Again, in other States the diplomatic and consular services are frequently interchanged. Our own tradition is far more aristocratic. The promotion from the consular to the diplomatic corps is so rare that the cases of Sir William White and Sir Ernest Satow are conspicuous, indeed almost unique. The United States, in their Consular 'Inspection' Service, have an institution which maintains the tone of the consular corps, and provides a stepping-stone to diplomacy. In Italy, the Foreign Office is largely manned by consuls.

Now what is the sound reason for our privileged caste system? It is that a diplomatist should freely make himself acquainted with people of importance. But on this point two things may be remarked. First, if that is his duty, the best work will be obtained by paying him for it; secondly, in these days real power resides increasingly in classes outside the 'upper ten'; in hands, one might say, which, though they may be washed for dinner, do not put on dress clothes. Suppose the French Government desires its diplomats to have personal knowledge of the forces at work in England. Even though foreign affairs are under bureaucratic rather than democratic control, the French Minister would expect his men to be acquainted with many non-aristocratic political forces whose ultimate importance is worth considering. Of what use to the Minister would be a man who mainly studied the rich? He should no doubt cultivate many circles, including non-political coteries which would bring him into touch in a social way with political people, without the appearance of deliberate search for political information. But the most arduous efforts would fail, if confined to the West End. He could by far simpler means, and without any really expensive entertaining, inform his Government of the forces which count with Mr. Asquith's Government.

Can it be urged that a privileged system is more specially suited to our needs than those of other States? This will hardly be held by anyone familiar with the impression often made by Englishmen abroad. They have indeed maintained that kind of prestige which consists in being thought different from, and more exclusive than, any other nation, but possibly not different in a manner that conduces to the increase of influence. What is there peculiar in the relation of the English towards Continental peoples? In the essentials of character, of moral force and honesty, both political and private, we must own to finding ourselves, from whatever cause, greatly superior to many younger peoples; but this brings with it the natural defect of the Pharisee—the man who, not imagining, but knowing, his own nation's superiority, thinks it a ground for a genial contempt of less favoured people.

We all remember the story published by the present Under-Secretary to the Home Office. An English lady travelling abroad was asked by her companion why she never spoke to the people in their own language. She replied: 'I don't care to talk to them; it only encourages them.'

What is the moral of this? Does it favour the method of a privileged caste, and support the exclusive tradition? or does it suggest a system specially democratic, embodying the principles of sympathy and activity, in order to counteract the special dangers of our international position?

There are backward countries where European advisers are brought in to supply knowledge and skill. In two of these I have heard the comparative merits of English and other officials keenly discussed, and not with advantage to the Briton. I do not allude to the recent sneers of a well-known Russian writer at 'the typical coiffure and monocular equipment,' but rather to the preference for golf as against work, which discounts the Englishman from the point of view of utility to a needy Government; and I have heard it argued by a very clever Mahommedan, who had studied at Cambridge, that in what foreigners call 'snobbism' the Englishman attained a degree of sublimity which he had not detected in France or Germany. He said that in the lecture class to which he belonged there was one student, and one alone, of ability and interest; but in social circles, though he met all the dull ones, he never met the clever one. The explanation which he received, namely, that the clever man was not a 'gentleman,' he had never been able to understand. This was a sample of the phenomena which made him for all practical purposes anti-English. He is a Turk, wielding almost unique influence at a moment when the friendship of Turkey is not a *quantité négligeable*.

To turn to another side of the matter—the diplomat's outlook. All diplomats will recognise, in the description given in the House of Commons by Baron de Forest, something which hit the nail. 'By habit and by tradition a diplomatist is accustomed to look upon himself as perpetually engaged in a species of contest with the diplomatists of other nations, and it is essentially, if I may call it so, a game of skill' . . . 'and that issue assumes in their minds an importance derived not from the principles involved, but from the mere fact that it is an issue' . . . 'and unfortunately when the game fails, as it often does fail, and each side has stale-mated the other, and matters have come to a deadlock, then the financial resources, and unfortunately the lives of the people are called upon to achieve the successes which diplomatic methods have failed to secure.'

Is there not a final argument for reform in the just claims of

the existing members of the service? They are a small body of public officials, working under great difficulty, doing their work with the greatest ability, good nature, and tact. Why should they be denied that system of adequate pay and appointment by merit, which all other branches of the public service cherish as their best security?

II.—Parliament.

A Liberal Government is at an obvious disadvantage in attempting to carry out its policy through anti-Liberal instruments. Some counter-weight to this influence must be found, and we are brought at this point to the question with which we began: What is the function of Parliament in regard to its own procedure?

The thing to realise here is the overwhelming responsibility which rests upon a Foreign Minister. His is the point of view from which things should be judged.

Now, considering the intolerable amount of work which does occupy him, or ought to occupy him, it is clear that he must naturally seek to reduce to a minimum the amount of attention which must be given to anything beyond the study of his diplomatic task itself. Again, the indiscreet utterance of views is a positive evil in itself when it is misinterpreted abroad. Such views by private persons he cannot control; and as coming from the Press he cannot always influence. It would appear that his best opportunity for serving the needs of his position is to endeavour to regulate such expressions where alone he can efficiently regulate them, viz., in the House of Commons. The public at large is far removed from diplomatic affairs, and only discusses them when greatly alarmed or greatly angered; but the public would be satisfied by the sense that Parliament, as distinct from the nation, was officially concerned, as it is in France, with foreign things. If there is to be discussion outside the Foreign Office (and this, whether right or wrong, is inevitable), it is best, from the point of view of the Minister, that it should be centred in what might be called the semi-public field, viz. Parliament, thus effecting a kind of compromise with democracy. Such a semi-official treatment would take the place of that 'democratic control' of which it is vain to speak in this connection.

To come to concrete proposals, there is a demand for more debate in the House. We have been told more than once by Sir Edward Grey that he is perfectly ready for more debates if the House desires them; and undoubtedly it will do so. But we have occasions when, as last July, open debate would involve excessive risks. At the moment when Mr. Asquith spoke on the Agadir affair, he said: 'I would venture in the general interest to make

a strong appeal to the House not on the present occasion to enter into further details, or upon controversial ground.' It is open to argument, in view of subsequent events, whether the situation to-day might not be happier, if this appeal had not been made, or if it had been ignored. But let us freely grant that there are occasions when open debate is a mistake. What then is the moral? It is that debates, as in other countries, should take place, but should not be reported. With our existing fetish of free speech, we end in sacrificing speech altogether, and we assume also that such a treatment of the Press would not be tolerated. But why should it be assumed that men of such genuine political interest as Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Cadbury are not willing to consider the interests of their country?

If and when we adopt such a rational system, there will still be need for further systematisation because, through lack of time alone, an imperial Parliament, which is also a national Parliament, cannot spare many days.

We come, then, to the method of committees.

It must be realised that this country, except on the point of formal question and answer, has less equipment for dealing with foreign matters than other States. It might be thought that from the point of view of a Government, official committees would provide the best means of minimising debate. A minister must desire either to gag discussion or to educate those who take part in it. But it appears from a recent answer by the Prime Minister, that ministerial responsibility would find itself in danger from such a system. Governments naturally defend themselves as a whole. Ours, in self-defence, maintains the theory that if one minister falls, all must fall with him; and the facilities for criticising a minister are thought to be increased by the foreign system of sectional committees. This refusal of governments to allow criticism of individual ministers is the only ground for that attack on the party system which will possibly succeed (under the leadership of Mr. Belloc) in compelling a concession on this point. In foreign matters criticism might not be increased, but diminished, by the French system of official committees. In any case, the opposition to official committees may give way to a realisation of the solid advantage of the nation itself.

We have, however, at present, rather to consider the private (unofficial) committees. These, of course, have long prevailed informally. The men who are specially interested naturally co-operate, and innumerable committees exist—devoted, for instance, to arbitration, reform in Turkey, foreign affairs in general, Congo atrocities, or conditions of slavery, in the Empire and outside it. There are also outside committees dealing with special foreign causes, each with their affiliated committee of members of the

House on special subjects; and as critics on international matters in general there are such bodies as the New Reform Club, the National Reform Union, and the Foreign Policy Committee.

What is new is the formation, in the Liberal and Labour parties, of 'groups,' as distinct from self-appointed committees, that is to say, bodies chosen by individual communication with every member of the party. The trouble involved in forming such groups is only undertaken when the motive force is unusually strong and widespread. It is due in this case to the feeling that Parliament has abrogated its function in regard to foreign things, and that, therefore, parties should organise the vastly increased interest expressed by the public and the newspapers. The movement is not an attempt to get diplomatic negotiations made public, and it has no united opinion in regard to naval estimates. On the other hand, it is a protest against the obscurantist doctrine of diplomacy. It deprecates, as Conservatives do also, the change encouraged during the last few years—the concealment from the public of the general outlines of our foreign policy, and of the grounds for the new theory of continental entanglement. Liberals feel that this is based on an assumption, as to the designs and powers of one great continental State, which cannot be substantiated; and it is felt that the policy is virtually dictated by a very small number of permanent men at the Foreign Office, and in diplomacy. It is obvious that a Liberal Government has a difficulty in carrying out its views, and that the friction with Germany has been partly due to the private opinions of some of our diplomatists. This should be balanced by the expression of views in Parliament.

If there is to be discussion in the House it is essential to keep it well informed and practical. For this purpose an unofficial representative committee has obvious value. Such a committee would have avoided the spasmodic expressions of sympathy with other States which proved so dangerous at the time of the Turco-Greek War. It will ensure concentration upon governmental action, and no generous impulse must deter it from this guiding principle; for if no good can result from agitation, agitators should keep quiet. The advice of experts can be secured, so that the time for action may be rightly chosen, and false hopes or false fears abroad may not be raised. In any given case it can be ascertained whether the Government intends to act and whether it welcomes open support. Satisfied on this point, what an organisation can do is to provide a Foreign Minister with an argument which he can use abroad, based on the fact that public opinion demands activity. In regard to proposals for joint action by the Powers, such an argument was used by Lord Salisbury

and Lord Lansdowne. Clearly, if any such co-operation is to exist between the official and the unofficial world, Parliament is the place where it is most feasible.

In the present state of things it would appear that such a system of regularised party committees is the best available. It is customary among a section of the Conservative Press to sneer at unofficial utterances on foreign relations. But such sneers need not be noticed, coming as they do from those editors most given to censorious utterances on foreign affairs themselves. A minister may well be excused, in the chaos of work which should occupy him, for neglecting the question of the function of Parliament. But why should he not utilise for this purpose the Under-Secretary, who is intended to be a link between the Minister and the House? When resentment ceases to be shown towards interest in foreign things, such party committees may prove to be doing to Governments the good turn that they need. The Minister's convenience may be served in spite of himself. When organised interest is treated with respect, the unbalanced enthusiast, who refuses to work with others, will by a natural process be controlled, while the Government will be relieved of the temptation to crush him.

For the fact that interest has not in this way been organised in the past, perhaps the private member, too readily accepting the view that he can effect nothing except by attaining office, is most to blame. Now that public anxiety and growing political education have forced Parliamentary opinion to organise itself, such a system of party committees, failing the freedom of unreported debate, and the safety-valve of official committees, would appear to be the convenient course for Government and country alike.

But official committees in the end will be forced upon us, not only by the growing interest of the House in policy, but by the inevitable grant to Parliament of the control over treaties. The power of ratification has been claimed as a Parliamentary right; it will be granted rather as a necessity of efficient negotiation with other countries. Again, we find the cart before the horse. Ministers and Ambassadors will find Parliamentary control a useful weapon in bargaining, as the American Government has found the Senate Committee to be. The objection is to 'democratic' influence, but if the system was adopted by America, when in the eighteenth century she endeavoured to embody in her Constitution the power of George III., and if it is adaptable to autocratic Germany, it can hardly be over 'democratic.' The principle has been voluntarily adopted in regard to the Declaration of London and the U.S.A. Arbitration Treaty. In both cases the American Government gains, by the fuller knowledge of public

opinion, and still more by the bargaining power obtained through the need of referring to a popular body. In both cases the English Government loses from want of the same factors.

With ministerial responsibility already in force, Parliamentary influence exercised through a committee may be thought superfluous; but if ministers are well-informed enough, and strong enough to control their officials, they will not be embarrassed by it. If they are not (and being human they cannot be) perfectly informed, and perfectly powerful, they will be glad of the committee's support.

NOEL BUXTON.

THE REAL ISSUE IN IRELAND

On the eve of the introduction of the third Home Rule Bill, it is important to state succinctly the nature and the consequences of the revolution which has taken place in the conditions of the Irish problem during the past eighteen years, and to present in clear terms the choice which now lies before the two parties to this age-long conflict.

Fundamentally the issue remains the same, to govern Ireland by consent, or to govern her against the consent of the great majority of her inhabitants. The time-worn arguments for the latter course still poison the air; arguments drawn from fear, contempt, selfishness, racial prejudice, pessimism, and used from time immemorial, in spite of every successive proof of their falsity, just as freely and sincerely in the British Empire as in other parts of the world, for the justification of tyranny. The *Quarterly Review*, for example, faithful to the traditions which caused it in 1839 to describe the great Durham Report—the charter of the self-governing Colonies—as 'rank and infectious' in 1912 still pours out a stream of insult and pessimism upon Ireland in her efforts to obtain the responsible government which proved the salvation of a stagnant and rebellious Canada. The counter-plea for freedom, as a universally proved source of loyalty, harmony, and progress slowly works to counteract the poison. But in the case of Ireland, as modern facts reveal the present problem, the terms of this ancient debate are becoming almost grotesquely antiquated, irrelevant, and sterile.

The illumination comes from finance, and dates from 1896, when the Report of the Royal Commission upon Financial Relations was published, and when the annual Treasury Returns, upon which it was largely based, received public attention. The Commissioners were almost unanimous upon the main conclusion, which was, that Ireland, a very poor agricultural country, and Great Britain, a very rich industrial country, were not fit subjects for the same fiscal system. They made no unanimous recommendation, but two distinct remedies were foreshadowed by individual Commissioners. One was to give Ireland a financial autonomy of her own, with full control both over expenditure,

which in Ireland was very wasteful and extravagant, and over revenue; the other was to compensate Ireland for unjust and unsuitable taxation by spending more public money on her. The former remedy was refused; the latter, a fallacious and vicious palliative, was adopted, with all the more willingness, in that it fitted in with the mood of the Unionist statesmen who were responsible for Ireland for twenty years from 1886, with one short interval, and assisted the change of policy from determined, almost frenzied, opposition to the most elementary reforms in Ireland, whether religious or economic, at whatever cost to Ireland in the brutalisation, expatriation, and impoverishment of her people, to a policy of spontaneous paternalism.

Paternalism from without, coupled with the deliberate extinction of a sense of national responsibility within, is always, and in every country, a system which combines the maximum of cost with the minimum of efficiency.

The upshot to-day is that the expenditure upon Ireland exceeds the revenue derived from her by 2,000,000*l.* At the time of the earlier Home Rule Bills the position was reversed. Ireland then made a net contribution of about 2,000,000*l.*, over and above her local State expenditure, to the Army, Navy, and other Imperial services. Now, so far from contributing, she receives what is virtually an annual subsidy of the same amount. This subsidy came into being in 1909 after the grant of old-age pensions. And its amount is steadily rising.

Ireland, regarded as a separate entity, is an insolvent burden upon the taxpayers of Great Britain. This is the outstanding fact behind the modern Home Rule issue. From the Irish point of view the Union, as a financial proposition, pays. From the British point of view it is a dead loss, and an increasing loss. The question for Ireland becomes, in a far more clear and urgent sense than before, one of self-respect and self-reliance. The question for Great Britain, moral obligation apart, is summed up in the words: 'Is the Union worth the price?'

The phenomena before us are perfectly normal, the motives behind them as old as the human race itself. There are only two ways of conducting government against the consent of the governed—namely, by pure force, or force and corruption combined. This was a commonplace with the British political philosophers of the eighteenth century, who applied it to the unreformed Constitution of their own country. The maxim was elevated into a perfect system, and openly justified as such, in the case of eighteenth-century Ireland, and it still holds good, though the application is more subtle and more plausible, in modern Ireland.

Time, the growing political strength of nationalism, the waning strength of the landed and religious ascendency, and the

growth of ordinary fairness in public life, have contributed greatly to mitigate that form of indirect persuasion which consists in making official and legal posts the monopoly of the ascendant class or creed. The grievance still exists in Ireland, but it is no longer what it was. A danger more serious and widespread, while more insidious, threatens her. It is reflected in eloquent figures in the annual Treasury Returns and in the growing deficit to which I have already referred. Twelve millions go into Ireland in the shape of local expenditure, only 10,000,000*l.* come out of her in the shape of local revenue. Even a cursory analysis of Irish expenditure shows very clearly what is taking place. Irishmen, from the highest to the humblest, but above all the humblest and poorest of both creeds and races, are, in a purely financial sense, directly interested in the maintenance and increase of this bribe. The expenditure falls into two broad categories. The first comprises old-age pensions, which account for no less than 2,600,000*l.*, more than a fifth of the total. Any serious economist must pronounce half the old-age pensions, which are given on the high scale designed for wealthy and industrial Great Britain, as charity, when distributed among a population where agricultural wages average 11*s.* a week, or 7*s.* or 8*s.* less than in England and Scotland respectively. All the rest of the expenditure passes to or through the separate quasi-colonial bureaucracy of Ireland—the swollen police force, the crowd of irresponsible boards, the hosts of officials. There is no healthy check either upon the numerical size of the bureaucracy or upon its remuneration, and all classes are tempted to join in a conspiracy to keep both unnaturally high. Productive work is penalised. The police, for example, are largely drawn from the agricultural population, and receive pay from the very start which is double what an agricultural labourer can hope to attain to in his whole life. It is a commonplace that the force is twice as numerous and costly as in Great Britain, where crime is relatively greater. But consider the economic and social forces which, under the present system, militate against reduction. The mischief pervades every branch of administration. It pervades even a valuable service like the Department of Agriculture, even those clinical institutions, the Congested Districts Board and the Land and Estates Commissions, which were tardily set up to treat forms of social and economic disease engendered by ages of misgovernment, and which account, all told, for a million pounds in the expenditure side of the balance-sheet. Every farthing in this balance-sheet is suspect as long as Ireland herself is not responsible for the expenditure and for raising the requisite money.

That her own representatives, not only Unionist but Nationalist, have been active participants in the policy which has reduced

her to the abject state of dependence she now occupies, reflects no discredit on them. It is only one more example of the effects of that immemorial statecraft which makes a conquered country the instrument of its own degradation. For forty years, since Isaac Butt, they have demanded the Home Rule which would have given their country free will, self-respect, and an honourable place in the Imperial partnership. The claim has been refused. They have had to work the Union for what it was worth. The condition of their people was wretched, and they snatched at any means of alleviating it. The one criticism they justly incur is that they have not unceasingly warned and instructed their people as to what was going on, and kept burning brightly before their eyes the light of ultimate self-reliance, whatever the sacrifices involved.

For Ireland and Great Britain three courses are open: (1) to maintain the Union with all its existing consequences, (2) to adopt a limited form of Home Rule which will perpetuate Ireland's dependency on Great Britain, and (3) to give Ireland full fiscal autonomy, with a minimum of strictly temporary assistance corresponding to the actually existing financial deficit; in other words, to throw on Ireland the responsibility of wiping out that deficit, balancing her revenue and expenditure, and resuming her interrupted contributions to the Empire.

Let us take the plans in turn.

The Maintenance of the Union

The principal reasons given for this course are four:

(1) The opposition of North-East Ulster.

(2) British fears of a hostile and disloyal Ireland.

(3) 'Ireland does not *want* Home Rule.'

(4) Ireland's 'prosperity,' said to be attributable to the Union, and especially to Unionist policy.

No. (1)—the most important of all—I shall leave to the end of this article, where it will be more appropriate.

(2) Of all emotions to which the human heart is subject the fear in a big, rich, and powerful nation of a small, poor, and helpless country, which she has bullied and beggared, is the most despicable. If it is a natural instinct to expect from a victim of tyranny an attempt at revengeful reprisals, let us at least in common decency not *fear* the victim. But in truth, as I said above, those fears are becoming as ludicrous as they are baseless. It is no longer a question of the 'safety' of giving Ireland Home Rule, it is rather a question of the heavy cost to England of refusing Home Rule and of the immediate sacrifice to Ireland involved in assuming the widest form of fiscal autonomy.

(3) 'Ireland does not want Home Rule.' Mr. Ian Malcolm,

in an article in the February number of this Review,[1] asserts his opinion that Ireland, in spite of the verdict of eight successive general elections, does not want Home Rule. The sums subscribed to the National Fund are not large enough to satisfy him. Our first thought is that it is waste of time to argue this point with Mr. Malcolm, because whatever the height of the National Fund, he and his party would not be converted to Home Rule. How, unless by voting, is Ireland to express her want? There is no way but a renewal of the unconstitutional action forced upon her in the past. Once more she is to be taught the terrible lesson that violence is the only road to reform. The writer in the January number of the *Quarterly Review* actually indicates to her a new Plan of Campaign, when he prophesies, in his genial way, that after Home Rule she will repudiate the annuities on purchased land, which are now paid willingly, punctually, and honestly to the last farthing. But if the 350,000 annuitants determined to repudiate now, they could do so. If Mr. Malcolm really doubts the desire for Home Rule, why does he not stand for election in a Nationalist constituency, and use the same arguments as he gives to the readers of this Review, strangely mingling the new note of sympathetic flattery of the Irish people as a peaceful, prosperous, contented folk, sick of Home Rule, with the old conventional insinuations of intolerance, disloyalty, and dishonesty? No doubt the demand for Home Rule has not the passionate vehemence it had when hunger and misery were behind it. No doubt some of the financial boons arising from the Union act to a certain extent as narcotics. But underneath there is a deep irresistible current of pride and honourable sentiment which Mr. Malcolm would understand when his arguments drew it forth.

(4) I pass to the argument, in common use now, that Ireland ought not to be given Home Rule owing to her present and growing 'prosperity,' which is represented as being the direct result of Conservative policy. Here again it may be objected that it is idle to deal with the argument: in the first place, because it does not touch the plea for government by consent; in the second place, because to disprove it would only lead to the inference from Unionists that Home Rule was still more impossible; in the third place, because it is as old as the Repeal Debate of 1834 and has survived famines, wholesale emigration, and every phase of social anarchy and economic misery.

Nevertheless, we are here in the presence of a contention, which at the present day wears a more plausible aspect than before, and which, in fact, apart from the Ulster difficulty, forms the whole of the reasonable case for the Union as put forward by writers like Mr. L. S. Amery for the *Morning Post*,

[1] 'Justice to Ireland,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, February 1912.

and the anonymous author of a recent series of articles in the *Times*; in short, by thinking men who realise that the old case against Ireland is dead, and who feel bound, not only to justify the Union, but to put forward some positive alternative policy to Home Rule.

Let us agree at once with thankfulness that Ireland is more prosperous, though the prosperity, as I shall show, is somewhat deceptive. Her condition could hardly have become worse. She is advancing, though very slowly, on the up-grade. If it were not so, an indelible stain of infamy would rest upon Great Britain, which maintains responsibility for Ireland. There is little cause for self-congratulation over the 'unexampled generosity' of Great Britain, and to do the writers just mentioned full justice they do not take this extreme and Pharisaical line. But they do ascribe too high merit and too much success to distinctively Unionist policy. In point of fact, since the passing of the cardinal reforms in the matter of religion and land, neither party has any advantage over the other, though the Tories, by the rise and fall of the party balance, have had a much longer spell of office in which to carry out a policy. Their greatest work is held rightly to have been Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase Act of 1903, and out of this truth a legend has arisen that purchase was a distinctively Conservative policy. The fact is, that it was John Bright's policy, and that purchase clauses were inserted in the three Liberal Acts of 1869, 1870, and 1881. In 1885 came the first Tory Purchase Act—Lord Ashbourne's—and in 1886, in conjunction with his first Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone proposed a vast scheme for the universal transference of land from landlord to tenant at twenty years' purchase; a scheme which, whatever its minor defects—and all schemes at this period had their minor defects—would have had the great advantage not possessed by Mr. Wyndham's Act, passed seventeen years later, of a long period of cheap public credit. The scheme was contemptuously rejected. In 1891 and 1896 extensions of the Ashbourne Act were passed; but it is common knowledge that the impetus for the Wyndham Act of 1903 came from within both parties in Ireland itself, and originated in the Land Conference of Home Rulers and Unionist Landlords. Nor, it is equally well known, could it ever have been passed without the huge bonus of twelve millions, charged on the general taxpayers, to selling landlords.

But these, after all, are minor points. The dominant fact is that without the abolition of cottier tenancy and the substitution of the Ulster Custom and judicial rents by Gladstone's Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 and by subsequent amending Acts, no constructive reforms would have been possible. These Acts struck

at the root of the most vicious and demoralising social system which has ever disgraced a country styled 'civilised,' and laid the foundation of a new order. Mr. Wyndham would be the first to admit that his scheme would have been impossible under the old system. Indeed, he founded sales upon the basis of reductions upon second-term judicial rents. Sir Horace Plunkett would be the first to admit that his valuable non-party co-operative movement initiated in 1891, like the non-party conference of Irishmen which he organised in 1895-96 to promote the Irish Department of Agriculture, and, like many other movements for regeneration within Ireland, would have been equally impossible under the old conditions. The policy of abolishing these conditions was a Liberal policy; but the main impetus came, alas! from crime in Ireland, provoked by intolerable suffering.

It seems a pity that men like Mr. Amery, Mr. Locker-Lampson, and the writer in the *Times* already mentioned, who frankly admit them, do not appreciate their full significance in the struggle for Home Rule, or realise how deeply they are burned into the consciousness of Irishmen and how immovable is the belief which springs from them, and from still worse experiences in earlier history, that England is incapable of ruling Ireland well. Mr. Amery should remember that what he writes about the 'vicious agrarian tenure' and the blessings of its abolition could never have come from a Unionist pen at the period of the former Home Rule Bills, because the whole case against Home Rule was based on the supposed criminality and depravity of Ireland in fighting for the very reforms which he admits to have been of the most elementary necessity.

The same writer and others also exaggerate the effect of Free Trade upon Ireland. Free Trade is not a serious element in the discussion of Irish prosperity. The cataclysm caused by the Great Famine, with all its appalling consequences, came at the climax of a period of high protection for agriculture. Free Trade was, in fact, hurried on by the shadow of the famine. Three-quarters of a million souls perished because the *potato crop* failed. In other words, the peasants had been living on the margin of starvation from agrarian causes perfectly well known, dating direct from the confiscations and the Penal Code, operating all through the eighteenth century, even through Grattan's Parliament, and repeatedly during the nineteenth century made the subject of inquiry and hopeless efforts for reform. Reform was not even initiated until 1870, not thoroughly undertaken until 1881, and is not nearly completed yet. Land purchase, beneficent though it is, cannot do more than mitigate the ravages of the past. It leaves the distribu-

tion of land untouched, and the congested districts still congested. Nor does it matter a pin to an Ireland anxious for Home Rule whether or no Free Trade ruined her. She answers that however ruin came, it came from England, and she can point to the patent fact that the uniform Free Trade tariff, if it hurt her, brought immense wealth and prosperity to England; only one further proof of the incompatibility of Ireland and Great Britain as partners in the same fiscal system.

We come back, then, to the point at which we started. No country can truly be said to be prosperous which does not pay for its own government, especially when the government is conducted and paid for in the manner I have described. Seeking for the constituent elements in the more prosperous life of Ireland, we are forced to recognise that some are illusory. The known reduction of rents in the Land Courts by 2,000,000*l.* since 1881, and the further reductions outside the Courts and under recent Purchase Acts, represent an enormous economic relief, especially as a large part of Irish rent has been a sheer drain of the country's wealth to absentees. But this relief is not the same thing as normal productive growth, though it indirectly encourages productive growth, especially when accompanied by the moral stimulus which peasant ownership implants in the farmer. Still more illusory is the benefit conferred by the vast increase of public expenditure in Ireland. In 1881 public expenditure was, roughly, 4,000,000*l.*, in 1891 5,000,000*l.*, in 1901 7,000,000*l.*, and at the end of the present year it will be 12,000,000*l.*, a total advance of 8,000,000*l.* The annual revenue abstracted in the same period has risen by barely 3,000,000*l.* If all the expenditure were necessary or productive the case would be different, but it is not. A large part is anti-productive, enervating. When we realise that, in addition to the relief, direct and indirect, caused by rent reduction, a net sum of 5,000,000*l.* more public money is spent in a year in Ireland than in 1880, we begin to understand that figures of increased trade and bank deposits are not altogether reliable indices of increased prosperity. Old-age pensions alone, accounting for 2,600,000*l.*, tend to swell both accounts in an obviously artificial way. Meanwhile a great source of true prosperity, a sound elementary education, and many others, are neglected, and the greatest source of all, national self-reliance, is steadily weakened.

A comparison between Ireland and Great Britain gives a truer insight into the real forces at work. The economic disparity between the partners is enormous, and is still widening. Population still falls in Ireland. Her national wealth and income *per capita* are less than half Great Britain's. Agricultural wages are

11*s*. 3*d*., as compared with 18*s*. 4*d*. for England and 19*l*. 7*s*. for Scotland. The average gross annual receipts per mile of the principal railways are in Ireland 1550*l*., in England and Wales 6586*l*., in Scotland 3414*l*. In the vital matter of land, between a third and a half of the 650,000 Irish agricultural holdings are so small as to be classed officially as 'uneconomic.' The habits and tastes of the peoples are still different, their standard of living different, just as the very laws under which they live vary widely. Finally, the most approved and reliable tests of relative taxable capacity, as adopted by the Royal Commission in 1894-95, when remedial policy was well under way and rents had fallen 20 per cent., were net assessment to income-tax and net assessment to death duties. By these tests, applied and corrected in precisely the same way, Ireland's taxable capacity, expressed as a fraction of Great Britain's, has sunk from the one twentieth at which they fixed it to about one twenty-seventh.

With all the exaggerated estimates of prosperity in Ireland, only one serious attempt has been made, I believe, to contest the fact that the economic disparity between Ireland and Great Britain is steadily widening. The exception is Mr. Edgar Crammond, who, in articles in this Review for October 1911 and March 1912, unfolds the startling theory that Ireland is growing in prosperity at a far greater rate than England and Scotland. He appears to be positively panic-stricken by this discovery, and vehemently urges the immediate necessity of amending the Act of Union, not for purposes of Home Rule, but for reducing the Irish representation in the House of Commons from 103 to 46, with a view to damming the tide of 'unparalleled generosity' which the exorbitant Irish representation elicits, or extorts. One would have thought, in view of Ireland's 'marvellous' progress and the inherent difficulties of violating, without annulling, the contract made in the Act of Union, that Home Rule would be the better plan; but to Mr. Crammond Home Rule is as unthinkable as the existing method of administering the Union. He sees Ireland in two lights at the same moment, as advancing economically by giant strides and as irrevocably and eternally a pauper bankrupt.

Mr. Crammond writes both as an expert statistician and as a political thinker. It is hard to decide which are the most extraordinary, his statistics, as they relate to Ireland, or his estimate of the moral forces behind and against Home Rule. He is unable to conceive of the idea that a self-respecting nation may prefer self-reliance to the receipt of alms, and he is equally unconscious, not merely of the tactical difficulties, but of the meanness—to use no other term—of using the depletion in Irish population—a depletion actually caused by the economic abuses which the Union

countenanced—as a reason for strengthening the grip of Great Britain over Ireland by reducing her representation. He sees nothing wrong in the under-representation of Ireland from the Union to 1870, when the cardinal Irish abuses were left unredressed; but he regards her over-representation now as a scandal and peril of Imperial importance.

As for Mr. Crammond's Anglo-Irish statistics, it is to be hoped that some one with space at his command will deal with them in detail. I can only give two glaring instances of error in the shape of the two reasons he adduces for regarding Ireland's growth of prosperity as far more rapid in recent years than that of Great Britain.

(1) Mr. Crammond quotes from the Report (1910-11) of the Inland Revenue Commissioners to the effect that the increase in the gross assessments to income-tax under Schedule D during the decade 1901-10 was 30.4 per cent. in the case of Ireland (3,845,021*l.*), and only 20.2 per cent. and 13.9 per cent. in the case of England and Scotland respectively. 'These figures,' comments Mr. Crammond, 'show pretty clearly that during the period named Ireland has progressed at a far more rapid rate than either of her partners'[2]—a statement which was quoted with approval by the *Times* in a leading article a few days later.

Turning to the Report itself, we find immediately beneath the table referred to a paragraph in large type, which Mr. Crammond overlooks, saying that the Irish increase is illusory as regards the total assessment to income-tax. It includes annuities (in lieu of rent) on purchased land, transferred in the accounts of the Commissioners since 1906-07 to Schedule D from Schedule A. A corresponding amount has been written off from Schedule A.

(2) 'The Irish Trade Returns,' says Mr. Crammond, 'also establish the fact that the external trade of Ireland has, in recent years at least, increased twice as rapidly as that of the United Kingdom.'[3] How he makes good this proposition it is impossible to comprehend, but the facts are as follows: There are no returns of Irish external trade from 1826 to 1904, so for comparison we have to take the years 1904-10, which show a total increase in the external trade of the United Kingdom of 30 per cent. (922,000,000*l.* to 1,212,000,000*l.*), and of Ireland, not of 60 per cent., as Mr. Crammond suggests, but of 26 per cent. (104,000,000*l.* to 131,000,000*l.*). For the rest, it ought to be needless to point out the danger and difficulty of these comparisons of 'external Irish trade' (88 per cent. of which is cross-Channel trade with Great Britain, and only 12 per cent. *direct* foreign trade) with the total statistics of the genuinely foreign trade of the United Kingdom or Great Britain, whose domestic or internal

[2] *Nineteenth Century*, March 1912, p. 423.
[3] *Ibid.* October 1911, p. 605.

trade is unknown. Mr. Crammond falls into the strangest errors in doing so. It should also be needless to point out the worthlessness of the figures of external trade per head of the population as a statistical test of relative wealth and taxable capacity; purposes to which Mr. Crammond puts them. According to this standard, Ireland is not only richer than Great Britain, but one of the richest countries in the world.

His statistical blunders apart, Mr. Crammond's view of future policy toward Ireland finds no echo in responsible Unionist quarters. So far from regarding that country as a formidable though an over-pampered competitor with Great Britain, the policy appears to be to lavish additional expenditure on her; expenditure on drainage schemes, Atlantic services, Channel ferries, huge inducements to landlords to sell their land, and on benefits to be bestowed by mysterious manipulations of a Protectionist tariff. Every concrete Unionist scheme hitherto published has this feature of additional sops and doles. Something vague is said about a 'profitable investment' of British money. We cannot take such pretexts seriously. The real significance of these schemes is that Ireland, on a more dazzling scale than ever, is to be bribed to abandon Home Rule and sell the last chance of saving her independence of character. What the subsidy to Ireland will amount to when these schemes are under way defies imagination—four, five, six, seven millions are quite reasonable figures.

Is it worth while to go on piling up these obstacles to a measure which some day or other is inevitable? Great Britain will throw up the task of pauperisation with weariness and disgust. Ireland will not abandon Home Rule. It is with her a primitive, inextinguishable instinct and a right and healthy instinct. As long as it is suppressed, we shall have the same old miserable friction and dislocation, as disastrous to the Conservative party as it is to Great Britain and Ireland, quenching wholesome political development in that unhappy country, fomenting dissension, choking regenerative movements from within, delaying reform in a score of important directions—education, poor-law, the conduct of the congested districts, temperance, land, labour —which now are wholly neglected.

Limited Home Rule

The economic divergences between the two islands, together with the stringent necessity on all grounds of co-ordinating revenue and expenditure in Ireland, seem to be fatal to any scheme which does not give Ireland control of her Customs and Excise, which together account for 70 per cent. of her tax

revenue. Indeed their retention in Imperial hands would logically lead to the retention of all Imperial taxation and the abandonment of the last hope of restoring a financial equilibrium in Ireland. Such an equilibrium Lord MacDonnell's scheme, for example, does not pretend to contemplate. Like the Unionists, he contemplates not only a large permanent subsidy, but large additional expenditure on Ireland without reference to her revenue; and on tactical grounds only it is this close approximation to Unionist policy which makes his scheme so little likely to command general acceptation. It seems necessarily to involve the denial of Irish control over important departments such as the police, old-age pensions, and Land Commission, and whittles away to very small dimensions what we know as 'responsible government.'

As for the 'Federal' proposals made by some Liberals, the designation is misleading if not meaningless. Even if the constitutional conditions of federalism existed, and they do not, no insolvent country has ever been admitted to a federation, while federal finance would inevitably stereotype Ireland's insolvency. A period of fiscal autonomy is surely an essential condition precedent to Ireland's introduction on the ordinary terms to a Federation of the British Isles. The delay need not check or hinder in any way a British Federation of Scotland, England, and Wales if such an ideal be desired. It is simply a precaution founded on business principles and common sense.

Irish Fiscal Autonomy

A scheme which throws on Ireland complete responsibility for all her own expenditure and taxation is the only one which genuinely fulfils all the required conditions. On her part this is not a greedy or aggressive claim. It is a business necessity, involving initial hardship, for an end of transcendent importance. Even so the initial deficit must be filled. Let there be an initial subsidy, diminishing, and terminable within a stated period. There can be no objection to such a course, the express object of which is to save Great Britain money and give Ireland self-respect.

Finally, fiscal autonomy solves in the natural way the thorny and otherwise insoluble question of representation at Westminster; for no representation is needed or desirable, unless—for such a compromise is quite feasible—it is purely symbolic and numerically trivial. I myself venture to think that Conference on Imperial matters, as with the Colonies, would be better than any representation, and is surely not 'separation,' for it is daily drawing closer together the Colonies and the Home Country.

Whether or no we call the scheme 'colonial' Home Rule, does not matter. It is not colonial in the sense of giving Ireland any

independent control over armaments, which she does not need, does not want, and could never afford. It is colonial in giving her what has proved the salvation of the self-governing Colonies. Her proximity and identity of commercial interest are the crowning reasons for confidence that her new rights will draw her closer to Great Britain, just as countries even in the Antipodes are being drawn closer.

Ulster

When Ulster Unionists have uttered the last word of angry and passionate repudiation of Home Rule, it is pertinent to ask them what is their sober view of the future? Nobody doubts their intense sincerity; but have they thought out this matter? Virtually, Ireland is now governed as a dependent Crown Colony. They themselves constantly style themselves a 'garrison,' and so tacitly accept the status usually only claimed by a privileged white minority in a coloured dependency of the Crown. Very well. But where is this view leading them? Crown Colonies are at least solvent fiscal entities. The Union has reduced Ireland to pauperism, and Ulstermen cannot escape the responsibility. High and low, they share in the questionable profits derived from the Union, and stand to gain from the golden promises of the future. At this moment their English friends are destroying the case for the exceptional prosperity of Ulster, and the arguments hanging upon it, by proclaiming the 'bounding' prosperity of the rest of Ireland. Whatever the truth of that view, how do Ulstermen regard the counter-proposals of English Unionists for the benefit of Ireland under the Union? Are they content to see Ireland plunged deeper and deeper into insolvency, costing more and more to maintain, receding further and further from the point at which she still contributed something to the Army and Navy? They are bound to consider—I say it in no spirit of sarcasm, but in sober appeal—what their loyalty to the Union is costing Great Britain in hard cash, and is going in the future to cost. What is the moral cost to their own country—Ireland? They are Irishmen first, and Unionists next: every Ulsterman admits that. They have honestly believed that the Union is best for Ireland as a whole. Is it too much to ask them to sound the foundations of that belief in the light of the modern finance and the revelations it suggests? I believe that if they did, a revulsion of feeling would ensue, and the conviction would gain ground that after all it was worth while to trust their Catholic fellow-countrymen to work with their Protestant brethren for the common good of Ireland.

What is the fundamental intention and significance of the Union? This, that Great Britain governs Ireland through the

dissensions of Irishmen. That is what her Government meant, avowedly, in the eighteenth century, and Ulstermen knew it well, and to their cost. That is what it means still. It is a shameful thing for Ireland. Ulster may seem to be dragging English Unionism behind her now. It is not so. If English statesmen could be induced to abandon the secular craving for undue domination, Irishmen would unite, like Englishmen and Frenchmen in Canada, and Englishmen and Dutchmen in South Africa, to make their countries prosperous, progressive, and loyal. Why should not Ulstermen anticipate the complete conversion of Great Britain, which is bound to come if the present system continues? Why should they not anticipate what is equally certain to come, if a Protectionist Government attains power in Great Britain, a general revolt in Ireland against a uniform tariff designed for British conditions, and therefore, like all uniform tariffs in the past, certain to hurt Ireland?

Ulster Unionists have never done justice to their fellow-countrymen. They know that their own linen industry was the solitary privileged exception to the destruction of Irish industries. They know that for more than a century they possessed a privileged racial ascendency based on religion, and they know, too, that even so their own ancestors had to wage the same demoralising social war of crime and secret conspiracy to obtain the Ulster Custom of land tenure, which placed them outside the agonies endured by their Catholic compatriots during the nineteenth century. They joined in at the last to reap the culminating benefits of the land reforms won by others. They should not join in the cheap and heartless hue and cry against the majority of Irishmen for the violence used in obtaining those reforms, and in the traditional defamation which survives from it.

What, in explicit terms, do they really fear? Not a Catholic tyranny corresponding to the extinct Protestant tyranny. How could it be enforced? What sensible layman would ever dream of inflicting it? Not an economic tyranny: the thing would be literally impossible and inherently senseless. What do they fear? Let them give precision to their doubts and then set them squarely and fairly against the consequences of the Union, and make a manly choice worthy of their character as loyal citizens of Ireland, Great Britain, and the Empire.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

AN APPROACH BETWEEN MOSLEMS AND BUDDHISTS

PERSIA, Tripoli, Morocco!—three points from which simultaneously attacks are made upon Islam! So hard the West has never yet pressed the confessors of Mohammed's doctrine, and never before has the war of the Cross against the Crescent flamed up so dangerously as has lately been the case. What may be the cause of this strange phenomenon? Is it mere accident, or must we look upon it as the outcome of long-premeditated political designs? The answer is clear enough when we remember that this war has in reality been going on for centuries between the two culturally opposed worlds; and that the issues of it, dependent as they have been all along upon the political conditions of interested neighbouring States, and upon the enthusiasm displayed by the contending parties, have now, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, decidedly turned in favour of the West. The more pronounced was the cultural and material progress of the modern world, the deeper sank the courage of the antagonistic Islam community. Although fully convinced of the necessity of reform, and knowing that ultimately the same means by which western lands accomplished their success would have to be adopted, Islam has thus far not been able to effect the mental metamorphosis and rouse itself so as to face its opponents on a footing of equality. Bashfully and reluctantly the Moslem world has sat upon the school-bench of western education. There has been no lack of zeal nor of capability, but, just as the individual has to pass through gradual stages of learning to obtain his object in view, so it is with a nation; only the process is slower still, and especially when, as is the case with the community here in question, it has not only to fit itself into a new world of ideas, but also has to unlearn and forget many things born and bred in the flesh. In this difficult task the Moslem world has now been engaged for more than a century. The nations of the West act the part of impartial spectators, but their Governments show a lively interest in the cultural movements and evolutions of their Asiatic neighbours, and in measure as these latter rise, or would rise, out of the slough of antiquated

notions, in that same measure the aggressive politics of the former increase. The fear of losing the booty, or of seeing it snatched away by another, is at the root of all the diplomatic scheming of our several Cabinets. The ostensible purpose to be the standard-bearers of western culture, the propagators of modern civilisation and humanisation, is either an empty shibboleth or else a matter of quite secondary importance. The chief object is, and remains : the acquisition of colonies, the extension of territory, the founding of new markets for home industries and commerce, and, by the subjugation of foreign nations, to exalt and to increase the power and importance of the mother country.

Under these circumstances it is easy to see why those of our Governments who have not yet acquired colonies, as well as those who would increase their colonial possessions, are always on the look-out for opportunities which may lead to the acquisition of territory, without considering whether the steps they are taking are strictly just, or whether these actually meet the object they have in view. Hitherto it has been the commendable custom of most of the assailants of the Moslem world to put forward at least some plausible pretext in justification of their aggression and ultimate occupation, the favourite excuse being the barbaric conditions, the absolute absence of order, security, and law in most of the Islamic lands, or else the obstruction and danger caused to international intercourse.

We do not, of course, deny that there is much truth in these statements. We have but to look at Morocco and note with sorrow how this pre-eminently rich piece of earth lies neglected, waste, desolate, although it could easily support six times its present population. Morocco possesses every kind of mineral, and a vegetation which is unparalleled. It has beautiful pasture-land, forests of oaks, cedars, and cypresses, many streams which irrigate the plains, so that, without manuring and with very little labour, crops of barley, rye, oats, and wheat could easily be grown. What French dominion has done and still can do for this country is evident enough, and the question now is whether it would have been better to let matters remain as they were or whether we must welcome the civilising interference of a foreign Power.

The recent Italian invasion in Tripoli, where the conditions are not much better than in Morocco, has been universally condemned as a violation of the law and as downright robbery. We grant the possibility that in course of time through the steadily improving organisation of constitutional Turkey the affairs of Tripoli would be ameliorated; but still the question remains whether the old-established sovereignty of Italy will not

introduce the blessings of modern culture quicker, and more effectually, and carry out the reforms with more ability than could be expected of the Turkish Government, which is not thoroughly settled itself yet. Let us bear in mind what was the condition of North Africa in the days of Rome, as regards its economic, commercial, and political standing, and what it is to-day! Where once flourishing cities arose, keeping up a brisk intercourse with distant portions of the East, we now walk among ruins. Desolation stares us in the face wherever we go, and we are justified in asking if it would not be better to cut short as quickly as possible the wild fanaticism and horrible barbarism of the Arabs.

And what of Persia? In that unhappy land—the early cultural monuments of which arouse our admiration—anarchy and lawlessness have now been rampant for centuries, and the native Government, if it deserves that name, has done all it could to corrupt and desolate the country, and to bring the inhabitants, the most gifted of all Moslems, to poverty and misery. Everywhere the eye meets the heaped-up ruins of former cities, caravanseries, bazaars, palaces, high roads, bridges, hospitals, and houses of refuge, while the subterranean canals which should bring moisture to the thirsting land have long since collapsed and fallen into decay. Villages and settlements are hidden away in hollows far from the beaten track, so as not to be seen, and pillaged by the passing agents of the Government; for all officials, the high as well as the low, are in this land looked upon as the instruments of divine wrath, plundering, robbing, murdering, but never rendering help.

This terrible picture of his native land, given by Ibraham Bey,[1] is, as a matter of fact, mildly drawn as compared with the staggering reality of Iranian conditions, now and in the recent past. I still shudder to think of some of the scenes I witnessed on my travels, and of the pictures given by Melkom Khan, formerly Persian Ambassador in London and Paris, in his paper *Kanun* (Law).

In the face of these, and many similar revelations, one cannot but justify the aggressive politics of Europe in these lands, for emissaries from the West, even if in the accoutrements of war, always herald improvement. The appearance of western power in these lands signifies the introduction of order and law; it means that downtrodden humanity can breathe freely again, that it can rise and begin to look forward to a happier future. All the obstructions of deep-rooted fanaticism and prejudice being cleared away, nothing will hinder the process of transformation,

[1] German by Walter Schutz, Leipzig, 1903.

for then all existing evils will disappear under the energetic and persevering influence of European rule.

Acting upon this principle, our rulers have for more than a century been forcing their way into Islam, gradually depriving the followers of the Prophet of their political independence. At the present time not one Mohammedan State is entirely independent, for even the Ottoman Empire has to submit to the irksome bonds incumbent on capitulations, and its precarious existence is only made bearable by the punctilious observance of diplomatic formalities. As regards the Afghan vassal of the British Crown, Emir Habib ul Ullah fully realises that the title of "Majesty," lately bestowed upon him, is merely a complimentary distinction without any real meaning. With it he may deceive his surroundings, but he cannot deceive himself.

It is not surprising that the argument propounded above is not in the least convincing to the Mohammedans themselves, and that they show themselves in no wise eager to accept the recipe for the preparation of the elixir of European culture, offered to them at the point of the bayonet; that they will, in fact, have none of the new order of things as long as it savours of foreign rule. The terrors of the despotic government of Abdul Hamid have, in this respect, created no change in the minds of the Young Turks, and even the most enraged democrats among them have declared that they would rather suffer under the oppression of home tyranny than live happily under the liberal *régime* of foreign rulers.

This view is intelligible enough when we consider that this society has grown up under the influence of a 'religio militans,' which for centuries has reigned over many heterogeneous subjects, and is not likely to give up its commanding position without an effort. One may construe the Gaza precept (religious war) as one likes, and allow that some of the decrees of the Koran have been made to fit in with the requirements of the times; but it is impossible to accuse the Mohammedans of voluntarily forsaking and renouncing the principles which in past ages secured for them so prominent a place in the history of the world, and enabled them to exercise so great an influence over the fate of humanity. No, such a thing is not conceivable, and, looked at in this light, can we wonder that the growing hold of Christianity upon the lands of Islam is creating a very marked unrest among the followers of Mohammed? Is it strange that their proverbial apathy and indifference is giving way to nervous irritability, and that, in their feverish search for a means of escape, they cast their eyes in a direction which not one of them ever thought of before, and which, in their innermost soul, they have always detested.

Looking without prejudice at the relations of Asia as they now present themselves, one cannot fail to be struck by the startling fact that Mohammedans and Buddhists no longer regard one another with that furious hatred and ill-will which formerly marked the intercourse between these two large bodies of the ancient world. This remarkable phenomenon is particularly noticeable among the Moslems, who divide humanity into two great sections, mere idol-worshippers (*Medjusi*) and Book-possessors (*Ehli Kitab*). These latter are subdivided into people who do not acknowledge the Arab Prophet, and hence are *Kafir*—unbelieving, and those who, because they possess one of the four books (Tora, Bible, Psalms, and Koran) can be tolerated, and are not reckoned as savage and irreclaimable. While the *Ehli Kitab*, after the enforcement of the *Djizie*, *i.e.* personal taxation, had to be tolerated, and even protected, the *Medjusi* had no claim even to humane treatment; their life and their goods were forfeited, and only in cases where the *Medjusi* were superior in numbers to the Moslem population has the *Sheriat* (religious law) seen fit to shut its eyes, as was the case in India in the days of the Mogul rule, when the sultans distinguished themselves by their vast tolerance. In other places, as, for instance, in what was called Central Asia, the *Multani* (Indian money-brokers) were subject to the grossest insults and ill-treatment, and it was only by much and constant bribery that they managed to make a living.

Through this fanatical interpretation of the Koran laws, Persia has lost an industrious and gifted portion of its population—namely, the *Parsi*, who, being persecuted by their Moslem countrymen, found a home in India, and have there become useful subjects of the British Crown. In a word, the *Medjusi* was an object of abhorrence to the faithful Mohammedan, much more so, indeed, than the inveterate *Ghiaur*, who, as the prototype of all that is unclean, was universally avoided and spurned. In all my long and varied intercourse with the people of Moslem Asia, I have never come across anyone who did not entertain this unreasonable hatred against the *Medjusi*.

Imagine, then, my surprise and amazement when recently, *i.e.* after the victory of the Japanese over the Russians, I noted the joyful excitement which prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the Islamic world at the military success of the formerly detested *Medjusi*. The Latin proverb—'Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos'—could not apply here, for the victory of Japan over China called forth no such response in Islam, was, in fact, not taken any notice of. But what strikes one most is the continuous and ever-growing friendliness between these two Asiatic nations, or rather, between these two religions, which

used to be so hostile to one another. In spite of the great geographical distance between them, they seek to come into touch with one another, and have, as a matter of fact, already found a means to make their intellectual intercourse easier. Strangely enough, the Mohammedans made the first move. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war, when as yet there could be no question of a decisive victory, the columns of the Turkish, Persian, Arab, and Tartar newspapers were full of expressions of sympathy for the cause of the Japanese *Medjusi*. Their bravery was described in glowing terms, and in the days following the decisive battles of Mukden and Tsu-Shima the names of the Generals Oyama, Nogi, Kuroki, and of Admiral Togo were in everybody's mouth. Then suddenly the news spread that Japan had surrendered to the charms of Islam and that many Japanese had already embraced the faith.

Of course, this was nonsense, a mere fabrication; but it is true that the Japanese made attempts both officially and secretly to approach the Porte, with a view to making common cause against their joint enemy, Russia. Sultan Abdul Hamid, however, was differently minded, and did not fall into the trap of the cunning Japanese. The first attempt at an approach, *i.e.* a beginning of diplomatic relations between Stamboul and Tokio, came to a sad end when the Turkish corvette *Ertogrul* was wrecked off the Japanese coast and all on board perished. The second attempt was not much more successful, because the Porte refused to grant the Japanese certain concessions, when Japan demanded to be placed on an equality with the European Powers.

Officially, therefore, not much advance has been made, but inofficially and in secret a good deal of intercourse between the two great Asiatic religions has been carried on through private individuals, for the greater part adventurously disposed mollas, who, being sent out from Yildiz with a liberal supply of money, visited the Mohammedans in the Far East. To these they told marvellous stories about the power, the wealth, and the greatness of the Caliph, and tried to induce the native Mohammedans to use their influence with their Buddhist compatriots.

One such envoy was Molla Suleiman Shukri Effendi, a native of Anatolia, who in 1907 concluded his great Asiatic journey through the various countries of the Old World which were inhabited by Mohammedans. He gave his experiences in a book published in St. Petersburg, and entitled *Siahati Kubra* —*i.e.* Great Journey. Suleiman Shukri is an extreme fanatic who scorns everything European and represents particularly the English as the most dangerous enemies of Islam. He expresses great admiration for the heathen Chinese, and praises their tolerant government as against the cruel intolerance (?) of the

English. Of course, he is also of opinion that Chinese and Mohammedans should join forces to break the power of the overbearing, haughty Europeans.

The relations between China and Islam are certainly of a peculiar nature. The ancient fame of the Celestial Flowery Land of the Middle caused the people of Western and Central Asia from time immemorial to look upon this empire as the *ne plus ultra* of political and artistic power and greatness. *Chini* (Chinese) is an epithet for artistic and beautiful things, especially in painting and colouring, and *Fagfur*, the title of the Chinese Emperor, is an emblem of highest dignity. It is therefore no wonder that the Moslem missionaries and Arab traders at a very early date began to visit China, and spread its good report in spite of its heathen character.

In proportion as European supremacy made itself felt in the Far East, in that same proportion the sympathy between Moslems and Chinese grew stronger, for they were both in the same trying position, and stood powerless against the aggressive interference of Europe. After the victory of the Japanese over Russia, this relationship, previously always somewhat timidly kept in the background, has been freely and frankly declared, though Islam in its religious zeal has found it expedient to shut its eyes to this coquetry, and China also let it pass. Since the insurrections in Yunnan and East Turkestan the Chinese have treated the Moslem population quite differently from what they used to do, and their patriotism and military prowess has since been duly appreciated. In the Boxer insurrection Chinese Mohammedans played a conspicuous part; they have clearly shown that Moslems and Buddhists recognise a common foe in the person of the European, and are prepared, if need be, to take the field together against him.

The Chinese Government has not been able to remain quite indifferent to this *entente*, and it would even seem that the authorities, so far from opposing it, are rather inclined to support it. On the strength of this a Turkish newspaper, published at Ili and subsidised by the Government, invites the Mohammedans to make common cause with the Chinese, so that, united, they may break the power of Europe, the usurper. 'Europe,' it says in one of its leading articles, 'has grown too presumptuous. It will deprive us of our liberty; it will destroy us altogether if we do not bestir ourselves promptly and prepare for a powerful resistance. We must make ourselves familiar with the latest discoveries in the useful arts and in agriculture, so that we be not reduced to poverty by the importation of foreign industries,' and so on. But even without this encouragement, Islam in China places itself more and more at the service of Chinese national liberal politics. No wonder, then,

that in the present revolution the Mohammedans have taken a prominent part in the overthrow of the retrograde Manchus. In acknowledgment of their support, Sun-Yat-Sen, the leader of the revolutionary movement, said lately, in an interview at Marseilles, where he took ship on his homeward journey: 'The Chinese will never forget the assistance which their Moslem compatriots have rendered them, in the interest of order and liberty.' Islam, he said, has many advantages, and it is a pity that it should be so misjudged in Europe, where, besides the spectre of the 'Yellow Peril,' the spectre of Pan-Islamism is now feared.

How far all this intriguing is a matter for serious alarm we need not here inquire. Of interest to us is the fact that even in the Buddhist world they try to frighten us with the *Wau-wau* of Pan-Islamism, without themselves being properly acquainted with the real character of this boasted danger. I have studied Pan-Islamism for years on the spot, and, in consequence of my long intercourse with Yildiz, I have become familiar with the motives and expectations of this party; but to my mind the movement is, for the present at any rate, merely platonic, and the possibility of it becoming dangerous impresses me very little. The shibboleths of Panisms only have meaning where the component parts of the united elements are so closely knitted together that they cannot be broken into or cut asunder by any foreign national bodies. An alliance as in the case of Germans and Italians one can easily realise, nor is the federation of the Slavs under the auspices of Russia an idle fancy; but in Islam, divided and interefered with by foreign national and religious elements, a crystallisation is simply impossible.

The Mohammedan Indians, seventy millions strong, might put some weight in the scales, if it were not for the overpowering counterweight of 200 million Hindus, and if the historical glamour of the Mogul rule could be easily forgotten. Moreover, the just and wise and humane politics of the English in India have so completely satisfied the followers of the Arab Prophet in those parts, that they look upon the *Pax Britannica* as a divine blessing, and will readily make the greatest sacrifices in order to keep this great gift. As regards the other Moslems living under Christian supremacy, they can, naturally enough, never become dangerous, with the exception perhaps of the ten million Egyptians, who, in the distant future, and federated with the ever-increasing number of African Mohammedans, might become a force not to be despised. Islam in Africa presents in general problems of incalculable magnitude.

As the relations stand now, Pan-Islamism is not a dangerous foe, because the still politically independent factors of this

religious community, for fear of rousing suspicion among western Powers, will have nothing to do with it, and, indeed, anxiously avoid any allusion to such a fraternisation.

When, a few years ago, the highly accomplished Ismael Gasprinski, editor of the paper *Terdjhuman*, published in Bagchhe-Sarai, proposed the idea of holding a Moslem religious congress, Cairo, which stands under the liberal *régime* of England, was the only place which offered a hospitable reception to the conference. In Constantinople they would have nothing to do with it, although it was explicitly stated that politics should be rigidly excluded, and only purely religious and cultural matters discussed. This precautionary measure, however, was quite unnecessary. Western nations are far too conscious of their material superiority to be frightened by any vague possibility of danger. If the prescribed pilgrimage to the grave of the Prophet has hitherto not been able to give more stable character to the bond of fraternity which unites the Moslems, and has failed to bring their common interests more into prominence—notwithstanding that many thousands of true believers of all colours and nationalities meet year after year in Mecca—it is fairly certain that political efforts will not accomplish it. 'Kulli muminin ihwa' (All true believers are brothers), the Prophet has said, but this brotherhood applies primarily to the province of religion. In temporal affairs the maxim is 'Tacet ecclesia,' as is the case in other religious bodies.

The followers of Mohammed have now to face the great problem how to reach that cultural and political-economic level which will secure their political future and safeguard them against further attacks. Without this all Pan-Islamic schemes are useless; they will have as little effect as the short-lived energy of Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose messengers went through all the Islamic world and brought extensive reports, which were, after all, of very little real help to the politics of the Sublime Porte. But from a moral point of view the common interests of the Islamic world can show a certain degree of progress, which is to be attributed not in the first place to the clergy, nor to the Caliph, but to the untiring zeal of the Press, newly awakened all along the line.

I believe I am not exaggerating when I say that the sudden energy of the Moslem Press is quite unequalled, and the more to be admired as the Molla-world had taken up a very decided attitude against secular literature and accused every newspaper-reader of apostasy. In Bokhara this is still the case, although the young Emir, Mir Alim, who was brought up in the Page Corps at St. Petersburg, is a zealous advocate of reforms and modern civilisation. It is therefore only the Moslem Press, more particularly

the Turkish and Persian, which binds together the most distant parts of the Moslem-Asiatic world, and does it so effectively that, for instance, the starving Tartar population of Omsk and Tobolsk receive monetary support from Cairo, Stamboul, Kazan, and Bombay!

When the Turco-Italian war broke out, not only the Ottoman, but also the Tartar, Kirghiz, Caucasian, Indian, and Arab newspapers had long columns of war intelligence, and voluntary subscriptions flowed in much more abundantly than at the time of the last Turco-Russian war, in 1877. I have compared the stated amounts collected then with those now received, and I cannot help seeing in this improvement a sign, which should not be disregarded, of the decided growth of mutual interest between the various Moslem nations. And if now in the present stage of the Pan-Islamic movement we can see no danger for the interests of western influence in Asia, we should, on the other hand, not underestimate the growing symptoms of approach between Moslems and Buddhists and between other mutually hostile elements, such as Moslems and Brahmins. The more the power and authority of the West gains ground in the Old World, the stronger becomes the bond of unity and mutual interest between the separate factions of Asiatics, and the deeper burns the fanatical hatred against Europe.

Half a century ago China, for instance, was waging war against the Mohammedans of Yunnan and East Turkestan; now China does not disdain, as already mentioned, to publish, at the expense of the State, a Turkish newspaper. The Chinese authorities repair and rebuild mosques at State cost, and the Chinese Mohammedans show their appreciation by expressions of patriotism and by making no secret of their hatred of the Christian world. This approach between the followers of different Oriental religions has become so much more pronounced of late years that already the various nationalities are known by the collective name of Asia as against Europe; and these two names will be the watchwords in the coming struggle between East and West. It may be that individual Asiatic nations do not sufficiently realise what this movement of fraternisation implies, but the eye of the unprejudiced spectator cannot fail to detect the categorical symptoms of an ever-ripening bond of unity, and in the face of this we ask, *Is it wise and expedient by useless provocation and unnecessary attacks to increase the feeling of animosity, to hurry on the struggle between the two worlds, and to nip in the bud the work of modern culture which is now going on in Asia?*

Surely it is too risky a step to take and too high a price to pay for the chance of conquest.

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THE TRIAD SOCIETY AND THE RESTORATION OF THE MING DYNASTY

THE recent announcement in the English papers that an aspirant has arisen to the throne of China in the person of the Marquis Chu-Cheng-Yu, who claims to be a descendant of the Ming Emperors, makes one remember the long struggle maintained in the Middle Kingdom by the well-known Triad Society, with the avowed object of restoring the native Chinese dynasty to the ancestral throne. The Triad Society, though often alluded to, is but little understood; it has played a part in most of the revolts in China in comparatively modern times, and now that one portion of the avowed object of the league has been accomplished —namely, the fall of the Tsings or Manchus, it may be of some interest to glance at the organisation, statutes and rituals carefully arranged in order to keep alive in the popular mind, not only the expulsion of the Manchus, but the restoration of an ancient dynasty.

Secret societies, generally more or less political in their aims, but, like religious sects, differing in their tenets and objects of worship, have long been rife in China. Some of these societies are merely friendly associations, assisting their members when in sickness or distress, seeing, when necessary, to the proper disposal of the bodies of those who have died away from home, or in circumstances debarring the departed from—to the Chinese that all-important matter—burial in their native land. The Chinese hold that each individual soul is of a Trinitarian nature; after death one division or person of the soul hovering in or around the place where the body lies; a second entering the consecrated tablet placed in the ancestral hall; and the third person of the soul ascending to the region of spirits, where it is punished or rewarded according as the acts done when in the body have been bad or good. Each family of any standing has its ancestral hall, usually attached to the family dwelling-house; while the humbler classes have an ancestral hall in common for each village. It is believed that the spirits of the departed exercise influence over the fortunes of their descendants, an influence benign or the reverse, according as their relations still in the flesh pay due respect and

reverence at the tombs of their ancestors, whose well-being in the land of shades is likewise to some extent ensured by the offerings and worship paid at their graves. It is a touching sight at the great 'grave-sweeping' festival—as it may be literally rendered—to see the crowds resorting to the cemeteries and tombs where lie the parents and forefathers of each family or individual. Bent and frail old men, dainty ladies, whose feet, not more than two inches long, render the support of a waiting woman on either side not altogether a mark of useless dignity; sleek and opulent merchants, hard-working coolie women and toddling infants, plodding farmers, learned *literati*, all resort at this festival to the family tombs to do reverence and make offerings to the ancestral shades. When a man or woman leaves no descendant to perform this duty, and there is no benevolent person to undertake it, the soul of the departed is a beggar ghost hovering neglected and uncared for in the spirit land. Hence the intense anxiety of the Chinaman that his body may be laid in the family burial-place, and hence the importance that friends or relations should see that the desire is carried out.

The whole trend of feeling and usage in China fosters the tendency towards forming societies and associations. Guilds prevail all over the Empire in almost every large city; even the beggars form a guild, which has its president and its own regulations and ordinances. The clan system exists throughout the Empire, and in itself gives the people the habit and spirit of association, so that leagues and clubs spring naturally into existence, and the individual, little regarded as a unit, as is ever the case in a great democracy such as China, seeks redress for grievances and local oppression by means of the guild or league to which he belongs, which also extends him assistance in illness or distress. Societies, more or less secret, appear to have existed in China at least for the last couple of thousand years, and probably have been known there as long as the Empire has itself existed. Chinese history alludes to many such societies, known by different names. There were the Copper Horses, the Carnation Eyebrows (who, in order to render their appearance terrible in battle, coloured their eyebrows with vermilion), the Iron Shoes, and so on. The women also had societies exclusively to themselves; some of these were more or less secret associations, many were loan societies, from which the members could obtain advances when required.

An association called the White Lotus Society was first heard of about the middle of the thirteenth century, and was animated by a wave of Buddhist enthusiasm. Kublai Khan had conquered and destroyed the Chinese armies; the boy-emperor, last of the Sung dynasty, had drowned himself at the entrance

to the Canton river, and as time went on feeble rulers succeeded to the throne of the Great Kublai. The government of foolish and feeble rulers is usually the worst and most intolerable of tyrannies, and the people groaned under the rule of the degenerate Mongols, and murmured against submitting to the barbarians whom they not only feared but despised. The children in the Provinces of Hupeh and Hunan sang in high falsetto tones :

> When stirs the one-eyed man of stone,
> This dynasty will be o'erthrown.

Men and women heard the song of the children, and wondered and whispered. It was felt that something unusual was about to take place, and suspense and anxiety reigned in the land. Just then, in 1344, the banks of 'China's Sorrow,' the Yellow River, were undergoing repairs, and lo ! the rumour came that at a place called Huang ling Kang, hard by the river, there had been found the stone image of a man with one eye. Immense was the excitement that spread far and wide. The sacred character attaching to the Yellow River—believed to owe its origin to the regions of spirits and genii, and whose usually turbid waters when flowing clear and bright are held to predict the approaching advent of a Sage—no doubt contributed to the enthusiasm caused by the discovery of the image, and soon the movement assumed a religious character, when the chief of the White Lotus Society burnt incense before the figure, and proclaimed the near coming of another Buddha. Multitudes flocked to the standard then raised in rebellion against the rule of the foreign dynasty ; the revolt spread rapidly, and before long found a leader endowed with a genius for warfare, in the person of a young Buddhist monk, who finally defeated the ruling powers, and was raised to the imperial throne under the name of Hung Wu, and so became the founder of the Ming Dynasty. Hung Wu proved himself not only a consummate general but a wise and beneficent ruler. Imbued with the simple and frugal tastes he had acquired when a Buddhist monk, on one occasion, when one of the great men of the Court remonstrated with the monarch for restraining its magnificence in the furniture and figures of gold and silver, pointing out that such things lent *éclat* to his dignity as sovereign :

> The glory of a sovereign [replied the Emperor] does not consist in the costly and superfluous trappings of rank, but in being master of a people whom he renders happy. I have the whole empire for my domain ; shall I be less wealthy for wanting these useless ornaments, and if I set an example of luxury how can I condemn it in my subjects ?

Although so able as a general, Hung Wu was a lover of peace, but his desire for that blessing did not blind him to the necessity of embarking on warfare, when so doing would ensure permanent

tranquillity to his empire. As humane and far-seeing as he was courageous, Hung Wu softened defeat to his enemies by treating them when in his power with consideration. The grandson of the last Mongol Emperor having been taken prisoner by his troops, Hung Wu's councillors urged that this prince might cause trouble, and urged that, following the example set by the greatest of the Sung emperors under similar circumstances, Hung Wu should have the captive prince put to death in the ancestral hall of the Imperial family.

> I know [replied Hung Wu] that this emperor caused Wang Shechung to be put to death in the hall of the Ancestors. I doubt very much whether he would have done this had the person in question been a member of the family of Suy, his predecessors on the throne. Let the wealth brought from Tartary be put into the public treasury to defray the expenses of the suite. With regard to Prince Maetelepala, his ancestors have been masters of the empire nearly a hundred years; mine were their subjects; and even were it customary to put to death the members of a family expelled from the throne, it is a severity to which I could never yield.

The Emperor then conferred on the captive prince the title of a prince of the third rank, desired him to assume Chinese dress, and assigned him a palace in which to reside with the princesses who were his wives. Before long the Emperor sent the captive prince back to his father in Tartary, commanding the escort to treat him with all honour, and that the greatest care should be taken that no harm befell the heir of the Mongol throne on the journey; for such was the position of the captive prince.

Little is heard of the White Lotus Society during the rule of the Ming Emperors; but after the throne had again fallen into the hands of a foreign dynasty—namely, the Manchus—the White Lotus League began to cause uneasiness in high quarters, and in 1763 the Emperor Kien-lung issued an edict against it, as also against the two kindred societies of Illustrious Worthies and the White Cloud Sect. The object of these societies was the restoration of their native Ming Dynasty. The White Lotus are said still to exist in the northern portion of China, but sunk into obscurity with the increasing importance of the Hung League, known as the Heaven and Earth League, or Triad Society. Like nearly all secret societies, the Hung League lays claim to an origin of almost mystical antiquity; it probably has an ancient descent, but did not assume a position of importance till the downfall of the Ming Emperors, when its avowed object became the restoration of that dynasty and the expulsion of the Manchus.

For long it was almost impossible to obtain any accurate information about the real objects and obligations of the Triad Society; both in China and the colonies the league was proscribed by severe laws, and though the *literati* and gentry were

often members of the forbidden league, prejudice or fear made them unwilling to speak on the subject to outsiders. In 1863, however, a number of books were found by the police at Padang in Sumatra, which, on investigation, proved to contain the statutes, oaths, rites of initiation, catechism and so on of the Triad Society; and in Hong Kong from time to time similar volumes belonging to the association containing its laws, symbols, signs and so forth fell into the hands of the detective force.

The traditional account given by the Triads of their assumption of a political aim is that in the reign of the Manchu Emperor Kang-hi, the monks of a certain Buddhist monastery, which had existed for about a thousand years in a secluded and romantic spot in the hills of the Tachin prefecture, volunteered their services to the Emperor to free the empire from the incursions of a tributary prince, who had thrown off his allegiance to China. Though Buddhists, the monks had devoted a portion of their time to studying military tactics and strategy, and had become adepts in the warlike arts of the day; accordingly, when a proclamation was issued offering great rewards to 'all persons, whether noble or mean, males or females, or Buddhist or Taoist priests, who would come forward and subdue the terrible Silu State, and free China from her foe,' a certain man named Cheng Kiun-tah, who had studied and taken high honours in this monastery of Shao-lin, saw the proclamation and hurried off to consult the monks on the steps he proposed they should take with regard to it. The 128 monks in the Shao-lin monastery determined unanimously to offer their services to the Emperor, and went in a body and took down the proclamation, which was the sign that they undertook the matter referred to in it. The Imperial Guard then took charge of the proclamation, and escorted the monks to the Court. The Emperor granted them an interview and inquired into their military capabilities. Having satisfied himself on this point, the Emperor gladly accepted their proffered services, and offered them whatever assistance they deemed necessary in men and money. The monks answered that they needed horses and provisions, but would not want a single soldier. Their request being granted, the Emperor conferred plenary powers on the monks, and gave them a sword and a triangular jade seal on which characters were engraved. Equipped with these marks of imperial favour, and having selected a lucky day for their start, the monks set forth on their enterprise; and having cut their way through mountains, bridged rivers, and overcome numerous obstacles, the band at length reached the territory held by the rebel prince; there they encamped and built themselves a strong stockade. Before long the Silu army appeared and attacked the entrenchment. The monks

did not long remain on the defensive, but sallying out rode through the barbarian soldiers, hacking and slashing them to pieces as easily 'as if they were splitting bamboos.' The valiant monks gained fight after fight in similar fashion, till at length the Prince of Silu, despairing of victory, sued for peace, which the monks granted on his undertaking to return to his former allegiance and tribute.

It only took three months to accomplish this feat, and amid songs of triumph from the people wherever the little band passed, the victorious monks returned to the capital.

So delighted was the Emperor at their success that he wished to bestow on them whatever offices they chose, but the monks desired no such favours; all they asked was to be allowed to retire to the seclusion of their monastery.

> Your subjects [said they] lead a pure life, and are priests who follow the doctrine of the divine Buddha. We would not have dared to transgress his pure precepts, if it had not been that the country was ruined by the soldiers of Eleuth (i.e. Silu); so we have destroyed and exterminated them; but now we ought again to obey those pure precepts, forbidding us to desire worldly happiness and accept inconsiderately of high posts. We all wish to return to our convent Shao-lin, there again to worship Buddha, to say our prayers, to sanctify our life, and to correct our minds, that we may reach perfection and enter Nigban (Nirvana). We only accept of the presents which your Majesty bestows upon us, in order to requite your divine favours.

The Emperor in person accompanied the monks to the door when they left the palace, and crowds of country-people welcomed them on their return to their beloved and beautiful monastery.

In this convent for several years they lived in peace and honour, but unhappily the Emperor Kang-hi died, and in the reign of his successor a cruel and treacherous official was given high office in the province, who, coveting the precious gifts bestowed on Shao-lin by the late Emperor, continued to inspire the mind of the ruling monarch with doubts as to the loyalty of the monks, hoping to destroy them and himself obtain possession of the treasures guarded in the monastery. This treacherous official insinuated to the Emperor that it would be easy for monks who had conquered the Silu army to subdue the Empire itself, and pointed out that the fate of the country was in the power of these men, who might overthrow the dynasty 'as easily as they turned round their heads.' Unhappily this villain so wrought upon the mind of the Emperor that he became alarmed, and asked, if the monks were indeed so unassailable, what could be done against them. The treacherous official answered that if his Majesty would give him command of three or four hundred

men of the Imperial Guards, he would himself destroy the monks of Shao-lin.

At first the Emperor ridiculed the idea of so small a force being of any avail against such formidable warriors, whereupon the cunning official assured the monarch that it was his intention secretly to set the monastery on fire and blow it up with gunpowder. Convinced at last of the feasibility of the plan, the Emperor placed some hundreds of his guards at the disposal of the traitor, and as soon as it was possible the expedition started, but so secluded was the position of the monastery that in vain they attempted to discover it. While reconnoitring the forest, however, they came upon a renegade monk who had been expelled from Shao-lin on the discovery being made by the brethren that their erring companion was carrying on an intrigue with the wife and the sister of Cheng-Kiun-tah. This disreputable monk had ranked seventh in the brotherhood, and had been flogged and ignominiously driven from the convent on the discovery of the scandal, and he was still burning with rage and hatred against his former companions; so on learning the object of the expedition, he gladly volunteered as the tool for carrying out the terrible work on hand. In the silence and darkness of the night he guided them to the ill-fated monastery. Silently they stole up to the surrounding wall, piled gunpowder against it, heaped up inflammable materials, and when the soldiers set the trains on fire the buildings were speedily enveloped in flames. The greater number of the monks perished in the conflagration, eighteen of them succeeded in escaping from the burning building, but of these, thirteen were so terribly burnt and injured that they died on the road while flying from their ruined monastery; hence the saying of the members of the Triad Society: 'They died on the Huang-chun road, and though a myriad years pass, they shall be avenged.' The number seven is tabooed by the society, and the word Kat, meaning 'good luck,' substituted for it, owing to the fact of the traitor who betrayed the brotherhood having been seventh amongst the monks.

After many hardships, many narrow escapes, and several miraculous interpositions saving them from capture, the five surviving monks were wandering one day along the banks of a river, when their attention was arrested by something drifting along in the current. On dragging it out they were surprised to find it was a large tripod-shaped incense burner, on which was inscribed the sentence, 'Subvert Tsing, restore Ming.' Greatly marvelling, the monks placed the incense burner on a stone to serve as an altar, and being destitute of the proper materials to use in worship, they substituted guava twigs for candles and blades of grass for incense, and offered libations of water, not

having any wine. Amazed at the wonderful recovery of the tripod, they knelt and prayed that the destruction of their monastery by a Tsing Emperor might be avenged by a Ming ruler. As they knelt another wonder occurred, for behold, the twigs and grass burst into flames and began to burn of their own accord! Three times they had prayed for a sign; three times had thrown the divining blocks, and every time the blocks had turned favourably, so they knew their prayer would be granted. They returned to the Red Flower pavilion where they had found refuge, and related the wonderful things that had happened to their host, who said: 'It is the will of heaven that the Tsing dynasty should be overthrown and the Ming reinstated; undoubtedly the time for vengeance is fixed.'

Then they all agreed to unite themselves before heaven and earth, like the three famous ones of old, who swore in the Peach Garden to remain friends for life and death. They all pricked their fingers and mingled the blood with wine, they drank of it, and swore an oath to be like brethren, and go all over the world, to buy horses, raise braves, and enlist men for the cause. It was agreed that those already of the society should be termed elder brothers, those who came later to be styled younger brothers, and all were to take the oath in the Red Flower Pavilion. That night as they gazed heavenward they saw the southern sky open, and brilliant stars form the words: 'Heaven's manifestation to the country,' a motto afterwards inscribed on the banner of the brotherhood. The night was one of portents, for a bright red light gleamed in the eastern sky, and caused them to adopt the name of Hung as that of the brotherhood; Hung (meaning red) when pronounced has the same sound as the characters in Chinese 3—8—20—and 1, which represent heaven and earth, the odd numbers 3 and 1 standing for heaven, the 8 and 20 representing earth; therefore the word Hung was adopted as meaning both red, and heaven and earth, as the designation of the society. These mystic numbers are thus alluded to in the following lines used as one of their numerous watchwords, or rather verses, by the Triad Society, as the Hung brotherhood is usually called amongst Europeans:

> The third month sees the pearl tree blossoming;
> The eight immortals come to fix the date,
> The twentieth day we go to fight with Tsing;
> By one word, through all time is known our fate.

After the formation of the Heaven and Earth League on political lines, the revolts and disturbances which broke out in China from time to time were often due to the influence of the Society, and the brethren were active participators in such rebellions.

The terrible Taiping rebellion broke out in 1854. Its leaders were at first affiliated with the Hung League, but their chief, Hung-sin-tsien, having obtained a veneer of Christianity, before long assumed the title of 'King of the Heavenly Kingdom of Universal Peace,' and arrogated to himself the function of worshipping in person 'Shangti,' Creator of all things. In China the adoration of the 'Supreme Ruler' is a function reserved to the Emperor alone, who annually offers in the Temple of Heaven adoration and sacrifice on behalf of his people and empire. To usurp this function is tantamount to high treason; and the Taiping leader and his followers were consequently proclaimed traitors and rebels by the government.

'The King of the Heavenly Kingdom of Universal Peace,' unfortunately for China and for himself, aimed at making his kingdom 'of this world.' Before long the Taiping dogmas merged into excesses and extravagances, which separated their adherents more and more from Christianity, and from the views of the Heaven and Earth Society. The latter seems to have realised that the Taipings would prove rivals rather than allies, and an open rupture took place when it was discovered that their funds, which the 'Heavenly King' had persuaded them to place for safety in his military chest, had been embezzled by one of the Taiping religious teachers. The fact that the 'Long-haired Rebels' (as the Taipings were designated) had made Nanking—the old seat of government of the Ming dynasty—their headquarters, may have led the Triads to imagine that the Taipings' aims were identical with theirs; but in spite of the execution of the thief who had taken their treasure, the Heaven and Earth Association not only withdrew from the cause of the Taipings, but actually allied themselves for the time being with the Imperialists, whereupon 'the Heavenly King' denounced his former allies, and declared that anyone joining his standard must sever all connexion with the Hung League.

To trace the history of the League through its political windings would be impossible within restricted limits, but it may be of some interest to glance at the aims and aspirations of the association, as far as they can be gathered from its ritual, symbols, and statutes.

The aims professed by the League are in most respects laudable, as is generally the case with similar societies. Unfortunately, however, in practice it has degenerated into a dangerous association, identifying itself with pirates, robbers, and murderers. When the great Confucian axiom 'The doctrine of the mean' is forgotten, and aspirations aim at the impossible, the enthusiast who so aspires too often becomes a fanatic; when a society is actively animated by anxiety to attain the impos-

sible, however lofty and alluring its ideals, the result of attempting to carry them into practice is apt to produce confusion and disaster. The Taipings preached the advent of a 'Heavenly Kingdom of Universal Peace,' and produced an earthly pandemonium. The Hung League aimed at a universal brotherhood, and degenerated into an association of robbers and pirates.

Many designations have been attached to the Hung League, most of which arose from watchwords in use by it; the only three names accurately applying to it are the Incense-Burners, the Heaven and Earth League, and the Three United League, from the latter of which comes the name, usually employed by Europeans, of the Triad Society. The Incense-Burners was probably a name in popular use, and is employed in an Imperial edict referring to the Society; the Hung or Heaven and Earth League was what they called themselves, and the name of the Three United League is based on the bonds existing between heaven, earth, and man.

The date when the Hung League assumed a political complexion may be fairly accurately settled, but the society lays claim to a far higher antiquity, and states in its catechism (thirty-second answer), 'Since the time of the foundation of the world was laid we all use the name of Hung.' It seems not improbable that at its first inception the Society was a mystical or esoteric sect, and may in this form claim high antiquity. Besides the meaning already given, the Chinese character denoting 'Hung' is composed of signs signifying water and money, which, when combined in the character for 'Hung,' mean *inundation*, implying that the League desires to inundate the world with the blessings flowing from the exercise of the primary virtues, and that all who desire to liberate their fellows from tyranny and immorality are in reality members of a league whose influence consequently is boundless as is an inundation.

'Obey heaven and act righteously' is a fundamental adage of the Society, and is inscribed on the walls of their Lodge. Rigid morality is inculcated in their writings and rituals.

> Make righteous profits and gains, and fulfil your duties;
> Do not act wrongly, and confuse right and wrong.
>
> Drink pure and clear water, but do not touch the wine of brothels. Commune with virtuous friends and renounce heartless companions. If people insult you, abuse you—how ought you to take it? You ought to bear it, suffer it, endure it, and forgive it. Don't ask immoral people to drink wine with you. Don't believe those who are righteous with their mouths and unrighteous in their hearts. Do not frequent people who turn you a cold shoulder and are without heart or faith.
>
> Do not despise people whose fortune has turned; for you will only be for a few years a lamb and an inferior. Always remember in your actions the fundamental principles of Heaven, Earth, and of yourself. Let your

name be Hung. The statutes and concerns of the Hung League are handed down from man to man, and in the red flower pavilion you have bound yourself by an oath.

The ritual contains many Buddhist and Taoist symbols and allusions. On the diplomas of the brethren is depicted the mysterious 'Yang and Yin,' representing 'Heaven and Earth'; 'Darkness and Light'; 'Sun and Moon'; 'Heat and Cold'; 'Motion and Rest'; 'Positive and Negative'; 'Male and Female.' This symbol is common all over China, and, strange to say, is found depicted in early Celtic art. The 'Yang and Yin,' united, denote 'harmony,' and produce Man, the only visible creature, according to old Chinese philosophy, 'endowed with intellect, and who is able to do actions worthy of praise or blame, of reward or punishment, according as he is virtuous or depraved.' The intimate union between Heaven, earth, and man is symbolised by the triangle, described as 'three united in one.' A jade triangular seal, it may be remembered, was one of the gifts bestowed by the Emperor on the monks who came to his assistance, and was used by them on official documents. The symbol is of Taoist origin. 'The Tao,' wrote Laotze, the old philosopher and founder of the sect, 'produced *one*; *one* produced *two*; *two* produced *three*; *three* produced all things.' 'The great Tao,' explains the same sage, 'is very even, but the people like the paths. The Tao may be looked upon as the mother of the Universe. I don't know its name; I call it the *Tao* or the *Road*.' Confucius denominated the *Tao* the 'right medium.' This seems synonymous with the great First Cause or *Shang-ti*, the Being we denominate the Heavenly Father, whom, as has been stated, the Emperor alone might worship in person. In ancient times this worship was performed on the tops of five high mountains, to whose summit the Emperor ascended alone, while the people remained standing at the foot of the peak. Later on, the inconvenience and loss of time occasioned by journeys to these heights are said to have been the cause of the creation of a temple for the celebration of the worship. It was called 'the temple erected by the dynasty of Hia, in honour of Him who made the ages and generations.' In 1122 B.C. this temple was named 'Ming-thang,' *i.e.* 'temple erected in honour of Him who is the source of all light,' or simply 'The Temple of Light.' In Chinese the character for *ming*, light, is composed of two parts, which denote 'Sun and Moon.' Later on the temple was divided into two, the Temple of the Sun, and the Temple of the Moon, or, more literally, the altar of the sun and that of the moon. It is considered possible that the expression often used in the Hung ritual, 'Ming-thang,' 'Hall of the Ming or Bright Dynasty,' otherwise Temple of Light, may refer to this ancient Light or Sun Temple,

and that the aim of the Society is not only the restoration of the Ming dynasty, but that deeper down in an esoteric sense is the idea of diffusing light throughout the Middle Kingdom. Just as in Christianity, we see the teachings of its Founder degraded and twisted by Socialists and syndicalists into authorisations for robbery, lawlessness, and outrages, so in the Hung League the creed inculcating temperance, purity, honesty, morality, and other virtues, has been used to sanction their very opposites.

The ceremonies and ritual of initiation into the Hung League are long and elaborate, and, if carried out in full, a Triad Lodge would almost present the appearance of a regular camp, but a proscribed society has to adapt its ceremonial to circumstances, and the rites are usually carried out in a modified form, paper representations being substituted for the actual objects necessary, and many persons, especially women, are privately initiated, without actually entering a lodge. When constructed in due form, the Triad Lodge should be square (the world in China being represented by a square), and ought to be surrounded by a wall with a gate at each of the cardinal points. Over each gate is hoisted the flag of the General who guards the gate. Each flag has its motto, such as 'Covenant of the golden orchid,' which means the 'swearing of fraternal friendship'; 'To the East and West it is difficult to go'; 'Sun, moon, mountains, and streams come from the Eastern Sea'; and so forth.

On the walls of the lodge are depicted squares, a square being the old emblem of the State, and the mystical triangle, symbol of union, the two combined denoting 'a State enjoying universal peace.' Over the principal entrance gate is written 'The City of Willows,' and the pavilion at the top is surmounted by the famous gourd or calabash, with a twig inserted at each side.

The interior of the lodge is divided into three apartments, in the last of which, the Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty, are kept the tablets of the Founders, and in the centre of the room stands the 'precious nine-storied pagoda,' containing images of the same Founders. A correctly constructed lodge ought to have this hall surrounded by a moat with water in it, and a stone bridge spanning the moat. Occasionally Triad lodges are concealed in the recesses of forests and constructed of bamboo or tree trunks. In towns, the dwelling of the President of the local league is often fitted up as far as practicable so as to conduct the ceremonies in it. In Hong-Kong, in quarries and out-of-the-way places, stages, some fifty feet square, are sometimes erected to serve as lodges, and are partitioned into three parts to represent the outer, inner, and centre walls of a city. When initiations take place, a bamboo hoop, representing a gateway, is held by two men at the entrance

to each division. They are armed with swords, and candidates have to go through the hoops on their knees. As many as fifty candidates are sometimes received at a meeting. Initiations usually take place at night, and, when the entire ritual is gone through, are lengthy proceedings lasting several hours. When a novice is privately received, the principal officers of the lodge go to the appointed place (generally a private house), and, after explaining the objects of the League to the candidate, administer the oath to the man or woman, as the case may be—then and there, calling later on to give the novice instruction in the signs, passwords, and phrases used for recognition amongst the members.

An ancient Triad poem, entitled 'Binding the Righteous Brethren,' invites 'the rich, the honourable, the honest vagrants, soldiers, officials of State, lawyers, scholars, thieves, mendicants, merchants, farmers, and all others who are loyal and patriotic, to join the Hung Brethren in bringing back the Mings,' from which it would seem that very few people are ineligible for membership in the Society; nevertheless, each candidate must be proposed by an officer of the association, who guarantees his fitness for affiliation, and who instructs the candidate beforehand how to act, and what to say, during the initiation ceremony. On the appointed night, the lodge officers arrange their hair in Ming fashion, wearing red turbans, and, if possible, Ming official robes, and open the proceedings by lifting the peck or bushel (indispensable on such occasions), and placing it on a table in front of the principal shrine, meantime reciting an appropriate verse. The bushel contains fire-coloured cloth, fire-coloured silk thread, incense, fasting vegetables, red wood, plums, long cash, a metal mirror, an abacus, steelyard, a foot measure, all of which have a symbolic meaning, which it would be tedious to go into here. At either side of the bushel are placed a fir and a cedar (symbols of never-dying and ever-regenerating life), ink, and pencil; the yellow silk State canopy, red rice, the Hung Lamp, and many other objects too numerous to mention, all emblematic, and with ritual allusions, pointing to the original source whence the League sprung.

The usual verse accompanies the arranging of these articles:

Within the lodge the granaries are filled with provisions;
The precious swords, both flashing, stand in the bushel.
Like two Phœnixes looking towards the sun, the brethren stand around it.
On the golden steps they are assembled to establish the bonds and virtues.

After a club and other symbolic articles have been laid on the table, or more properly the altar, the incense-burner is placed there with much ceremony, and five large incense sticks are

placed in it in honour of the five monks of Shao-lin, called the five patriarchs of the League. A long poem is recited, beginning :

> Let this incense rise to Heaven's height,
> While we swear opposition to the Tsings,
> We will the wrong of Shao-lin's fire requite,
> The Mongols slaughter and restore the Mings, etc.

These appropriate poems at each ceremonial act are monotonous and lengthy, in one instance the verses run to no fewer than one hundred and eight stanzas. No candidate may wear silk garments at his initiation, in preparation for which his queue is partly unplaited, his shoes are removed, and the lappet of his coat is unfastened so as to hang open. He is made to repeat verses expressive of his faith and loyalty, and remembrance 'of the affair of the five founders,' and declares :

> In the tenth month the peach flowers are everywhere fragrant ;
> I have heard since long and found that the Hung are faithful and good ;
> Each of them is a faithful and excellent officer——
> In the peach garden Lin, Kwan, and Chung have pledged fraternity.
> The heroes are assembled together this night
> To assist the dynasty of Ming with sincere and faithful hearts.
> To-night I have succeeded in seeing the face of the Master ;
> This is better than to approach the Emperor in his imperial palace.

The peach is the symbol of long life and immortality, and is constantly used in Chinese embroideries, carvings, porcelain and literature in this emblematic sense.

The novice next swears to his birth certificate, and gives his names at length, so that all the brethren may hear. These particulars are entered in a book kept for the purpose. This having been done the applicant for admission is tested in the genuineness of his preparation for that favour; if the master extends one finger, the candidate must not open his fingers; neither if the master stretches out three or four fingers; but if five fingers are held out the novice must open his hand in response. These preliminaries over, the candidate enters the first Hung gate, the master having granted his permission for the entrance of the novice, who is received in the inner division of the lodge by all the brethren drawn up in a double row and crossing their swords so as to form an arch under which the novice passes. Wooden swords, or a piece of red cloth, are often used in this ceremony, which is termed 'Passing the bridge.'

In the phraseology of the Society candidates are termed New Horses; when these, after various ceremonies, at length reach the 'Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty,' the objects of the League are more fully explained to them; the grievances against the Tartar dynasty enlarged on; fearful threats uttered against such as withdraw from the lodge; and rewards promised to those

who perform their duties and hold to their obligations. A very long catechism next takes place between the master and the 'Vanguard,' or Introducer, who answers on behalf of the novice. In this catechism are contained many of the signs and passwords, most of which are allusions to the experiences of the five monks on their escape from the monastery. The following is a sample of the catechism :

Q. Whence do you come?
A. I come from the East.
Q. How can you prove that?
A. I can prove it by a verse.
Q. How does this verse run?
A. When sun and moon rise together, the East is bright.
A million of warriors are the heroes of Hung.
When Tsing is overturned, the true lord of Ming restored,
The faithful and loyal will be made grandees.
Q. At what time did you come hither?
A. I went at sunrise when the East was light.
Q. Why did you not come earlier or later, but just at sunrise? How can you prove this?
A. I can prove it by a verse.
Q. How does this verse run?
A. As I was roaming over the mountains, the sun was still obscured;
The heart of man on earth turns to the east.
When the cock crowed at dawn I wished to help my native country;
The bright pearl rose [*i.e.* the sun] and reddened myriads of miles around.

The long catechism continues, full of mystical references to the tenets and purposes of the Society, the history of its founders, and replete with mysterious numbers, fables, and symbols, the true meaning of which is probably little understood by the brethren themselves, and which are full of astrological and emblematical lore. After a string of questions and answers of portentous length, the catechism ends by the master saying :

I have examined you in everything, and there is no doubt about your being Thian-yu-hung. Rise and prostrate yourself three times before our true Lord. I have a precious sword and a warrant to give you. All who are in truth faithful and loyal you may bring hither to pledge themselves; but those who are untruthful and disloyal you ought to bring without the gates, cut off their heads and expose them.

Whereupon the 'Vanguard' chimes in :

The sword and warrant of the commander are now given to Thian-yu-hung, and now I can go to all the lodges in the world, according to my wishes.

So far the ceremonies have been of a preliminary nature, the novice has not as yet bound himself by oath to the League; however, he has not much option in the matter, for at this stage comes the grim direction that, in the event of the candidate

refusing to go through the ceremony of full adoption into the Society, he is to be 'led by an executioner without the west gate' and decapitated. Probably in view of such a contingency, refusal to persist in going to the end of the affiliation ceremony is extremely rare. The steadfast candidate is now conducted by the 'Vanguard' into the 'Red Flower Pavilion,' where an 'Elder Brother' stands beside each novice (there are generally several) and answers in his name. The new member is then shorn of his queue and his hair is cut in Ming fashion. Cutting off the queue, amounting to an act of treason under Manchu rule, is either performed symbolically or a false queue substituted.

The candidate's face is now washed, as an emblematic purification.

Wash clean the dust of Tsing, and the colour of your face will appear;
Do away with your corruptness and perversity—to sit in the temple of Ming.

The upper garments of the new brother, being made in Manchu fashion, are now removed, and he is clothed in a long white robe and a red handkerchief folded round his head.

In my hand I hold a white cloth, happier than an immortal;
Wound around my body, I go to call together troops;
When, on another day, our Lord shall have ascended the Imperial throne,
I shall take off my mourning dress, and follow the Emperor's army.

White is the colour of deep mourning in China; the red handkerchief is also symbolic according to the appropriate verse on donning it:

The red sun above our heads mounts to the nine heavenly regions;
Gradually he marches till within the City of Willows;
Conceal the secrets and don't let them leak out.
For from the beginning till the end the brethren must all be called Hung.

Straw shoes, of the kind worn by mourners, are now given to the novice, and thus clad he is led before the altar, on which stands the sacred white incense-burner; all present take nine blades of grass in lieu of incense, and the formulary of the oath, written on large sheets of yellow paper, is laid on the censer. Incense is offered, and the brethren each stick their nine blades of grass into the censer, one by one, repeating stanzas while so doing.

Two small torches, and a red candle, are now lighted, the brethren prostrate themselves and reverence Heaven and Earth, renew their obligation to restore the Mings, and pour three libations of wine out of cups of jade. Next the seven-starred lamp is lighted, and finally the 'precious, imperial lamp.'

The glowing brightness of the precious lamp reaches the nine regions of Heaven.
In Heaven alone are clearly seen the traitors and the faithful;
If it is predestined we'll go together to the precious imperial palace,
Where the glittering star Thing encircles the eight points.

The lamps having all been lighted, the incense glowing in the censer, and the room suffused with perfume, the divinities are implored to accept the offerings :

Solemnly we now burn incense and make this prayer to Swan-Ku, who first sundered Heaven and Earth. Revering the Heavenly doctrine of being united in one, we fervently wish to overthrow Tsing, and restore Ming, in order to obey the will of Heaven (desiring that Heaven and Earth shall roll on together) . . . We now burn incense here and make this prayer: we pray that it may reach the Supreme Ruler of the August Heaven; the first heavenly one; the three lights—sun, moon (and stars); the five planets and seven rulers; the divine Prince Wu-tae [name of a constellation], that it may reach the Heavenly Ruler who bestows happiness, and the supreme Lao-Kim.

'The Buddha of the Western Heaven,' the 'divine Buddha,' 'the Supreme Ruler of the dark Heaven of the North Pole,' the 'Queen of Heaven, the golden flowery, blessing-bestowing lady,' 'the seventy-two stars of Earth,' 'the Lord of the Winds, the Ruler of the Rain, the God of Thunder,' the 'Mother of Lightning,' 'the courtly Snow Spirit,' and 'all the angels and star-princes,' 'the gods and Buddhas who swerve through the void,' 'spirits of rivers, and mountains, and of the land and the grain,' and many other occult powers, are likewise invoked and besought to descend on the altar :

As we are assembled this night to pledge by our oath fraternity with all the brethren, so help us that we may all be enlightened, so that we may get the desire to obey Heaven and act righteously.

After enumerating other powerful spiritual influences, the invocation concludes :

All the benevolents in the two capitals and thirteen provinces have now come together to beseech Father Heaven and Mother Earth; the three lights, sun, moon [and stars]; all the gods, saints, Genii and Buddhas, and all the star-princes, to help them all to be enlightened. This night we pledge ourselves, and vow this promise before Heaven, that the brethren in the whole universe shall be as from one womb; as if born from one father, as if nourished by one mother, and as if they were of one stock and origin; that we will obey Heaven and act righteously; that our faithful hearts shall not alter and shall never change. If August Heaven assists us to restore the dynasty of Ming—then happiness will have a place to return to.

The prayer being ended, the brethren rise from their knees to make eight salutations for Heaven, Earth, sun, moon, and stars, the five Founders, etc. The written oath, which has remained on the censer during the performance of the above ceremonies, is now taken down and read by one of the members to the novices, who remain kneeling while the oath is read. The oath consists of thirty-six articles, too long to quote, but of which the following are taken as specimens :

ARTICLE 1.

From the moment that you have entered the Hung League you must quietly fulfil your duties and keep in your own business. It has always been said that filial love is the first of all virtues; therefore, you must respect and obey both your parents, and obey and venerate your superiors. Do not resist your father and mother and so violate the laws of the Hung League. He who does not keep this command, most surely will not be suffered by Heaven and Earth, but he shall be crushed by five thunderbolts! Each of you ought to obey this.

ARTICLE 5.

After having entered the Hung League you ought to be faithful and loyal. You must consider the father of a brother as your father, his mother as your mother, his sister as your sister, his wife as your sister-in-law.

Do not lie or speak evilly!

When you marry the daughter of a brother, you ought to employ go-betweens, and marry her with the prescribed ceremonies; and it shall not be allowed you to come together unlawfully, neither shall you seduce the wife or concubine of a brother.

He who does not keep this command, may he perish in a river or lake, may his bones sink to the bottom, and his flesh float on the surface! Besides, if the brethren discover it, one of his ears will be cut off, and he will be punished with 108 blows.

These will serve as examples of the trend of the thirty-six articles of the oath, which are read over to the kneeling brethren, who confirm the oath with their blood. Tea is first drunk, then a bowl of wine is brought, and the brethren prick their middle finger with a silver needle, and allow some of their blood to mingle with the wine, which they all taste, and repeat the following oath:

We mixed the blood and unanimously worshipped the five men,
Who, at that time, made a league under the peach trees;
From the present time that we've sworn this oath we'll never change;
But we'll be more cordial than those born from the same womb, and of one flesh and bone.

Having confirmed their oath by the draught of wine and blood, a white cock is brought, and the new member chops off its head, and the following execration is pronounced:

The white cock is the token, and we have shed its blood and taken an oath;
The unfaithful and disloyal shall perish like this cock;
While the faithful and loyal shall be dukes and marquises for countless ages.
We have drunk the wine, and confirmed by an oath that we pledged ourselves to raise (the standard of) righteousness;

The traitors and intriguers shall perish by the sword:
Their body and head shall be severed, and their bones and flesh shall be in different places.

The paper with the oath is then thrown into a furnace, as it is believed that in this manner the oath will ascend to Heaven, and punishments fall on those who break it. This concludes the initiation ceremony, and the new member is now entitled to receive the linen diploma of membership, which he is enjoined always to keep on his person in case of falling into the power of pirates or robbers who may be members of the brotherhood. The remainder of the night is passed in merry-making, and at dawn the new members assume their ordinary attire and all return homewards.

The signs, tokens, and passwords of the fraternity are so numerous that their mere enumeration would fill a volume, and to recall them to mind on appropriate occasions would require a memory Chinese in its retentiveness. If a line of a verse in use by the Society is quoted by a member to anyone he meets, the latter, if belonging to the League, reveals the fact by continuing the stanza. When travelling, a brother, if desirous of ascertaining the road, might sing or say:

I don't ask for South and North, or East and West,
For since antiquity the speck of red is dazzling bright;
My faithful heart and sun and moon [*i.e.* the Hung League] are manifest.
Why should I grieve, then, that people in the world won't stop and tell me?

Another brother hearing these lines would at once recognise the singer and put him on the right road. If a member is asked whence he came, he replies, 'I come from the East.' If questioned as to whither going, he answers, 'I want to go to the place where I can join the myriads of brethren.' Both answers reveal him to fellow initiates.

In entering a house, if the member wishes to ascertain if any of his fellow Hungs be there, he stops a moment on the threshold and enters by the left foot; his umbrella, with a handkerchief with a knot in it tied to the point, is placed in the left corner of the room; when taking his seat on a chair, if he points the toes of his shoes towards each other, he lets those who are enlightened see that he too is 'one who has done the eight salutations.'

If the owner of the house be absent, a pair of shoes left at the threshold with toes pointing towards each other will indicate that a brother has called. The position of shoes lying with soles upwards or downwards, the way the hat is held, the handkerchief carried, the collar buttoned, the queue worn, and so on, all are signs of recognition, warning, and mutual understanding amongst

the brethren. Tucking up the right leg of the pantaloons, whilst the left hangs down, betokens that the wearer is a Hung brother to those who have 'eyes to see.' There are especial verses to discover the reciter to innkeepers, pirates and robbers. Drawing certain lines with an umbrella, pulling blades of grass, knocking a stone off a heap in the road, pointing to a shred of cloth lying on the ground, and asking a question as to a bridge—all are means of secret intercommunication amongst the enlightened.

Although the secrets of the League are to be kept from their families if uninitiated, certain verses may be taught to such to save them from violence if taken by Hung pirates or robbers. The wife of a member is to repeat:

> On the mountains a flower opens a speck of red.
> Don't plunder me as you would rob a stranger.
> If you, inimical foe, interrogate the wife of a Hung man—
> Three hundred and twenty-one are all Hung.

There are also verses suitable for sisters and other relations in like predicament. Chop-sticks, tea-cups, the manner of drinking wine, of smoking, of helping oneself to vegetables, of chewing betel—in short, nearly all the actions are used as tokens and signs, in some cases, such as tea-drinking, almost amounting to using a secret language. The wearing of Triad badges and amulets, another custom, would seem almost superfluous with such a multiplicity of other means of recognition at command.

The Association is governed by Five Grand Masters, who are the Masters of its five principal lodges. Each lodge has its President, two Vice-Presidents, two Introducers or Vanguards, a Fiscal, thirteen Councillors, and some minor officials.

The Statutes of the League are seventy-two in number, added to which are twenty-one Regulations and ten Prohibitory Laws on Appointing Meetings in the Hall of Obedience to Hung. The laws of the Hung League apply to the conduct of the members in their daily life; offenders are liable to blows varying in number according to the offence; to the loss of one or both ears; and in flagrant cases of guilt, the death penalty is ordained. For a member to carry on an intrigue with the wife, sister, or daughter of a brother Hung is an offence for which the punishment of death is considered due. In 1884, not far from Hong-Kong, portions of two human bodies were found floating in the sea. Inquiry was made, and the police discovered that the mutilated bodies were those of a Hakka man and woman, supposed to have been members of the Triad Society, who had been guilty of adultery. When the neighbours discovered the scandalous conduct of the couple, they tried to arrest them, but the pair took to their heels and fled. The woman was soon caught, and

the villagers continued to give chase to the man, all the time shouting 'Thief!' An Indian policeman heard the cry, and, under the impression that the man they were pursuing had really stolen something, stopped the delinquent and handed him over to the villagers, who forthwith tried the wretched man and woman before a Triad tribunal, which decreed the punishment of death and dismemberment for the erring couple; the sentence was forthwith carried out, and the pieces of the bodies flung into the sea. By the time the crime was discovered, those chiefly concerned in it—including the husband of the murdered woman—had made good their escape. Over a score of persons were arrested, charged with being concerned in the outrage, but so great was the influence of the Hung Society that it proved impossible to bring home the crime to any of them.

It has been estimated that in Hong-Kong at least a third of the Chinese men, and many of the women, are active members of the League; no estimate can be formed of the numbers belonging to it in China itself.

The Hung League has long had a saying that 'Heaven and earth and man must be favourable to the overthrow of the Manchus.' That moment has come; it remains to be seen whether the remainder of the aspiration will be fulfilled and the Ming dynasty restored. Whatever happens, it is earnestly to be desired that the reign of Light may shine in the Middle Kingdom.

EDITH BLAKE.

HORACE AND THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ROME

THERE is something quite unique about Horace. That he has his limitations we are all well aware. No one knows them better than he knew them himself. Place him side by side with the most gifted poets of his own country, and these limitations become at once apparent. In intellectual majesty, in the sonorous and solemn stateliness of his verse, in the piercing power of his imagination, Lucretius ranks far above him. We shall not find in the Venusian either the spontaneity or the burning passion of Catullus. The haunting music in which Virgil half reveals and half conceals his tenderness of heart, his mysticism, his brooding sense of tears in mortal things, belongs to a world in which the fellow-poet to whom he was so deeply attached seems never to have moved at all.

But within his limits, and as the poet of social life, Horace stands unrivalled and alone. His mediocrity is the self-imposed mediocrity of conscious genius. It is not merely that for some two thousand years he has gone on attracting to himself an increasing host of friends. What is still more worthy of note is that his most intimate friends comprise such very diverse, we had almost said divergent, types. Men, for example, so wide apart in temperament and spirit as Newman and Gibbon, Bossuet and Voltaire, Pope and Wordsworth, Thackeray and Gladstone, Rabelais and Charles Lamb, seem all to have felt in Horace a like attraction and to have made of him an intimate friend. The magnetic attraction to which such names as these collectively testify is a phenomenon of sufficient rarity to invite some attempt to explain it. And perhaps the most obvious explanation may be found in the poet's own personality. For behind the exquisite art of the Horatian lyrics, with their dexterous felicities of phrase and metre, and behind all the genial wit and wisdom of their author's social miscellanies and didactic writings, lies the spell of an irresistible personal charm.

Horace attracts us from so many different sides. A very Proteus of emotional moods, he is wholly innocent in his writings of any logical system, and belongs to no one philosophical school.

Of humble and even servile origin, we find him the pet of the patrician circle. By profession a civil servant, he is by favour a Sabine proprietor. He can laugh at the Stoic pedant and pick holes in the self-indulgent Epicurean. Intellectually a complete sceptic in his attitude towards the conventional polytheism of the day, he is by no means devoid of a sincere piety of heart, and clothes his vague sense of the divine in the forms of the popular beliefs. To-day he is all for love and wine, to-morrow for the simple life and the precepts of divine philosophy. A true Roman in his terseness, his dignity of speech, his capacity for seriousness, his pride of patriotism, he is Greek in his literary grace and culture, and Italian in his love of beauty. Full of sympathy in his own heart, he is able to see deep into the hearts of others. The easy and accessible level of thought and feeling on which he moves, the sense of companionship and intimacy which he inspires, his sterling common-sense, his close grasp of reality, his confidential friendliness of tone and manner, his frank admission of his own faults and frailties—all these familiar characteristics of our Venusian poet combine to widen his hold upon the world at large and to keep him in familiar touch with his innumerable readers. Most happily has one of his most devoted admirers, the satirist Persius, depicted him in the well-known lines of which we venture an imperfect rendering :

> Flaccus, the rogue, can always raise a smile
> On a friend's face, though probing all the while
> His every foible, and with playful art
> Winning an entrance to his inmost heart. [1]

It is important to bear in mind what manner of audience it was for whom this metrical Addison of Latin literature originally wrote. He did not address himself to the *profanum vulgus*, the mongrel rabble and 'dregs of Romulus' who had no higher interests than their daily *panem et circenses*, excitement and food, for he heartily despised and detested them. He was neither a Burns nor a Béranger. Nor did he write for the new plutocracy, though he carefully studied them as models for those life-like sketches of character which help to make his satires so attractive, so amusing and so unaging. He addressed himself, primarily, to the favoured guests of what was in his time the Holland House of Rome, the brilliant circle of men of affairs and men of letters, the quick-witted, well-educated, pleasure-loving Roman gentlemen, who met round the table of Augustus' great home-minister, Maecenas.[2]

In Horace, never pedantic and never dull, a bon-vivant who was probably the most agreeable table-talker, story-teller, and

[1] Persius, *Sat.* I. 116.

[2] I. *Sat.* x. 78-91.

diner-out of his time, a genial companion whose aim it was to be both *amicus sibi* and *dulcis amicis*, on good terms with himself and a joy to his friends, they found a man after their own heart, a man who knew how to amuse and interest them without ever degenerating into a bore. Hence it is that with this realistic writer, familiar as he was with every phase of contemporary society, we are never moving in a world of lay figures. There is no sensible gap in Horace between literature and life. As we read the satires or the epistles, we can only echo the words with which Mme. de Sévigné put down the *Essays* of Montaigne, 'Mon Dieu, que ce livre est plein de bon sens!' We feel that, had we but chanced to have a Horace amongst us, much of his portraiture might well have been painted yesterday. For he deals, for the most part, not with those comparatively few characteristics in which men differ, but with mankind in the mass, with that central and elemental human nature which is the joint inheritance of us all.

Horace is no idealist. He is at the very opposite pole to a poet like Shelley. He does not belong to the company of those rare creative spirits who see visions and dream dreams. He has not 'hitched his wagon to a star.' No ode of his has the clarion ring of the great sonnet, nor do we hear in him what we are taught to call the lyric cry. An easy-going Epicurean in temperament, and moving, in respect of thought and feeling, within relatively narrow boundaries, he attempts neither to scale the heights nor to sound the depths of the human soul. He had never known the transfiguring power of a great love, or the purifying power of a great sorrow. In his early manhood he had his share of climbing to do. But the critical years of probation were soon over, and once Maecenas had taken him up his future was assured and his pecuniary anxieties at an end. In his ideal of conduct he bears some resemblance to Goethe. It is an ideal of orderliness and sobriety, a nice balance of moral and bodily healthfulness, a golden mean between asceticism and hedonism. With a cheerful smile upon his face, Horace stands, as it were, in the middle of life's highway, and invites the average man, or the exceptional man in his average moments, to come and look in his glass. A very human, a very unheroic, a very lovable man, his sketches can never fade or lose their freshness, for they recall types in our Vanity Fair which stand fast through all the changes of time and circumstance. His moral axioms, which in school-days may have seemed to us somewhat trite and stale, tend to maintain and strengthen their hold upon us both because they are so delightfully presented and because, as the years pass on, we are made to learn in the school of experience how well they fit

in with the everyday realities of life.[3] And if to this large-hearted and kindly humanity we add our poet's ironical yet genial humour, with its attendant shadow of pensiveness, the absence in him of all pretentiousness, his self-reliance and independence of spirit,[4] his transparent honesty and candour, his instinctive tactfulness and good breeding, his calm, shrewd sanity of judgment, his wholesome teaching of the pure heart and the well-stocked contented mind as the master-keys to life, and the secret of real happiness,[5] we shall be catching something of that personal attraction which is felt, by those who know him best, to be quite distinct from his artistic gifts and from his literary talent.

There was nothing, not even the study of Greek and Latin literature, in which this many-sided Italian genius took such unflagging interest as in human nature, including his own. He was as familiar with books as with the world around him. An omnivorous reader, he was also a man of introspective and meditative habit, and yet at times the most sociable of companions. Always a keen and shrewd observer, he grew up to manhood in an age when Rome's long career of conquest, with its resulting interfusion of nationalities and races, had brought about a general anarchy of thought and feeling. Opulence, luxury, idleness, and slavery had poisoned the springs of life. By the lawless violence of the civil wars all this confusion was made worse confounded. The old landmarks of religion and morality had been torn up, and a swollen tide of demoralisation and corruption was threatening wholly to submerge what remained of the ancient commonwealth. Living for many years at the very centre of affairs, himself an important agent in a great intellectual, aesthetic, and religious reformation, the intimate and trusted friend of men who held his country's destiny in their hands, Horace had exceptional opportunities, as he had also an exceptional aptitude, for watching and noting the manners and morals of his day. It is in these circumstances that his writings present us at once with the best picture that we could have of contemporary Rome, and with a companion-picture, no less lifelike, of the writer himself.

Our poet was born under a lucky star. His boyhood was passed in close contact with social surroundings that were representative of the purest and the most wholesome traditions of Italian country life. Like Burns and Carlyle, he was thrice blessed with a father to whom his warm tributes of love and gratitude form some of the most delightful passages in literature. He received an excellent education. As the personal references in his compositions abundantly indicate, he formed congenial and enduring

[3] See a striking passage to this effect in Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, 4th edit. p. 78.

[4] 'Qui sibi fidet dux reget examen.' I. *Epis.* xix. 23.

[5] 'Quod petis hic est.' I. *Epis.* xi. 29.

friendships with the foremost men of the day. He was endowed with exceptional gifts and with a strongly marked individuality. Except for some minor ailments, such as blear eyes and a weak digestion, he enjoyed, up to an early middle-age, sound if not robust health. As a writer and critic he attained the highest eminence, and basked in the sunshine of success. Upon the whole, and as mortals count happiness and good fortune, he lived and died a fortunate and happy man.

The elder Horace, though he won his freedom before his son was born to him, had begun life as a public slave in the military colony of Venusia. After his enfranchisement he contrived to make and to save enough money to buy a small neighbouring farm. His daily business was to collect the dues arising out of the sales of property by auction, and, owing to the constant expropriation of owners during the civil wars, he seems to have made this business a success. It is easy, however, to understand that, in the circumstances, young Horace, who was apparently an only child, and a child, moreover, whose mother had not long survived his birth, must have been left a good deal to his own devices and to the indulgence of his own tastes. Readers of the odes will remember the lovely lines [6] in which the poet idealises some real adventure of his infancy, when he had slipped through his nurse's fingers and in one of his solitary rambles had lost himself upon Mount Voltur. Knowing, as we do, his genius for friendship, it seems a natural inference that in his young days he would make the most of the society of his country neighbours. A glance at the second satire of the second book will show, for example, how sincere was his admiration for one Ofellus, a farmer near Venusia, a 'sage without rules' (*abnormis sapiens*), and, in his own humble way, a sort of Roger de Coverley among his people. As sketched for us in the satire referred to he stands out as an attractive specimen of the independent, self-relying spirit, the homely and rugged virtues, of the Sabellian husbandman. The time was not very far distant when Horace would have to breathe the relaxing air of a dissolute and licentious capital, and his father's watchful training, supported and strengthened by the wholesome influences of these Sabine uplands, must have done much to brace and fortify his character against that day. But his old home did even more for him than this. While it familiarised him with a mode of life austere in its simplicity, active in its daily industries, pure in its domestic integrity, and religious in its untutored piety, it served also to awaken the sleeping poet in him.

Born, as Horace was born, with a full share of the Italian sensitiveness to joy and beauty, what could have been more stimulating to him than the varied and picturesque scenery of the southern

[6] *Odes* III. iv.

Apennines? Twenty years and more had passed when he composed the odes in which the memories of the old homestead, with its familiar haunts, its favourite landscapes, its varied charms of hill and wood and river, dwell immortally enshrined. Yet, so deep had been their first impressions upon his mind that as he recalls them to his imagination he seems to be actually back in the old familiar places once again. The distant roar of impetuous Aufidus is still echoing in his ears. The wooded slopes of Voltore, the glens of Bantia, the low-lying pastures of Forentum, the crystal spring of Bandusia, Acherontia 'like an eagle's nest upon the crest of purple Apennine'—all seem to be actually mirrored in the poet's soul, and to be steeping his senses in the same delight as when they had been the loved companions of his boyhood. Assuredly it was not for nothing that the country had been his nursing mother and not the town.

When the time came to decide upon his son's educational future, considerations of convenience may naturally have inclined the elder Horace to send him to the school close at hand in Venusia which enjoyed the patronage of the local aristocracy. But to such a course there were serious drawbacks. The curriculum was narrow, uninspiring, severely utilitarian. The spirit which it reflected was that commercial spirit of the main chance which so well suited the Roman type of character, and which Horace, in one of his latest epistles, has contemptuously contrasted with the free artistic spirit of Greek culture.[7] Moreover, the social atmosphere of the school was not likely to prove congenial to a boy who was by nature shy. The 'great strapping sons of great strapping centurions' who frequented it[8] would be certain to look down upon a mere freedman's son, and to ruin all his chances of intellectual expansion by the blight of their arrogant contempt.

The father was not a man to hesitate where he thought that a future so dear to him was at stake. Whatever the fates might have in store, his lad should at any rate be given the advantage of as good an education as if he had been of knightly or of senatorial descent. Not content to entrust him, in such a city as Rome, to the care of any casual slave, this most unselfish and self-denying of parents turned his back on the claims of his local business, and himself accompanied Horace, then perhaps some twelve years of age, to the capital, so that he might keep him under his own eye, and supplement his school work with the informal lessons of practical everyday experience.

These early lessons Horace never forgot, and later on, as he told his critics, he found in them the source and inspiration of his satires. They accustomed him, once for all, to look at life

[7] *Ars Poet.* 328. [8] I. *Sat.* vi. 73.

in the concrete, life as it might be watched at work in the Via Sacra, or the Suburra, in the Circus, or in the Forum : life as teaching by example, and mirrored in the fortunes of the Roman notables to whom his attention was daily directed as they passed along.[9] Good and evil, success and failure, forethought and folly, miserliness and prodigality, good breeding and vulgarity, were illustrated and exemplified for the boy week by week and year by year, not by associating them with maxims in books, or with lay sermons in his private ear, but with life itself as it was actually being lived in the Rome of that day, and with the patterns that he saw running off its loom.

So passed the five or six years of his early education. Somewhere about his eighteenth year, or perhaps a little later, after studying there under Orbilius, the rod-loving Dr. Busby of his period, a man of some note as a teacher, Horace left the capital to complete his education at Athens in company with the young bloods of the Roman aristocracy. It is only natural to wish that he had told us more about this formative part of his history, but, though Horace in his own way is as self-revealing as Montaigne or as Samuel Pepys, he unfortunately failed to forestall the latter in keeping a full diary of his days. From the tone of affection, however, in which he refers to the university, it may be safely inferred that he most heartily enjoyed the opportunities which Athens afforded. From this time forward we hear no more of his devoted guardian. Probably he had died before his son's school-days were quite over. Nor have we any information as to how the necessary funds for a university course were raised, seeing that Athens was an expensive place, and the undergraduates from Rome, or at any rate the majority of them, had deep purses, long, dry throats, and convivial proclivities. It redounds greatly to Horace's credit, and prepares us also for the strong fibre of moral independence which runs through all his subsequent career and which is so conspicuous in his relations with Maecenas and with Augustus, that, in such a society, he was able to hold his own, to make many lasting friendships, to avoid debt, and, what proved to be of such vital importance later on, to study the doctrines of the rival schools of Greek philosophy as well as the rich and varied treasures of Greek literature.

Quite an interesting side-light is thrown on the extravagance, and also on the moral pitfalls, of undergraduate life at Athens at this time by what we chance to know of the younger Cicero. He had served as a cavalry officer on Pompey's staff before he went up to matriculate. Of intellectual interests he was wholly devoid. His father seems to have declined to keep a horse for him, though he made him a generous allowance of no less than

[9] I. *Sat.* iv. 103.

800*l.* a year. But he had fallen into bad hands. His guide, philosopher and friend, a 'professor' named Gorgias, was one of the lecturers in the Gymnasium. This man turned out to be a debauched scoundrel, and Cicero, whose habits were predominantly of a festive nature, was promptly removed from his demoralising influence.

We have now, perhaps, been able to form some idea of the associations and training which helped to mould young Horace for any future he might have to face. All in a moment there came a great crisis in his fortunes. In March B.C. 44 Julius Caesar was murdered. Some months later Marcus Brutus appeared in Athens. Ostensibly he had come for purposes of study, but his real business there was to hunt up Roman officers for the command of his new levies. The patrician youth of the capital were all aglow to prove themselves worthy emulators of Pericles and Demosthenes, of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. That liberty was long since dead in all but name, they were hardly yet of an age to realise. Attracted no doubt by what he saw in Horace, with whose literary tastes he had much in common, Brutus offered this lad of two-and-twenty, short in inches, inclined to corpulence, ignorant of drill, innocent of the art of war, the high post of military tribune with the command of a legion. The offer was accepted, and the undergraduate blossomed suddenly into what we may picture to ourselves as a Brigadier-General. With our poet's career as an officer in the army we are not here concerned, but it is not without interest to note that it was during Brutus' campaign in Asia, and shortly before the battle of Philippi, that he fired off his first literary squib for the amusement of his brother officers on the staff. This somewhat feeble skit was included in the earliest of his published collections, and forms now the seventh satire of Book I.

The defeat at Philippi sealed the fate of the Republic. It was already consumed with internal decay. In five hundred years the City-state had conquered the world, but it lacked the political capacity to rule it, and to adapt its old time-worn institutions to new and altogether different conditions. During the winter of B.C. 42, and under cover probably of an amnesty extended to those surviving combatants who were ready to make their submission to the Triumvirs, Horace found his way back to Rome.

It was probably during the year B.C. 39 that our poet was introduced by Virgil and Varius to Maecenas. With respect to his life between his return to the capital and this red-letter day in his checkered fortunes we know little except by inference. He tells us that he was so poor that he was driven to make a living by writing verses. What verses they were he leaves us to guess.

From the brief biography of him which is attributed to Suetonius we learn further that he became a 'scribe' in the Quaestor's office, or, to use more modern language, a salaried clerk in the Roman Treasury, and this statement, it may be added, is confirmed in his satires. It is not likely that Horace, the most fastidious of critics, included all the firstlings of his poetic flock in his published collections, but his earliest extant compositions raise two interesting problems. (1) How did an unknown adventurer in Rome attract the notice of the literary magnates whom Maecenas had gathered round his table? And (2) what had Horace been writing to become so unpopular as it is evident that he had in fact become, especially among the Grub Street coteries of Roman society? Let us first briefly note the circumstances in which the defeat at Philippi had placed him.

When Horace found himself again in Rome, the cause in defence of which he had so eagerly joined the Regicide was lost. Victory rested with the three conspirators against the Republic, and their hands were red with the blood of many of his personal friends. The father who with equal wisdom and devotion had piloted him through the perils of youth was no more. The old Venusian home had just been confiscated and sold up. Buried in the grim and depressing solitude of a great city, a disillusioned Pompeian, a soured patriot, a political renegade, he was left without position, without prospects, and without money.

Never, probably, did Horace utter a truer word than when in one of his letters he described himself as 'solibus aptum,' one made for the warm sunshine. The shock of a sudden reverse of fortune, falling upon a constitution at no time very robust, and now somewhat impaired by a campaign on Asiatic soil, seems to have made havoc of his native friendliness and geniality, and to have left him irritable, bitter, resentful, and reckless. Looking back in the epodes and epistles on this dark winter of his discontent, Horace has compared himself to a sleuth-hound running down his quarry, to a bull with threatening horns, to a fierce wolf with hungry fangs.[10] To translate these images into humbler prose, our lampooner was in the very temper for what he calls the swift iambics of Archilochus, the literary vitriol of his trade. The society around him, honeycombed as it was with scandals and personal animosities, offered an attractive field to a ready pen and a mordant wit, and it would seem that he was not slow to seize the opportunity which was thus afforded him.

But the epodes, even the earliest of them, are evidence that if Horace could write personal lampoons he could produce work of a higher grade as well. Compositions, for example, like the seventh or the sixteenth epode could hardly be recited without

[10] *Epode* vi.—II. *Epis.* ii. 29.

compelling those who listened to them to recognise the great poetical promise of which they gave evidence. At any rate the recitation of some lyric, or lyrics, that he had composed made a favourable impression on no less a personage than Virgil, who may accordingly be said to have discovered Horace in much the same sense that Coleridge discovered Wordsworth.

That Maecenas should have taken as long as nine months to think matters over before he finally decided on taking the young literary recruit under his wing is a fact of some significance. So shrewd a man of affairs, with a recommendation before him from great poetical celebrities such as Virgil and Varius, must have had good reason for his hesitation. It may be that, while they looked only to the poet in Horace, Maecenas looked deeper. Where they saw only talent, he saw a disappointed republican, a lampooner whose bitter personalities were making him many enemies, and the master of a literary weapon which might endanger the all-important cause of peace and order. But it is evident that what most impressed him, and what really determined the day in Horace's favour, was the rare attractiveness of his character on its moral and social side. Be this as it may, we can now discern an answer to our inquiries. Obviously there were already two markedly distinct qualities in Horace's recitations. There was the genuine poetic quality which so attracted Virgil, and in virtue of which the epodes were one day to ripen and mellow into the odes, and there was also the critical and satiric quality which made its early victims so resentful, but which in due time passed out of the Archilochian iambic and became wedded to the dactylic hexameter, a measure which Horace learnt to mould with such wonderful success, and to make a vehicle for the expression both of his social sketches and of his talks with absent friends.

Satire, it should be remembered, is a term suggestive to our English ears of something caustic and severe. We instinctively associate it with invective. It sends our thoughts back to writers like Dryden, Swift, and Carlyle. But this is to travel far away from our Latin satirist.[11] The term which Horace himself prefers for the compositions in question is not satires at all, but *sermones*; that is to say, conversational discourses. In his day political satire was out of the question, and a thing far too dangerous for him to touch. He fell back, therefore, on these 'talks,' or social and moral miscellanies. It was a field for which he felt himself well suited, and a field, too, in which he had no living rival to fear in the race for popularity and fame. These satires, in fact, are just familiar talks to the world in general about social types

[11] *Satura*, in Latin, means a mixture. The term was transferred from the stage, where it denoted variety-performances, to literature.

and incidents in which it would be likely to feel lively interest, and they are full of biographical portraiture, as were the satires of Lucilius.[12] They were intended to give readers the same kind of pleasure that we ourselves derive from a good comedy, a good novel, or a witty article. They present their author to us as in close personal contact with the social life of the day. Mainly in Rome, but occasionally in his new country home, Horace is at once an amused spectator, a light-hearted actor in the human drama, and a genial critic of infirmities, follies, and vices, not a few of which become distressingly apparent to him as he turns to glance at his own picture in the glass. So far are these social sketches from being a vehicle for moral indignation, that, as anyone will testify who is familiar with Horace's rich gallery of caricatures, they bubble over with raillery and fun. For it is not by the intrinsic wickedness of vice that their author is moved to mild reproof. It is by its coarse vulgarity, its short-sightedness, its woeful lack of sense. The appeal of the satirist is not to men's consciences, but to the external standard set by honour and 'good form' as embodied in the ideal *urbanus* or well-bred man of the world. This point of view may not be that of our own day. But we may doubt if it be possible to enjoy Horace quite as he meant to be enjoyed, unless we are content to measure his morality by the Roman standard of his age. And we do that age no grave injustice when we limit its normal idea of virtue, at any rate in the capital itself, to the exercise of a prudent moderation in vice.

Some five years intervened between the publication of the first ten satires, in about B.C. 35, and of the eight others which succeeded them. The two sets enable us to follow Horace in his literary progress, and they reveal to us an illuminating contrast. In the earlier set the writer is already the publicly recognised friend of Maecenas, whom he had been invited to accompany on his mission to Brundusium, but he has not yet received from him the gift which was to prove the delight and joy of his life, namely, the farm on the Sabine hills. We see him as still a literary aspirant, forging his way amid a host of enemies, rivals, and detractors, whom he is anxious to conciliate and smooth down. Outside his great patron's circle few people seem to have a good word for him. To some he is a malicious lampooner, to others an impudent belittler of his famous forerunner and professed model, Lucilius; to all a slave-born upstart, a literary adventurer who has now by some incomprehensible freak of fortune found or forced his way into the most exclusive house in Rome.

And already there may be seen emerging into light the two sides of Horace's character. He loves good society, and, at the

[12] II. *Sat.* i. 30.

same time, he loves solitary meditation. After a light breakfast he lies in his room till past nine reading, writing, thinking. He is master of his own time. He strolls about Rome looking at the shops, asking prices, listening, not without real curiosity and interest, to the quack fortune-tellers of the market-place. He is poor, but not in actual want. He can afford, for example, to humour his fancy for a change of air by jogging off on his bob-tailed mule to Tibur or to Tarentum. For the attractions of birth, wealth, place, or title he does not greatly care. The things that he does value are character, moral independence, friendships with prominent men, and sound health. For all vulgar pushing snobs, social limpets, and literary impostors he feels the most profound contempt. Free from the baser vices, and anxious to correct the more venial ones to which he so unreservedly pleads guilty, he is continually taking counsel with himself, reviewing his life, studying books, taking his moral temperature, listening to the 'candid friend,' trying to win the affection and approbation of those whose reputation and standing make their affection and approbation worth the winning.[13]

In the later set of satires we find that there has been a great advance all along the line. Horace is getting on for five-and-thirty. His probationary period is now over. To use a familiar colloquialism, he has 'arrived.' He writes and criticises with a tone of authority, and as one who occupies a recognised literary position. A devout believer in the gospel of facts, he is coming round to a loyal confidence in the head of the State, and even wishes himself an epic poet that he might the more worthily sing Caesar's praises. Always eager to conciliate, he has dropped the personalities of his early style, and has thrown his compositions into a semi-dramatic mould. Years of study—including a study of the great Greek comedians—the sunshine of success, the sense of pecuniary independence, the mellowing and refining influence of surroundings both socially and intellectually congenial, have combined to bring about a great change in him, and have raised to an extraordinary degree the level of his literary art. On the other hand, his increasing intimacy with Maecenas has proved to be in some ways a real and serious hindrance to his work. He has become a power in Rome, an envied and much-pestered man.[14] What with gossip-mongers teasing him for confidential information, sycophants waylaying him for favours, and place-hunters for the use of his growing influence, he can no longer call his soul his own. He has lost all that privacy and leisure which his sensitive nature needed for meditation, study, and composition. His patron, Maecenas, appreciating to the full the significance of these vexations, has behaved with his accustomed generosity. Less than

[13] I. *Sat.* iv. 129; vi. 122. [14] II. *Sat.* vi. 40 *et seq.*

thirty miles from Rome, on the banks of the Digentia, crowned by Mount Lucretilis, in the heart of the quiet Sabine uplands, and within easy access of his beloved Tibur, he has found for his friend a delightful hermitage, a compact little farm, producing olives, corn and wine, where he can be alone with his books, and with his more sympathetic associates. This welcome refuge was destined to become to the poet what Rydal Mount was to Wordsworth, or what Farringford was to Tennyson. And for the future we shall find Horace combining the rôles of town-mouse and country-mouse in one.[15]

With the publication of this second book of satires in B.C. 30-29, our poet had risen to a literary position in Rome second only to that occupied by Virgil. A few years more and we shall find him returning once again to his 'discourses.' For, in respect of form, the epistles are only the satires softened down and made more graceful, and more musical in their rhythm, by the formative influence of those Greek masters of the lyre to whom he had been devoting so much time and study. The epistolatory form seems to have been an original device of Horace's later middle-age for keeping in touch with old friends away from Rome, and with the rising stars of literature. To satires and epistles alike he gives the same title, namely 'talks' or conversations.

Between the publication of the satires and of the earlier epistles there intervened a period of several years. A great national work had opened out before him, and, with all the auspices in his favour, he threw into the composition of the first three books of his odes the full strength of his maturing genius and all the joyousness of his mountain home.[16]

While our genial satirist had been living as a man-about-town and ministering to the enjoyment of his aristocratic audience, Octavian had been busying himself with the suppression of his rivals in the momentous struggle for supreme power. Bent upon consolidating his grip upon the West, he had confided to Maecenas, his confidential minister, the part of temporary watch-dog in the capital. There remained the Eastern peril, the inevitable collision with Antony. At the time, however, when Horace, in the quiet of the Sabine hills, was setting vigorously to work to become the Laureate of Rome and 'minstrel of the Latin lyre,' the battle of Actium and the fall of Alexandria (B.C. 31-30) had brought the long and terrible years of suspense and misery to an end, and there was now a universal yearning for peace and quiet. The dread spectre of Cleopatra, of an Orientalised West with an Egyptian Queen offering incense to Isis on the Capitol, was laid, and laid for ever. The ninth epode, and the thirty-seventh ode

[15] II. *Sat.* vi. 79. [16] I. *Odes* i. 30; III. iv. 21.

of the first book, were written, the one in anticipation and the other in celebration of a victory which had sent a thrill of joy and thankfulness through Italy. At last there seemed to be an end to turbulence and faction and cold-blooded murders. It was with the glow in his veins of the reformation—moral, religious, legal, and aesthetic—which Augustus and Maecenas had long designed, and were now free to inaugurate, that Horace embarked upon his great work. It was Greece which had drawn him long ago from Rome to Athens. It was the early fascination for him of Greek literature which in Athens had, as he tells us, all but made of him a fifth-rate Greek poet. At the meridian of his powers he now returned to his early love. He had learnt to recognise in Augustus a ruler of supreme political genius, and the only possible saviour of society. He was eager, therefore, to play the part which Augustus pressed upon him, and to give a poet's advocacy to his policy. He would be the Alcaeus of Rome. He would be the first to sing lyric odes to her in her own native tongue, and so to handle the intractable ore of the Latin language that it might run freely in the metrical moulds framed by the splendid inspiration of a Sappho, a Pindar, or an Anacreon. The world knows well with what amazing skill he overcame the inherent technical difficulties of his task. But on this great 'monument more imperishable than bronze' we have not now the space to dwell.

The precise date at which the first three books of the odes were published is uncertain. But inasmuch as the first of the epistles, dedicated to Maecenas, indicates a considerable interval between the appearance of the odes and of the collection at whose head it stands, it is safe to assume that Horace devoted, at the very least, some seven years to his lyrical labours. It remains now to indicate briefly the distribution of his later works over the remaining period of his literary life.

Our poet was well over forty years of age when Maecenas, to whom he had addressed no fewer than eight of his odes, four of his epodes, and two of his satires, appears to have pressed him to take up poetry once more, and to give the world a fresh series of lyrics. The dedicatory Epistle[17] which introduces the first book is Horace's reply. He must beg off. The years are passing; his mood has changed; his singing days lie behind him. 'I am putting away poetry,' he says, 'with my other playthings, "caetera ludicra," and devoting myself wholly to the study of the principles of moral action.' Inspiration and imagination have begun to flag with him. He is feeling weary of the long strain involved in the imitation of Greek models and the wrestling with metrical difficulties. It is time to take life more seriously. He wants not to sing, but to think. Here, as elsewhere, Horace

[17] I. *Epis.* i.

may probably be half concealing himself behind the irony which is part and parcel of his nature.[18] It is all very well for him to dismiss his odes as just so much playful trifling. But they include some of his most earnest and loftiest utterances. They had cost him the best and happiest years of his life. He was justly content to base upon them his proud assurance of immortality. Nothing, for example, can be less fanciful or more genuine than are his songs of friendship, or than the noble odes of Book III., which have for their theme those moral excellences that had made Rome great in the brave days of old. On the other hand, it is no doubt true that the odes, as a whole, are the offspring of an imaginative inspiration which Horace describes as the spirit of play (*ludere*). He aims less in them at any deep philosophy of life than at literary loveliness and charm. So frequent is their change of key, so studied the modulation in their arrangement, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' that the one object which their composer seems always to have before him is to catch all humours and to charm them all.

Dipping at random into his earlier lyrics, we find ourselves translated into a kind of fairy paradise of gaiety and unreason. 'Of temper amorous as the first of May,' 'luting and fluting' fantastic tendernesses, our poet hymns in them the praises of Falernian revelry, of rose-wreaths and lovely nymphs, and feasts our senses with all the rich wonderland of Pan.

> Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.[19]

But this muse of jollity and frolic is with Horace only one muse among many, and as we read on we become conscious in each of the successive books of his odes of an increasing gravity and dignity, a growing and public-spirited seriousness of purpose, not unmingled even in Book I. with an undertone of sadness. The truth is that the two sides of Horace's emotional temperament, his gaiety and his seriousness, exercise their joint influence over almost all his writings, and any attempt to portion them off into water-tight literary compartments and periods, each labelled with its appropriate date and legend, is apt to lead into a complete misapprehension of him.

To say this, however, is not to say that in his excuses to Maecenas he was deliberately and consciously insincere, for from the outset of his literary career he had never been without his thoughtful and reflective side. When he began to devote himself to lyric poetry he was already a middle-aged man. In the loftiest sense of inspiration he had never been an inspired and spontaneous singer, for his lack of enthusiasm and his unemotional

[18] II. *Sat.* vi. 54. 'Ut tu semper eris derisor.'
[19] From lines ascribed to Luther.

temperament were alien to any high poetic passion. Nor was the materialistic age in which he lived one to set a singer's heart on fire, or to kindle in his breast the splendid aspirations of religion, love, or patriotism. Horace knows quite well that the eagle-flights of a Pindar are beyond him. His genius is not creative. He is a highly gifted artist, a busy Matine bee, moulding and fashioning his material by strenuous work.[20] It is not, therefore, surprising that after several years of such work, and hampered by the increasing failure of his health, he should begin to tire of it all, and should be minded to put his lyre away and to go back, with a matured experience of men and things, to those old problems in which, ever since his university days, he had felt an abiding interest—the problems of human life and conduct.

But the Horace of the epistles is still at heart the Horace of the satires. The difference arises from the fact that he is an older man, no longer in the exuberant spirits of past years, riper in thought and feeling, more perfect in literary grace and ease, more kindly, more refined, more persistently purposeful. It is in the epistles that we get the most faithful revelation of Horace himself as distinct from Horace the onlooker and the author; and where else can so pleasing a picture be found? It is in the epistles, too, that we pass beyond a mere external reformation of manners to a call for an inner purification of the heart. This, as Horace saw clearly enough, was what the age so urgently and desperately needed. Rome had been built up on character. 'Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque'—thus ran the famous line of Ennius, one of the oldest of her poets. With the degeneration of character had come moral ruin. The old robustness and virility which had marked the great days of the Republic had been undermined by prosperity and self-indulgence. In the renovation of character lay the one hope of her salvation.

But where was the needful moral leverage to be found? Whence was to come the impetus of a new enthusiasm and of a new life? Horace, who, though justly proud of his intellectual gifts, had no great opinion of his strength of character, made a brave show of finding a moral fulcrum in philosophy, in the 'verba et voces' of the best and wisest writers, and in the teaching of life by example. But, when it came to curing himself with his own prescriptions, he makes no pretence of concealing his deep disappointment.[21] Philosophy might convince the head. It could neither capture the heart nor brace the vacillating and wayward will. To teach the world that common-sense is on the side of virtue is doubtless very comfortable doctrine for the easy-going man of average morals, but it avails nothing in the hour of

[20] IV. *Od.* ii. 25.

[21] I. *Ep.* viii. and xv. ad finem.

temptation. It is powerless to reclaim the drunkard or to reform the thief. For the real secret of life is neither pleasure, nor the golden mean, nor any form of intellectual or moral equipoise and serenity, but self-surrender and service. The Roman society in which Horace lived so much of his life, about which he wrote, and over which he pondered, was a society on which not even a Savonarola could have made any great permanent impression. Political freedom was dead. The old religious spirit was dead. Oratory was dead also. To one who could look beneath the surface Rome had become a mere gilded cage of restless and aimless discontent. On one side were men of baulked political ambitions, men impatient of restraint and needing the moral opiate of a listless Epicureanism, while on the other side surged a host of newly enriched and pushful snobs; here a miser, there a spendthrift; at the street-corner some Stoic preacher of righteousness, and among his listeners some irredeemable debauchee; everywhere a self-indulgent materialism, a money-mad, superstition-haunted, cruel, uncharitable world: a world of mingled sadness and frivolity, indifference and earnestness, sensuality and satiety, credulity and scepticism: a world empty of hope, weary at heart, sick and loveless. Such was Horace's Rome, and it is in such terms as these that he sums it up:

> What has not cankering Time made worse?
> Viler than grandsires, sires beget
> Ourselves, yet baser, soon to curse
> The world with offspring baser yet.[22]

The first book of epistles was probably published about B.C. 20, when Horace was some forty-five years of age. The beautiful epistle to his friend Florus, an ambitious young man of letters,[23] seems intended to repeat to the rising generation the determination which, as we have already seen, the poet had recently conveyed to Maecenas. In point of date this epistle follows closely upon Book I. His resolution, however, was destined before long to give way to a pressure which even he could not resist. Some two years later, in B.C. 17, Horace, as Poet Laureate, received Caesar's commands to compose the *Carmen Seculare*, a religious ode which was to be officially sung at the celebration of the secular games in the capital. It was also under personal pressure from the Emperor that the fourth book of odes was composed, one of its chief objects being to commemorate the victories won by the Emperor's two stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, in Raetia and Vindelicia (IV. *Odes* iv. and xiv.).

In the *Ars Poetica*, the date of which remains uncertain, and also in the *Epistle to Augustus* (B.C. 13) the writer returns to the subject which had engaged his pen in II. *Sat.* i.—namely, the

[22] III. *Od.* vi. 45 (Conington). [23] II. *Ep.* ii.

criticism of Latin literature, and offers in addition a few kindly hints to budding authors, full of his inexhaustible good sense, and of his jealousy for the high claims and dignity of Literature. If Suetonius is right the epistle in question must have been written in reply to a somewhat angry remonstrance which Augustus had sent to his laureate, with whom, nevertheless, he lived on the most friendly terms, after reading his newly published volume. 'I am much annoyed with you because in what you write of this kind you address yourself to me. Are you afraid then that intimacy with me will be set down to your discredit in years to come?'

But neither his love for Maecenas nor his respect for his political lord and master could ever induce the poet to abate one jot of his moral independence and liberty. And it redounds greatly to the Emperor's credit that he bore the poet no resentment. This letter to Augustus is very possibly the last one that Horace ever wrote, and with the one to Florus and the *Ars Poetica* it ranks, in the opinion of a judge so fastidious as Mommsen, as one of the three 'most graceful and delightful works in all Roman literature.'

With these literary epistles Horace's work as an author was ended. On the 27th of November, B.C. 8, after a sudden and brief illness, he died, and his body was buried in the grounds of the famous Esquiline mansion, near the grave of its lamented owner, his 'dear knight Maecenas.'

The prophecy of the ode addressed by Horace to his patron nearly twenty years earlier had come all but literally true:

> Ah, if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,
> Thee, of my soul a part,
> Why should I linger on, with deadened sense
> And ever aching heart,
> A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
> No, no; one day shall see thy death and mine.
>
> Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath.
> Yes, we shall go, shall go,
> Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou leadest, both
> The last sad road below.
>
> *Odes* II. xvii. (Martin).

H. W. HAMILTON-HOARE.

THE SUBMERGED SUBALTERN

DURING the autumn of the past year, when discussion was hot on the railway strike question, and on the use of troops in connexion with it, the British officer was described by a leading Labour politician as a representative of the capitalist class. The conceit is delightful. Flashes of humour come so rarely from the quarter where this one was generated that their effect is all the more vivid when they are discharged. The British officer a capitalist! The subaltern, indeed, with whom this paper is concerned, and who was the officer most conspicuous on strike duty, may be said to have some connexion with capital, but if so, it is through the medium of his tailor's bill, or, in bad cases, through the claims of a moneylender. For who is he, and what is his origin? The subalterns have for parents, at the time of their early service, officers, serving or retired, of the Army and Navy, Civil servants, serving or retired, professional men, clergymen, widows in poor circumstances, etc. Occasionally they have no parents, and in quite exceptional instances are the sons of men of means. They are paid at a rate which, if they belonged to a trade union, would very soon cause them to lay down tools and come out, a form of amusement denied to them, and they are saddled with unavoidable expenses which eat up their pay, and leave a margin to be made good by parents and relatives from their own generally narrow resources.

How far this statement is well founded, an examination of the subaltern's monthly budget will show. Taking as postulates (1) that we are dealing with a month of thirty days, and (2) that the officers concerned belong to the infantry, we have the following result:

On the credit side we have, according as the officer is a lieutenant or a second lieutenant, 9*l.* 15*s.* or 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, which sums represent the monthly pay. On the other side comes, first, the principal item of expenditure, the mess bill. And here it may be observed that every subscription, every regimental bill, and every sum of money collected from an officer at his station must pass through his mess bill, so that it can be generally assumed that there should be no charges of a general or public nature which do

not appear in it. The mess bill is made up of the items which follow, most of which require in turn some little explanation.

First comes the messing charge. Every officer, unless married and allowed to live out of mess, is a dining member, and pays his share of the messing. If he is absent on duty or leave for more than three days, he does not pay during the time of his absence, but otherwise he pays, whether he is present in mess or not. The messing charge, including early tea and afternoon tea, may be taken at 4*s*. 6*d*. per diem. It may be more; it is seldom less. It may be observed here that good and sufficient feeding is essential to the development of the young officer. Of recent years attention has been given, rightly and with satisfactory results, to the feeding of the young soldier, in order to build up his frame, to fit him for the severe physical exertion he has to undergo, and to counteract any inclination to excess in drinking or smoking. On exactly the same grounds the subaltern needs similar consideration. His messing for the month will, therefore, come to 6*l*. 15*s*. Next come the charges for wine, etc., and for tobacco, in whatever form it is burned, in which is included the provision of these luxuries to private guests. Most young officers are very moderate in such matters, but unless they neither drink nor smoke, they do not escape without running up a small account, especially if there are several guest nights in the month. An ordinary wine bill would not be less than 2*l*. Then follow such charges as extra messing (for guests or for extras obtained from the mess—*e.g*. after night operations, etc.); mess guests, *i.e*. those invited in the name of the colonel and officers, generally making a large monthly amount for division; the regulated monthly subscription graduated according to rank; any other mess maintenance subscription which may be customary in the corps; the monthly charge for newspapers and stationery; charges for cards and billiards; subscriptions to recreation funds; any other subscription the officer has put his name down for; charges made against him from the regimental workshops, for postage, etc., and for any other matter for which he has rendered himself liable. A charge of 5*s*. a month will also be made for hire of mess and barrack-room furniture.

The mess bill, for the subaltern of moderate habits—and nowadays few officers are inclined to be immoderate—and of average disposition as regards economy, will amount to about 11*l*. 10*s*. in normal months in which no special subscriptions or charges are included. It is possible for an officer to keep his bill as low as about 8*l*. 10*s*. by great self-denial and by abstaining from drink and tobacco in every form, and also by not subscribing to anything not compulsory. It requires much character for a young officer to live in a mess in such circumstances, and

particularly to maintain his self-denial when he is assisting to entertain mess guests. It may also have a disadvantageous effect on his prospects in the Service if he does not join in sports, etc., with other officers. Anyhow, it is not very often that an officer so self-controlled is found amongst the young subalterns.

But, having paid his mess bill, whether it is 11*l.* 10*s.* or 8*l.* 10*s.*, (and there is no escaping the payment, which must be made by the fifth of the succeeding month), the young officer has still some regular monthly charges to meet. His servant is by regulation entitled to 10*s.* Most officers give more than that amount; but let us assume the charge to be that allowed. Then come washing, 1*l.*, servant's account for various sums spent during the month, say, 10*s.*, and servant's plain clothes and livery, averaging a charge of 10*s.* per mensem. These items make a total of 2*l.* 10*s.*, and with the mess bill we have accounted for a sum of 11*l.* in the case of the abstaining officer, and 14*l.* in that of the average subaltern. Comparing the expenditure with the credits shown above of 9*l.* 15*s.* or 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, we find that the second lieutenant is already from 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the lieutenant from 1*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* 5*s.*, to the bad on his month's pay.

Considering now his finances on an annual basis, and leaving out the small difference, disadvantageous to the officer, of accounting for thirty-one-day months, we find that in the year the abstemious second lieutenant is 37*l.* 10*s.* to the bad, the lieutenant 15*l.*, whilst the average second lieutenant's deficiency is 73*l.* 10*s.* and the lieutenant's 51*l.* In arriving at this estimate I have endeavoured to be strictly fair, and not to put any fancy value on any of the items mentioned. On the other hand, the reader must understand that the figures represent normal expenditure, and that within the year it is safe to assume that one or two months will be abnormal, by which term a considerable increase in charges must be understood. Thus a regimental entertainment (a dance, 'at home,' or sports) will increase materially the monthly charge, as also will manœuvres, camps, division and brigade training, when extra expenses are thrown on the mess in the form of transport of food and of collecting it in new areas. There are also certain charges in the form of subscriptions to regimental charities, to military charities generally, to bazaars and entertainments in aid of military charitable undertakings, which occur at certain seasons of the year and are outside of the normal mess bills.

It is plain from the foregoing figures that a subaltern at home cannot live on his pay, and, indeed, that is generally understood. Practically all subalterns are in receipt of an allowance from their parents or guardians, and 100*l.* per annum may be regarded as the sum most commonly given. Some officers have more; a con-

siderable number, it is to be feared, have to strive to make two widely separated ends meet on less. Taking 100*l.* per annum as the average allowance, and applying that sum to the adverse balance brought down by our calculations above, we find that a second lieutenant is left with from 26*l.* 10*s.* to 62*l.* 10*s.*, and a lieutenant with 49*l.* to 85*l.*, after defraying his current monthly expenses. With this balance the subaltern must provide for not only the extra charges in abnormal months, but also all such matters as plain clothes, uniform, boots, underclothing, travelling, sports and entertainments (other than those provided for through the mess), and all the many items on account of which an officer's hand has to seek his pocket or his cheque-book. As regards clothing, a subaltern's duties are very hard upon uniform and boots. Marching, bivouacking, and camping are responsible for the wear and destruction of all articles of clothing and equipment, as well as of underclothing, and the annual training lays on every officer a material burden of expense. Officers, moreover, are expected to be well dressed, both in uniform and in plain clothes, and tailoring will be found to run away with the greater part of their available margin. It is needless to enlarge upon the calls which are made upon the small balance left. They come from every direction with an insistence which is irresistible, and before the officer has time to realise it, he finds himself under water. It should be observed that the balance remaining to an officer, after liquidating current charges, will in the vast majority of cases approximate to the lower of the sums mentioned before; for to obtain the higher margin he must practically sever himself from all the amusements and recreations of his companions, and must, moreover, risk injury to his regimental and service prospects.

The subaltern has so far been assumed to belong to a line regiment. There are, however, certain infantry regiments of a select or special character in which the expenses are considerably higher than in the average regiment. In such corps the allowances to officers must be correspondingly greater, and the net result is probably the same, an equivalent amount being added to each side of the account. In the cavalry the expenses are great, and can only be faced by those who can expect a large allowance. The artillery and engineers, on the other hand, are mostly distributed in small messes, and, contrary to all theory, the actual messing charges in small messes are generally distinctly less than in large messes, whilst the entertaining and other subscriptions are on a much lower scale. Where, however, officers of artillery and engineers are in large messes the expenses are much the same as in the line messes. The officers, however, of the engineers and of the garrison artillery are

better paid than infantry officers, though probably their allowances are less. The field-artillery subaltern is only slightly better paid than his infantry brother, and he has some considerable additional expense thrown on him on account of being mounted, and having to pay and clothe a groom.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the calls made upon officers in general, but enough has been said to make it clear that the average subaltern with an allowance of 100*l.* per annum, after he has met the claims which are compulsory, as well as those from which in practice he cannot escape, is left with, if any balance at all, one microscopically small; and that his position is very much worse than that of the private soldier, who, with proficiency pay, can count on receiving from 5*s.* to 10*s.* a week after all his expenses are paid. The officer, indeed, if of Spartan habits, may keep his head above water, but the ordinary subaltern, lively, active, untrained in habits of abstention, unaccustomed to manage a narrow income, is only too likely to fall, and, in fact, does almost consistently fall into a position from which escape is difficult and often impossible.

The subalterns of the Army serving at home and in the Mediterranean may be divided into three classes:

(1) Those with their heads above water in all weather.

(2) Those with their noses above water in calm weather, but from time to time washed by any passing storm, coming up again when the surface is calm, spluttering and exhausted.

(3) Those hopelessly immersed and beyond resuscitation from any efforts of their own.

Any attempt to assign the proportion of officers serving to each of these classes would obviously be the merest guesswork, and it is only as guesswork that I estimate that over 75 per cent. of the subalterns will be found in classes (2) and (3), and that of those in class (2) a large number require only a little extra heavy weather to qualify them for transfer to class (3); whilst every one in class (2), unless obtaining relief in one or other direction, must eventually pass to class (3). If this estimate has any claim to be even approximately correct, there must be some evidence of the state of affairs. An officer cannot remain below water in his finances without giving some indication. His liabilities must set him in motion in one direction or another. And, in effect, they do move him. There is a constant flowing tide carrying the young officers of the Army away from their corps at home. Some, the more fortunate ones, get appointments at home, in the Colonies, in the Egyptian Army or elsewhere; some go to their foreign units; many take a tour to the West Coast of Africa, that Alsatia of capitalists with an adverse balance; some go to the East Coast; some to other parts of the world; and some leave

their corps for good, to start life afresh in the Colonies or at home with little equipment, material or mental, for their new undertaking; whilst a remnant disappear altogether into a lower stratum of society. The public are ignorant of this great movement, which never comes before their notice except in the case of those gazetted out of the Service. When they read in the papers that Lieutenant Blank has been selected for appointment to some distinguished African corps, they are ignorant of the qualifications which have gained him that distinction, and that he is seeking the regions of the tropics not because he finds the British Isles too cold for him, but for exactly the opposite reason.

No doubt the greater number of the officers who thus migrate from their corps at home and in the Mediterranean are not lost to the Service, and probably return some day to the fold they have left. But they are removed for the time from the most important part of the regular army, the expeditionary force; if they return it is probably with discontented spirits and with lowered health, and, on the whole, the country is undoubtedly a loser through the misfortunes of its youngest servants. And it would be the greatest mistake to regard them as criminals or wasters, or men of no parts. They represent generally the activity, the high spirits, the initiative which go to make the best qualities in an officer. They have passed out of bounds because their environment has been found too narrow. Surely they are worth saving.

But from what direction is salvation to come? No remedies which are within reach will make the subaltern's position impregnable. The influences which affect an officer's attitude towards questions of expenditure lie too deep-rooted in regimental tradition, regimental customs and in the circumstances of his daily life to be brought under control by ordinary methods. It has been shown, for example, that an officer, if a rigid abstainer, and if he takes no part in voluntary subscriptions or in recreations, can live on his pay and a moderate allowance. Is the country prepared to see the subaltern, as we now know him, converted into such an ascetic, and if this conversion were possible, would the Service be benefited by it? It is, however, mere waste of time to contemplate a reform which it would take something like a miracle to effect. A solution of the expense question in this direction is neither possible nor is it to be desired.

The revision of the pay of the junior regimental officers is a subject upon which a vast expenditure of ink and paper has been incurred for years past without producing any result. And yet no one denies that the subaltern is inadequately paid. What he receives is not only no living wage; it is not a living wage when supplemented by such allowance as can be called reasonable.

Within the last hundred years everything has changed for him except his rate of pay. He is no longer the man of means and of leisure that he was in purchase days, and when the Army was much smaller. His expenses have increased, as well as his work and responsibilities, and at the same time the ability of parents and guardians to make large allowances has disappeared. In some way or other an improvement in the conditions of service as affecting his financial position is imperative. There is absolutely nothing to be urged against it except the cost to the country. That argument had some force when there were from five to ten candidates for every commission offered, but to-day when there is rarely more than one candidate forthcoming for every commission, and when boys have been admitted to cadetships even for the artillery and engineers without examination and without selection, it falls to the ground. A decade ago, when this matter was much before the public, some steps were taken to reduce the subaltern's expenses. He was relieved of band subscriptions, his uniform was simplified, and some of his adornments were removed (not altogether to his satisfaction nor to the benefit of his pocket), and in other ways attempts were made to curtail expenditure in messes. On the whole he benefited by the alterations carried out, but the net reduction of expenditure was small. Some of the salutary measures adopted then have gradually fallen into disuse; some have been outmanœuvred by strategical means easy of application to any regulation, and, in general, regimental expenses have recovered from the temporary check they experienced ten years ago. When the number of vacancies in the commissioned ranks exceeds the number of candidates for the Army, this question of the subaltern's expenses must be handled seriously, if it is not touched till then. Many schemes, no doubt, for helping the officer without great cost to the State will be considered. The War Office might, for example, copy the Admiralty, and make an allowance to subalterns on account of messing, as, I believe, is done in certain naval messes on shore. A subaltern might have such an allowance as would reduce his actual messing charge to 2*s*. per diem. This would diminish the mess bill by 3*l*. to 3*l*. 15*s*. in a thirty-day month, and would be a great help to the young officer. It would at the same time add no very heavy burden to the estimates, more particularly if some experts were commissioned to examine the charges for messing in all officers' messes, and to report how far value for the money expended was obtained. It is quite probable that with expert supervision the messing might be vastly improved with advantage to officers' pockets, or, in this case, to the coffers of the State. Such a concession to officers represents a very small boon, and if proffered at a time when candidates were not forthcoming it might probably be

regarded as inadequate, and a considerable increase in pay might then be the only means of stopping the gap.

But whatever means may be adopted, now or in the future, to better the subaltern's position, money alone, let it be granted in what form it may, will never rescue him from the difficulties which are at present the means of driving him from the ranks of the home army. Whatever sum may be added to his emoluments, it will be swallowed up at once by the innumerable harpies that swarm round every garrison town, into whose hands regimental tradition is only too ready to play. These harpies, it is true, deal in wares for the most part innocent and even desirable, but they come in such numbers as to produce an effect that is overwhelming. The young officer nowadays is fortunately no idle man. His duties keep him well occupied. But he has some spare time, and during that time every form of recreation, sport, and entertainment is not only offered to him, but is practically forced down his throat at the point of the bayonet. It is much to be desired that officers, to whom physical prowess is an important qualification, should be proficient in outdoor sports and recreations; but when they are encouraged to join in cricket, lawn tennis, hockey, football, racquets, squash, as well as to hunt, shoot, and fish, it is obvious that a serious attack on their finances will be the result. It is true that all these recreations and sports can be enjoyed by an officer, by means of regimental subscriptions, at a much less cost than by civilians; but therein lies a danger. They are so advantageously placed before him that he feels it is throwing away money not to make use of his opportunities. And the outfit alone probably eats up more than the remnants of his allowance.

Again, an officer is a victim to subscriptions in a way that is quite unknown to members of other professions, and all in aid of good and deserving objects. There are subscriptions to regimental charities and institutions, to the numerous great military charities, to special objects of general or local interest, and to others too numerous to detail. A mess is rarely without a subscription list of some sort. Those interested in charities and public objects of subscription regard it as a specially desirable orchard to rob. Subscriptions are collected without any trouble, and if they can only get the commanding officer to put some pressure on the subordinates, or even to head the subscription list himself, everything will go right. The fate of the subaltern is indifferent to them so long as they get their own interest benefited.

In the way of social intercourse and entertainment much is demanded of the subaltern. Every garrison is a centre of attraction, which draws to itself all the floating population not definitely

tied to other localities. No doubt the positive electricity generated by large concentrations of young men produces by induction an equivalent amount of negative electricity in female form in the immediate neighbourhood. At any rate, whatever the cause, the facts are plain. And where large numbers of residents are found, as in practically all garrison towns, the regimental mess is not unnaturally regarded as the centre round which all social functions revolve. Residents quite frankly believe that officers' messes are sent into their towns with the object of making an agreeable diversion for their benefit, and if this duty is neglected, it is obvious that the most important interests of the State are suffering. From the officers' point of view it would be churlish, unnatural, and, indeed, unwise to ignore all the offers of social intercourse and entertainment open to them. But here, again, come in calls on their pockets.

Lastly may be mentioned, among other expenses, that a subaltern may have a London club to subscribe to, and also that he may be a member of one or more of those most important institutions, the Royal United Service, the R.A., the R.E., the Royal Geographical Society, etc., all of which are of great value to him professionally; and that he will probably be expected to attend his annual regimental dinner in London.

Anyone considering this table of expenditure, which is by no means exhaustive, will understand how necessary it is that the young officer should be saved, not only from his friends, but also from himself, and at the same time how difficult it is to encompass his rescue. It will be clear also that a mere addition to his pay will effect little.

It will probably be argued that all subscriptions, except the one regulation mess subscription, all entertainments, and all games and sports are purely voluntary, and that the subaltern need not put his hand in his pocket for any of them. It is quite true that all these matters are voluntary. So is the march of the condemned criminal from his cell to the gallows voluntary. He knows what the public expect of him, and he does it. And in all matters involving expense the subaltern does what is expected of him, knowing full well that to be singular or to oppose by his action anything supported by senior officers is not only to make himself uncomfortable, but further to injure his prospects in his regiment.

If we assume that a subaltern has received such an addition to his pay as to make it possible for him to live on it when supplemented by a moderate allowance, then the first and most important requirement to keep him afloat is the active support and supervision of his commanding officer. Without such assistance his prospects are gloomy. The young officer joins his regi-

ment with no experience of the management of an income and with unbounded faith in its power to give him all that he wants. If he is not guided and checked he very early finds the water over his head. Commanding officers are men whose duties occupy fully their time, and who have little of it available for examining the mess accounts. But they cannot evade their responsibility for the future of the younger officers, towards whom they stand *in loco parentis*. It is hardly possible for any officer to get into difficulties without giving plenty of warning through his mess accounts; and it is very uncommon for an officer with a very moderate mess bill to be incurring serious liabilities outside. But even if that were the case, his action would not escape observation, if he were under the supervision of the commanding officer. When, as not uncommonly happens, a subaltern is brought up before his brigadier or division commander for reproof on account of his financial errors, and is regarded with black looks and harangued with severe words, he is generally only suffering for the neglect of his seniors, on whom the blame should really rest. If an officer who has been carefully supervised by his colonel, and subjected to all the checks which that officer has it within his power to apply, nevertheless gets himself involved in financial difficulties, then his case is indeed a bad one, and he is without the pale of those on account of whom this paper is written. The powers of the colonel in controlling young officers and in setting a good tone are very great, and when well exercised are quite equal to stopping any undue extravagance in his corps. There are colonels in the Service who fully recognise their responsibility towards the young officers, and who set a definite limit to the amount they are allowed to spend in the mess, particularly on luxuries, and at the same time encourage them to spend what they can afford in outdoor sports. In corps thus commanded the officer's lot is a happy one. He is brought up from the first in habits of economy, and he acquires a knowledge of how to manage his income which will help him throughout his career. It is perhaps as well that parents and guardians have no means of finding out the existence of these corps, or their commanding officers would be mobbed by those with sons and wards about to be commissioned. But they do exist, and in them there is no leakage produced by debt.

If this, by far the most important condition for the promotion of economy amongst subalterns, can be satisfied, a further help may be obtained through the systemization of all the irregular charges levied upon them in their mess bills, their subscriptions, sports, entertainments, etc. It has been observed that what the subaltern has to fear is heavy weather in the form of unexpected charges, and although those charges occur with

more or less regularity, yet the sanguine young officer does not look forward to them, and when they present themselves in bulk he is in danger of finding the water over him. The object should be by a regular monthly contribution to cover every form of expenditure which may be called for, so that at no time should the mess bill contain any charge in, so to speak, capital form. Taking first the subscriptions : all regimental and general military charities, which are very numerous and in many respects overlap each other, are in urgent need of co-ordination. In one or more commands a definite sum is contributed annually to the general military charities by the regimental institutes of each corps, and supplemented by officers' subscriptions. If this course were adopted by agreement throughout the Service, a very small monthly contribution would cover the subaltern's share. Another very small sum would provide for the regimental charities ; and for any other subscription for local or special objects, and to find money for any purpose calling in ordinary course for contributions from officers, a third fund should be raised. The total sum under the heading of subscriptions should be graduated according to rank, and the subaltern's share would be covered by a very small monthly charge. The charge would, of course, be voluntary, and any officer not subscribing would, if he wished to support any particular object, have to do so independently.

After subscriptions come entertainments, and the charges connected with them. A dance or other large undertaking generally hits the subaltern hard, because it comes in one charge. If, however, a monthly subscription, graduated according to rank, were charged, entertainments could be provided for without any special call being made ; in fact, entertainments on a large scale should only be allowed when the accumulated funds were sufficient to cover the cost. The subscription in the case of subalterns would not amount to more than two or three shillings a month. Officers not wishing to subscribe, if they took part in any entertainment, would pay their share in one sum.

Lastly come the subscriptions to recreations and sports. They would naturally be divided into two, or perhaps more, parts, one dealing with all the ordinary forms of recreation—cricket, football, hockey, lawn tennis, golf, racquets, etc., and affording officers the *entrée* to, and the right to play on, the grounds available ; and the others with hunting, shooting, and any other sport available. Separate funds would be created for each form of sport, so that officers could subscribe to any one of them ; but for the games one fund would probably cover all, except games of a more expensive nature, as polo, which should be worked by separate funds. Subscriptions to sports and recreations would not be

graduated, but would be the same for all ranks. They also would be voluntary.

The effect of dealing with the three great heads of a subaltern's expenditure in the way suggested would be that the average mess bill would be much lower than it now is, that it would be practically unvarying month by month, and that the officer would very soon know what he could afford to take up and what he must cut out. If, at the same time, commanding officers exercised pressure on their subalterns to keep down every item in the way of luxury, and everything unnecessary, and to devote their available funds to such matters as were likely to improve their physical efficiency and their qualifications as officers, the mess bills would be still more moderate. The subscriptions under the three headings discussed would in all amount to a very small total, and if the subaltern were encouraged by his colonel to take only those he could afford he would probably hardly feel the monthly cost.

But, I repeat once more, the important condition in all aspects of the question is the attitude of the commanding officer. If he is really interested in the matter his influence will be sufficient to ensure the success of the arrangements proposed, or of any others which may be thought better. He will soon instil into the budding officer a tone and a habit of mind towards these matters which will take root in his corps and catch all the officers, who are very quick to follow a lead, in its grip. Without his active and sympathetic support no scheme can be successful.

One difficulty remains to be considered. There are in many regiments one, or perhaps more, subalterns of considerable means, or who at least live as if they had no need to be anxious about their finances. Now, an officer living at a much higher rate than that which the others can afford is a great danger to his comrades, and in particular to the young subalterns. For the sake of the general good, it is absolutely necessary that one who can afford to do so should not spend in the mess, or in association with other officers, more than the average which they can afford; and a colonel is not only justified in insisting upon a subaltern so circumstanced limiting his mess bill, but it is his plain duty, in the interests of his officers, to do so. If an officer cannot so far control his expenditure as to comply with such restrictions, for everyone's sake it is best that he should leave. But there are many officers who have sufficient public spirit to subordinate their own inclinations to the general good of their corps, and when they appreciate the reasons for controlling their expenditure, they will, for the sake of serving in a distinguished regiment, deny themselves much to their own benefit. This, again, is a matter for the commanding officer, calling for such tact and leading as he can display.

These proposals for dealing with what is a serious evil may seem, and indeed are, trivial. But it must be remembered that the subaltern finds the water coming over his head in the first instance through trivial causes, which, if not attended to, eventually submerge him past recovery. And it is a matter of experience that where these trivial matters are attended to, as is the case in certain corps, the subalterns escape the fate which is that of so many. It is better to deal with evil by small measures at its source than to contrive large schemes for meeting it when it has taken charge.

J. K. Trotter.

SECTARIAN UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA

An interesting and most remarkable movement has been started in India for the foundation of Hindu and Muhammadan Universities. The Muhammadans have eagerly taken up the idea of raising their college at Aligarh into a university. This college has been one of the most successful educational institutions in India, and has turned out some exceedingly useful men. I had myself, when in charge of the Central Provinces, opportunities of judging of the excellent character of some of the men produced at the Aligarh College. Especially in the time of the great famine at the end of last century, I had experience of the high character, sound training, and loyal devotion to duty which characterised the men who volunteered and were specially selected for famine work. At the same time, I cannot help feeling some regret at the proposal to form the College into a university, because this will separate it from the general educational system of the country, and tend to give it a sectarian character. There is no objection to having another good University : the objection is to its being sectarian. If the measure succeeds, and the university exercises control over a system of affiliated institutions, we cannot fail to have a narrower outlook for Muhammadan education than its best friends have hitherto endeavoured to give it.

Meantime the Hindus also have started a scheme for the foundation of a Hindu university in Benares. The objection to this is precisely the same as in the other case. There was a proposal many years ago to establish a Christian university; but it was abandoned. The principal reasons which influenced most men against the proposal were, that it was not desirable either to take students away from their own provincial surroundings and put them into a university, the whole environment of which was foreign, or to separate them in their conception of education from all those who differed with them on the subject of religion.

To have provincial universities is sound enough, but to have an Indian university seemed undesirable. It must be remembered that the provinces of India, though held together by the British Government, differ amongst themselves as much as the countries of Europe; and an Indian generally lives his life in his own province. It is surely desirable to train men in the locality

where they are to take their place in the battle of life and in the work of the world. It is neither reasonable to expect, nor is it desirable, that the student from Madras or from Bengal should go to Benares or Aligarh for a university education; and the proposal to establish a Christian university in one particular city of India was rejected for the same reason.

Another weighty argument against the proposal was that the life of the university ought not to be sectarian. It was held to be undesirable to educate in a narrow and exclusive atmosphere men who were intended to take an important place in life alongside of their fellow-countrymen. Many who had the strongest belief in the importance of religious education opposed the scheme for a Christian university on the ground that it was wrong to lead Christians to regard themselves as separate, in respect of the great interests of life, from those of other religions with whom and amongst whom they had to do their work. On the other hand, it was also considered most important to have the influence of Christianity maintained in relation to all classes of the people. It was a true-hearted faith in the worthiness of the creed that led men to reject the proposal that those already influenced by it should be segregated for education from, and prevented from meeting in their university life with, those who profess other creeds. The separatist policy was disapproved.

I do not myself believe in the wisdom of founding these sectarian institutions. By the time a man comes to university life he must know, and ought to know, something of the differences of religious belief that exist in his world, and ought at least then to begin an intelligent examination of the grounds of his own faith. Influences should undoubtedly be brought to bear upon him to maintain his religious faith and life; but it is a narrow system, and one which tends not to strength but to weakness, to segregate the young people of one religion and teach them apart. It is what one might expect from a timorous and shortsighted sectarianism.

It is, therefore, somewhat striking to see that the proposals to establish these Hindu and Muhammadan universities have been the occasion of a remarkable interchange of courtesies between the leaders on both sides. The Aga Khan, generally accepted as the Indian Muhammadan leader, telegraphed to the Maharajah Bahadur of Darbhanga congratulating him on the success which has attended the agitation in favour of a Hindu university. His Highness offered the Maharajah a donation of five thousand rupees to the scheme, and wished it success. The Maharajah, who is the great leader of orthodox Hindus and the head of the movement for the Hindu university, intimated in the name of the Hindu community their thankful acceptance of this

generous donation. He presented twenty thousand rupees as his own contribution 'to the cause of Muhammadan education,' and concluded with these words: 'Let us, both Hindus and Muhammadans, pray to God that we remain united with each other, steadfast too in our loyalty to our gracious sovereign, ever zealous in the cause of education, ever faithful to the respective creeds of our great ancestors.' To this the Aga Khan replied, 'I most sincerely and gratefully thank you for your generous donation. My greatest ambition is to see Hindus and Muslims love each other, and each help the faith of the other.'

Hinduism has always maintained a position of isolation in regard to other creeds. It has never been a proselytising creed; for Hinduism is a matter of birth or hereditary position. It is true that a tribe as a whole may be accepted into Hinduism, occupying the position of a low caste within that system; but no individual can enter into any caste except by birth and hereditary right. Muhammadanism, on the other hand, has always been recognised as a proselytising creed; and the correspondence above referred to cannot but be a matter of considerable surprise. There is no doubt whatever that the cordial co-operation it indicates is due to the strong feeling that exists among both Hindus and Muhammadans that purely secular education has been a very serious injury to the life of the rising generation in India. There is an earnest desire for religious education, which has found its expression in this demand for sectarian universities.

The religious college, though it also may be called in a sense sectarian, is not objectionable in the same way as the religious university; because, after all, it is the university that regulates the education; and while the sectarian college will bring its own religious influences to bear upon the students, it will still preserve the realisation of the fact that they have to enter into life in competition with, and have to study alongside of, students of other faiths. The breadth of the education is in this way secured. To establish a sectarian university will be a retrograde measure; and if that sectarian university aims at controlling the education of the adherents of its own creed throughout India, the result may well be expected to be disastrous to progress. It must tend to maintain narrowness of view, intolerance of character and religious antipathies.

The important point is that the university controls education in affiliated institutions. It maintains the standard of secular education. It stamps with its imprimatur what is good and successful in secular education. At the same time there is nothing in the constitution of the university system that necessarily prevents the training of students in morality and religion. The principles laid down by Government are in this respect perfectly

sound; but I believe that the demand for these sectarian universities has arisen from our failure in practice to deal effectively with the religious and moral training of the students. I do not think that the demand would ever have arisen had religious education not been so much handicapped, and in many cases rendered impossible, under the Government system of higher education as worked out in practice.

The Government system has failed, not because of its own defect, but because of defects in its application and administration. I suppose that there is no one in any country who does not realise that departmentalism can frustrate any policy if it is permitted uncontrolled to work out its own methods, and to obstruct anything that it does not accept as in accordance with its interests. This has been deplorably exemplified in the educational system of India. The Government policy has been one thing; but the departmental application of it has been far too much permitted to be something quite different. The policy laid down by the Despatch of 1854 was that Government should be entirely neutral in the matter of religion, but should assist with liberal grants-in-aid every sound educational institution without taking into account for the purposes of the grant any religious instruction given. It was a sound and suitable policy for India. Effective inspection was relied on to maintain the efficiency of these private institutions; but the inspectors were directed not to interfere with the religious instruction, not to give any grant in respect of it, and not to reduce any grant earned by secular education on account of the existence of religious instruction. The Government of India and local governments were directed to do their utmost to maintain and extend private effort in accordance with this system, and not to enter into competition with, or in any way discourage or obstruct, private institutions.

This policy was necessary, and was prescribed, on two grounds. The first is that the finances of India are inadequate to deal with the educational requirements without assistance from private liberality. I need not dwell on this here. The other is that the religious difficulty cannot otherwise be met. This policy has been again and again declared by the Government of India; and in Lord Curzon's resolution of 1904 it was anew emphasised. That resolution says: 'The progressive devolution of primary, secondary and collegiate education upon private enterprise, and the continuous withdrawal of Government from competition therewith, were recommended by the Education Commission in 1883; and the advice has been generally acted upon. But while accepting this policy, the Government at the same time recognise the extreme importance of the principle that in each branch of education Government should maintain a limited number of institutions

both as models for private enterprise to follow, and in order to uphold a high standard of education. In withdrawing from direct management, it is further essential that Government should retain a general control by means of efficient inspection over all public educational institutions.'

This is precisely the policy laid down in 1854. If it had been fully maintained, there is no doubt that the divorce of education from religion, which is now so bitterly complained of by Hindus and Muhammadans, as well as by Christians, would not have been so complete. It is often difficult for departmental officers to give full and generous recognition to the work done by agencies other than their own; and too little pressure has been brought to bear upon the Education Department to carry out fully the policy of the Government. It was the hope of many that this defect would be remedied by the appointment of a member of the Executive Council of the Viceroy in charge of education. This hope is not yet realised. There is at the present time, in certain quarters, a tendency all the other way. The Government of Madras have taken up the position that the 'limited number of institutions' to be maintained by Government means at least one for each district. They are, therefore, increasing the Government schools. Nowhere is this policy less called for than in Madras, where private effort has done more for education than perhaps in any other Province. The announcement of this intention has called forth earnest protests on behalf of many of those most interested in education in that Presidency. The non-official members of the Governor's Council have strongly protested against the change of policy, and secured from the Government a reluctant promise that no steps will be taken towards carrying it out until it has been submitted to the Member for Education in the Government of India.

The special fostering of Government institutions in India is particularly injurious to the interests of religion, which have now come to be regarded by people of all classes as of great importance. The feudatory chiefs and the great Muhammadan and Hindu associations, no less than Christians, have all combined to urge upon the Government of India the necessity for religious education. But it has been held to be impossible to provide religious education in Government institutions; and to seek to confine education mainly to them and so perpetuate a system of education which excludes religious instruction will be not only, in the opinion of most people, disastrous to the moral training and character of the rising generation, but will also be contrary to the wishes of the peoples of India themselves of all creeds and races. It is this strong sentiment in favour of religious education that has united Hindus and Muhammadans in their demand for sectarian univer-

sities. I sympathise with them; but I believe that they are not seeking the true remedy.

Let me endeavour to look at the proposal to establish a Hindu university from the Hindu point of view. This does not commit me to approval of the scheme: many Hindus oppose it. It is natural that the Brahmos, though they do not desire to be regarded as non-Hindus, should oppose a scheme, the main object of which seems to them to be to maintain those features of Hinduism which they have repudiated; and the principal Brahmo organ of Calcutta has pronounced against the scheme, as retrograde in character. Opposition is not confined, however, to such as these. Public meetings have been held, attended by orthodox Hindus, at which the proposal has been condemned. A typical resolution may be quoted: 'That this meeting is of opinion that the proposed Hindu university is not desirable in the best interests of the Indian people, as it is calculated to retard the national progress and to emphasise the present distinctions of caste.' This is the view of many influential Hindus, who believe in religious education and wish to arrange for it, but feel the necessity for a wider educational outlook than Hindu tradition and practice in themselves afford.

Some of the supporters of the scheme appeal to the patriotic and religious sentiment of the Hindus by proclaiming that they are restoring the old Indian system. But this is only to mislead. The old Tols Mutts and Sangams, in which the sacred writings and religion of the Hindus were taught, were no more like the modern university than were the monasteries of the middle ages. These Hindu institutions still exist, and can be visited with deep interest. They are certainly not at all like what the promoters of the present scheme desire, 'a Hindu university on modern lines.' It is true that we hardly know definitely the place that the Hindu religion is to have in the curriculum of the proposed university. Only one person of authority has said anything definite on the subject. He is the secretary of the Sri Bharat Dharma Mahamandal, the great society for the maintenance and propagation of orthodox Hinduism. Of this society the president is the Maharaja Bahadur of Darbhanga, the wealthiest and most influential of the promoters of the proposed university. The Secretary, in a letter to the *Hindu* of the 4th of December last, laid down certain general propositions regarding that university. Among these the following is significant: 'The faculty of Theology—the religious department of the university—should, of course, be under the control of Varnashrami Hindus.' That is to say, it should be controlled by those who desire to perpetuate the order and caste system of Hinduism.

If this is merely a description of a faculty separated from the rest of the life of the university, it may be regrettable, but need

not be disastrous to the influence of the progressive schools of Hindu thought. But if it is only such a faculty that is wanted, there is no necessity for a Hindu university. In Scotland we have four universities, every one of which has a faculty of theology, which in every case is Presbyterian. But the universities are not Presbyterian : they are not even Christian, in the sense of requiring the profession of Christianity, by tests or otherwise, from either professors or students. More than this, these universities do not even require attendance at the classes of this faculty for the sake of a degree in theology : other theological colleges are recognised for this purpose. A new university is not required merely for the sake of teaching theology ; and if unnecessary it is undesirable. Let the student have the inestimable advantage of the broadening influence of university life ; and let him have his specialised teaching in theology in another college, without sacrificing his religious convictions and beliefs.

I do not believe, however, that it is specialised theological education that is the real object of the great mass of the promoters of this scheme : the proposal has originated in the deep and widespread anxiety for religious education generally. Serious evils, predicted by a few thoughtful men long ago, and undoubtedly present to the minds of the great statesmen who framed the Educational Despatch of 1854, are now attributed on all hands to the neglect of religious teaching. When Lord Minto, as Viceroy, was touring among the native States, he received addresses from Indian chiefs describing 'the absence of religious instruction in the schools as a potent cause of wrong ideas.' The Sri Bharat Dharma Mahamandal also petitioned his Excellency 'to help us in our efforts to guide the awakening life of the Hindus throughout India by means of a spiritual religious education.' These representations, or such as they, have been made by men of all races and creeds ; and they lie at the bottom of this demand for sectarian universities. I sympathise with this view, but I earnestly believe that the plan adopted will not produce the desired result.

Only just the other day (24th of January 1912) a public meeting was held in Calcutta to promote this scheme of a Hindu university. The young Maharajah of Bikaner made a fine statement of his views on the subject. This young prince is a great athlete and sportsman, and has been well educated. He has a high reputation as a ruler, has rendered specially distinguished services to the Crown, and has received many marks of the royal recognition of his services both to the Government and to the peoples of India. He has exercised full ruling powers over his State since he was invested with them at the age of eighteen, in 1898, and has manifested a sympathetic and broad spirit. His breadth of view led him at Calcutta to insist that there is no inten-

tion on the part of the promoters of the Hindu university to emphasise or perpetuate differences, but rather that 'both Musulmans and Hindus well recognise the common humanity which unites them and the common goal to which they are striving by different paths.' This is not the kind of language which one expects from a man who is advocating the establishment of a sectarian university; and it is scarcely to be hoped that the attainment of the latter object will tend to secure the fulfilment of his aspirations.

He went on to say that 'it is important to remember that both the Muhammadan and Hindu universities are to be open to students of all creeds and classes.' It cannot be forgotten how different this is from the views held by many of the influential supporters of the scheme; nor can it be hoped that a Hindu university, teaching the Hindu religion, will attract any considerable number of students of other religions. The doubt cannot fail to arise also in the mind of most Hindus whether, if it did so attract students, this would not involve something altogether different from their conception of Hinduism. Many thoughtful men will share the opinion of a Madras Hindu writer that it is at least doubtful whether sectarian universities can conduce to any spirit of unity among the various Indian communities. This writer says, 'In the case of the Muhammadans there are other facts—the social forces, for instance—which tend to unity and national cohesion. But among the Hindus institutions which have received the sanction of religion have long flourished, perpetuating social discord. These will surely receive fresh inspiration from a university calculated to keep Hindus apart, in the plastic period of their youth, from the rest of the Indian people.'

The Maharajah's address, however, is a most valuable statement of the sentiments and hopes which have led to the adoption of the scheme. I pass over what he says regarding secular instruction, especially the provision for technical instruction and research. These matters, which have been too much neglected until recently, now occupy a very prominent place in the thoughts both of the Government educational authorities and of non-officials interested in the subject. What strikes me as specially remarkable is the clear statement made regarding the importance of religious education. The Maharajah drew attention to the steady increase of the demand for religious teaching, and to the growing conviction that character can best be built up when it rests on the precepts of a great and noble religion. He admitted that 'certain difficulties may at first present themselves as regards religious instruction'; but, he added, 'no such difficulties should obscure the fact of its necessity.' 'The Hindus, as also our Muhammadan brethren,

are proud of being the heirs of a great civilisation, a great religion, and a great literature. It is to foster and conserve these that the two new Muhammadan and Hindu universities are now being promoted.' This is only one of innumerable illustrations which might be given to show that the demand for these sectarian universities arises from dissatisfaction with the Government system of education, as at present administered, in respect of the fact that it takes practically no account of the moral and religious training of the rising generation.

There is another difficulty in our present system which demands attention. It has arisen naturally through the progress of education. As education has advanced there has been a much more general resort to higher institutions. These necessarily are fewer in number than the primary schools. To attend them, therefore, means to many pupils or students that they have to leave their homes. If the system is not to be most dangerous to the moral life of these young people, it is clear that efficient arrangements must be made for the maintenance, as far as possible, of a sound and healthy home life for them. The need for this has attracted the attention of Government for a long time; and efforts have been made to provide hostels in connection with central institutions. These institutions have become to that extent residential. An efficient system of residential colleges is undoubtedly required, and ought to be provided by the united efforts of Government and of beneficent and wealthy individuals throughout the country. In these hostels, if they are private institutions, even though in connexion with Government colleges, arrangements can well be made for religious instruction; and then we should have students coming, in their hostel, under the religious influences of a good home, while in their secular work they found themselves side by side with young men of all religions, just as they will when they enter the world.

The great objection now taken in India to the Government system, as at present administered, is that it neglects this great subject of religion, but this is the opposite of the intention of the orders of 1854. There it is distinctly provided that religious instruction must be encouraged, though Government, being neutral, will not give any financial aid in respect of it; and the system devised for encouraging and maintaining the possibility of religious instruction, under a neutral Government, was the system of grants-in-aid for secular education. This has rendered possible the existence of a great number of religious institutions—Christian, Hindu and Muhammadan, existing alongside of the secular schools of the Government. The people are demanding more religious instruction in accordance with this policy; and it is deplorable to think that the answer which the Government seems

inclined to give is to go back on the old policy and to press Government institutions even where there is no evidence of failure on the part of existing private institutions. This policy has been strongly resisted by men of influence in Madras; and it is to be hoped that no change of principle will be allowed in this respect.

Another great complaint against our system of education by many thoughtful Indians is this, that it has tended to denationalise the peoples of India. No one who knows the subject can fail to recognise that there is a great deal of truth in this complaint. It has become far too general to impart education almost exclusively through the English language and to neglect the vernacular. This is entirely opposed to the system prescribed in the Dispatch of 1854. The framers of that Dispatch knew how unjust it is to the great masses of the peoples of India that their officers should not know their vernaculars. They also recognised how impossible it is to disseminate knowledge throughout the masses of the people by any other channel than through the vernacular. They therefore maintained the necessity for the study of the Indian classical languages and for the improvement of the vernaculars. They insisted that the medium by which knowledge, even of western civilisation, was to be communicated to the people of India generally, was the vernacular; and they deplored a tendency, even then existing, 'unduly to neglect the study of the vernacular languages.' They also directed the training of schoolmasters in the vernacular, and the provision of vernacular schoolbooks to provide European information for the lower classes of schools.

The Maharajah of Bikaner also mentioned as a point in favour of the Hindu and Muhammadan universities 'that much good can be done by diverting the charities and activities of the two communities towards the promotion of education by creating institutions which will appeal to them in a special degree.' Here he touches another defect in the application of the Government system. The Dispatch of 1854 directed the encouragement of private beneficence, and relied for the success of the Government system on the well-known liberality of Hindus and Muhammadans towards education; but unfortunately the narrow spirit of departmentalism has, to a very large extent, tended to choke off this important means of advancing education. It is necessary that the Government and its officers should let the people understand that they greatly value and honour beneficence in regard to education. Many Indians desire to receive guidance in the practice of that liberality which is characteristic of them; and such guidance ought not to be denied.

I am strongly of opinion that the sentiments which have led to the movement for the Hindu and Muhammadan universities in India are sentiments which are worthy of all honour. But I

do not believe that these universities will be of advantage to the cause of education, concord and progress in India. It appears probable now that these schemes may be carried through; for funds are being freely supplied. I earnestly hope, however, that the institutions will really be nothing more than colleges with the power of giving certain special degrees, and will not involve any revolution in the system of education in India. At the same time I earnestly hope that the system as prescribed will be enforced by the Government of India, and that deviation from it by departmental officers, contrary to the spirit and ideas of the peoples of India, will not be tolerated. The demand for religious education, and the protest against denationalisation by education, are too strong and too widespread to be ignored by a Government that desires to retain its place in the affection and loyalty of the peoples of India. I believe that, if we had Government giving itself, in accordance with the principles which have been formally accepted and consistently maintained, to assisting the people in obtaining good residential colleges, where religious and moral education would be effective, we should not hear of movements to establish sectarian universities. But these principles must be rigorously enforced, against departmental indifference or opposition, in accordance with the best Indian sentiment.

A. H. L. FRASER.

THE TRUE LINES OF TEMPERANCE REFORM

MORE than most causes, that of temperance has been the victim of exaggerated advocacy. So completely, indeed, has the fanatic dominated the movement that fanaticism and temperance reform have become almost synonymous terms. It will be well, therefore, to begin this outline of a policy of temperance reform by an effort to clear away the atmosphere of fanaticism which has made the temperance movement a by-word. Such a clearance was never more necessary than to-day.

At present the very word temperance is misunderstood. I do not minimise the importance of sobriety in the consumption of intoxicating beverages, and still less the evil of insobriety, but I claim, none the less, that the word temperance is too large for the particular purpose to which it is put. And it is unfortunate that a word which means so much more than self-restraint in the drinking of certain classes of beverages should have been adopted without qualification as the name of a movement designed to serve this comparatively narrow end. Temperance itself is only one of the seven capital virtues. And, though occupying this limited portion of the field of right living, it yet comprises much more than sobriety in the use of intoxicants. It is worth noting, for example, that in the list of the seven deadly sins the converse vice which corresponds to the virtue of temperance is not drunkenness at all, but gluttony. The evil of intemperance is excessive indulgence. This article is not a theological treatise, and so I need not pursue the subject into a detailed statement of the reasons why excessive indulgence in any natural good is harmful; but we may usefully remember that over-feeding is hardly less disgusting than over-drinking and, according to the doctors, is responsible for much more illness and death; it denotes, moreover, at least as great a weakening of the powers of self-restraint.

But the error in nomenclature is not concluded by the adoption of too wide a word. In so far as the great bulk of so-called temperance reformers are concerned, temperance is altogether the wrong word. The dictionaries tell us that temperance means moderation; the fanatical 'temperance' reformers tell us that

it means total abstinence; and, now that drunkenness is a waning evil, these propagandists actually declare, on the platform and in their journals, that 'the fight now is against the moderate drinker.' The name, therefore—never quite happy, because it necessarily narrowed a word of very wide meaning—has become grotesquely inappropriate as the label of a movement which has degenerated into a modern form of the old Manichean heresy, which regarded matter as evil—the hatred of matter among these neo-Manicheans being concentrated upon one particular substance—alcohol.

So topsy-turvy has it all become that one is inclined to abandon the word temperance altogether as applied to sobriety in the use of fermented beverages. But this would be a pity. The wiser course is that which is adopted by that small but useful society of which Lord Halsbury is President, whose members call themselves the True Temperance Association. For it has now become necessary, not only to uphold the virtue of temperance by proclaiming the evil of excessive indulgence in fermented liquors, but to reclaim the word from those fanatics who presume to identify it with the doctrine of total abstinence, a presumption without sanction either in Christianity or in common-sense.

I have said that the temperance movement has degenerated into fanaticism; and the statement is historically true. When it began, about a century ago, arising spontaneously, and with reason, in a state of society in which drunkenness was so widespread and constant as to be regarded merely as an amiable weakness, the propagandists of the movement went no farther than to counsel the temperate use of alcohol. The ravages of excessive gin-drinking among the lower classes, and to some extent of brandy-drinking in the upper classes, certainly led these early reformers to advocate the entire disuse of spirits in which the intoxicating element was so potent; but they did not preach total abstinence from the fermented drinks—wines and beers; and even to this day one may find a curious survival of this old-fashioned temperance in the North of England and in Ireland among persons who will tell you that they are pledged teetotallers, and therefore only drink port wine—in Ireland, I believe, frequently adding stout. But if one is reckless enough when opportunity arises, and one's stomach is strong enough, beers and wines may be drunk to an extent which produces intoxication. In those hard-drinking days of which I am speaking, drunkenness from excessive consumption of beers and wines was prevalent, and, seeing it, the temperance reformers took a new departure, and advocated abstention from all alcoholic beverages. Here I may say parenthetically that they were not scientifically accurate; it is still only a question of degree. Just as

wines contain about a third or a fourth of the alcohol to be found in spirits, and beer about a third of the alcohol in wine, so in the beverages favoured by the teetotallers, as they now began to call themselves, the alcoholic proportion was in some cases less only, not absent; ginger beer frequently contains nearly half as much alcohol as beer. So almost omnipresent, indeed, is the vilified substance, that we now know it to exist to the extent of half per cent. in new bread, and that it is owing to its presence that new bread is so peculiarly palatable.

This departure from temperance into teetotalism was the deplorable turning point of the movement. One can understand it; for the reformer is always in a hurry, and the temperance reformer, being only human, forgot that patience is one of the dictionary synonyms of temperance. He soon also forgot all temperance of language; and, as we all know, the temperance movement rapidly degenerated into narrow fanaticism, which has become more violent rather than less violent with that dwindling of drunkenness, the diminution of which was its original object.

Extravagant speeches, and the collection of large numbers of teetotal pledges from reformed drunkards, harmless old ladies, and little children, did not long satisfy the fanatics. In all ages the reformer in a hurry has tended to develop into a persecutor. Impatience prompts recourse to the secular arm. Conversion by precept and example is a slow and uncertain process; the heavy hand of the law is much more inviting. And so the fanatical teetotaller's mind and energies were soon turned from exhortation to compulsion; he availed himself of a group of musty medieval laws which had regulated public drinking at a time when the regulation of men's habits in general was regarded as peculiarly the province of the State; and upon this foundation he sought, and sought with success, to build a modern edifice of restriction of what he called the liquor traffic. Two things made this work more easy: the public disorder which drunkenness sometimes engenders, and the State's practice of using the liquor trade as a means of revenue. So began that long list of laws—there were no fewer than 237 of them on the Statute Book at once, until Parliament codified them a year ago—the complexities of which have been the by-word of lawyers and publicans, as their teeming absurdities have been the despair of lovers of liberty and common-sense.

But, though the fanatic may be regarded as the mainspring of this legislation, as he was of the Licensing Bill of 1908, and is of the proposal for the resuscitation of that unfortunate measure, it is not wholly due to him; he would not have met with such success had he not been aided—first, by Statecraft,

for reasons I have just given; secondly, by the sentimentalists, who count for so much in modern legislation; and, thirdly, by the class of legislator who regards restriction as the proper environment for the working man.

These various influences have built up what is generically known as the licensing system. The legislative feat is not one of which the nation can be very proud. In spite of the happy change in drinking habits of late years, it still leaves Britain a more drunken country than are Continental nations, where the public consumption of fermented beverages is left untrammelled by the law. And it has, under the plea—not a good plea at the best—of 'reducing the facilities for drinking,' turned our comfortable old inns and what should be our commodious modern refreshment houses into ugly drinking shops, whose every appointment and regulation impress upon the visitor that he enters for the disreputable purpose of gulping down the maximum amount of intoxicating liquor in the minimum time. It has produced the tied-house system, which the promoters of licensing legislation themselves denounce so vigorously; for that system has arisen solely out of the policy of restriction in the number of public-houses which began about 1869. Public-houses are the chief outlet for the products of the brewery. Relations of a more or less exclusive kind tend naturally to grow up between particular breweries and particular public-houses. It became, therefore, a matter of importance to brewers, when they saw the outlets for their productions being checked in number, to cement the most intimate relations possible with as many of such outlets as possible.

I have not space here, nor is it necessary, to analyse the various enactments for enforcing sobriety by Act of Parliament, or to show in detail how they have failed, and why they were almost bound to fail, of their intended effect; but I may just find room to remind the reader that the closing of public-houses all day on Sundays in some parts of these islands, and for most of the day in other parts, and the earlier closing on week days, inevitably tend to foster home drinking of the more dangerous kind (one bottle of spirits being more portable than half-a-dozen bottles of beer); secret drinking; rapid drinking during the final closing hours, if they are too early for the habits of the neighbourhood; and the growth of clubs, where members and friends can drink when and as long as they choose and without the surveillance of the police. I would point out, too, that the rigid discountenancing of games and ample accommodation in public-houses, which has been the stupid and insolent policy of the law and its administrators, has degraded the public-house, and therewith those who frequent it, making the house merely a

place to drink in. Again, the restriction in the number of public-houses has not only produced the tied-house system, and such evils as may be attributed thereto, but it has encouraged drunkenness in two ways: (1) By crowding the bars (their space already restricted by magistrates) of such public-houses as remain, the landlord's supervision of his customers becomes more difficult; no landlord is such a brute or such a fool as wittingly to serve with intoxicating liquor an already drunken man, but he cannot so easily distinguish such an one when wedged in a crowd. (2) The fewer public-houses there are in the town the more likely is a convivial customer to meet a considerable number of his friends in the particular house which he enters, and be subjected by a larger number, therefore, to the dangers of treating.

And, again, let me point out that the State's fiscal policy has been almost as deplorable as it is extraordinary. It is a fair estimate to say that a quarter of the price of beer is tax in one form or another, while in the case of spirits the price is almost all tax. In selecting this one class of merchandise for such amazingly heavy imposts the hand of fanaticism is easily detected. It is not all Statecraft, or even Statecraft degenerated into greed; and it is not all a puritanical penalty upon luxury, for other luxuries (save the cognate stimulant of tobacco) go untaxed, or are but lightly taxed. The adequate explanation can only be found in the assumption that heavy taxation will reduce heavy drinking—though it is a curious doctrine of public finance so to arrange your taxes that they shall defeat their proper object, which is the collection of revenue.

But no more absurd or futile effort to make people sober by Act of Parliament has ever been conceived than this of piling heavy imposts upon intoxicating liquors. Such imposts may and do restrict the consumption of a moderate man of small means, but such restriction is difficult to justify; and they may, and probably do, force the man who is not wealthy or extravagant to drink liquors of inferior quality (and here again the result of State interference is scarcely happy); but it may be doubted whether the real drunkard drinks any less. We all know that he is so weak in his will and so strong in his passions, or is so deeply afflicted with a craving arising out of mental or physical disease, that he is ready, in order to obtain drink, to make the deplorable sacrifices which the teetotal propagandists depict in such lurid colours. He is going to have his drink, whatever it costs; and the more it costs the less money will be available for the necessities of his home. When teetotal orators draw harrowing pictures of ruined homes and starving children through drink, they forget to put some of the blame upon the shoulders of

the State, and those who have induced the State to make the drink so irrationally dear.

From the standpoint, therefore, of sobriety in drink our licensing system, and the whole policy underlying it, have singularly failed; what progress has been made in recent years towards temperance has been made, I say deliberately, in spite of so-called temperance legislation and the licensing system. A simple test will prove this: Where did the movement towards temperance begin? It began among those classes of society whose members do not use the public-house, and who, except in rare cases, have not been touched by the teetotal propaganda, which has been confined to the working and lower middle classes. The movement has filtered down from the gentleman to the working man, as other movements and fashions, good and bad, have the habit of doing in this country. Neither the administrators of teetotal pledges nor the builders or administrators of licensing laws can claim any credit for the improvement which has been achieved; whereas it may well be argued that a stupid licensing system has retarded the improvement.

But we must avoid falling into the pit which most teetotal propagandists have dug for themselves—that is, of regarding sobriety in the use of fermented beverages as the one virtue worth troubling about. That is the way most heresies have arisen—by confining oneself to one particular doctrine or aspect of the doctrine, perfectly true in itself, but becoming monstrously untrue when taken out of its setting and regarded exclusively. There are other things of capital importance to our well-being besides temperance in drink. Let me name two: freedom, and the building up of character, for which a large measure of freedom is essential. Living in society, a man's freedom to do exactly as he chooses must necessarily be curtailed in some directions. It must be curtailed when a man would do something which would injure or oppress his neighbours. That is a condition, indeed, of the freedom which those neighbours are entitled to enjoy with himself. But, outside certain obviously necessary limitations of personal freedom, one needs to proceed with the utmost caution, and only the strongest case will support interference. It is desirable that men should not become chronic or public drunkards. Most men in most ages and countries are temperate enough, but there is always a minority, of varying size but usually small, of men addicted to drunkenness; and it is evidently desirable that they should cease from their vice. But when, in order that they may so cease, proposals are brought forward for State restriction of the habits and liberties of the whole population, the vast majority of which is in no need of them, restrictions which entail incon-

venience and, worse still, must necessarily act upon individual character as the tying up of an arm would act upon the muscles of that arm—then, even if it could be proved that the proposed restrictions would achieve their purpose of sobering the drunken few, would it not be paid for too dearly? Evil as drunkenness is, the absence of it is no virtue when it is produced by *vis major;* the excellent moral conduct of a prisoner is hardly a virtue worth making much of. To abolish by human force the divinely appointed area in which human free will is designed to operate is an act of blasphemy which in the early days of Christianity, in connexion with an analogous matter to which more detailed reference need not be made, was condemned by the Church. Admirably, therefore, as well as boldly, did a prelate of the Anglican Church declare some years ago, 'better England free than England sober.' And here we have the final condemnation of teetotal legislation.

'Better free than sober'—but best of all, free and sober. And that is the condition, as the Licensing and Criminal Statistics show, which we are now approaching. The question is how to help forward that desirable consummation. In other words, what is the true line of temperance reform? For some years past now I have been convinced, and my conviction grows in strength, that the true line is to be found mainly in the transformation of the public-house. The public-house is a social necessity. It is, and has long been, not only the place of refreshment for the wayfarer, but the combined club, cellar, and dining-room of the working classes. And instead of being a diminishing necessity, as the State closing of alleged superfluous public-houses would seem to indicate, it is becoming an increasing social necessity; other classes of society, even the most wealthy, are now appreciating the necessity, or at any rate the desirability, of obtaining refreshment and amusement and giving entertainment in public places designed for the purpose, instead of in their own homes. There should therefore be no question of abolishing the public-house. Our sole aim should be to transform it, in accordance with our best practicable ideals.

Let me sketch my own. The ideal public-house would be, allowing, of course, plenty of scope for local variations, a commodious and decent building, into which any passer-by might enter and call for any reasonable kind of refreshment—food or drink, the latter alcoholic or non-alcoholic. He should be able to consume these refreshments comfortably seated in a room well lit, warmed, and ventilated. He should be able not only to smoke, but if he chose, to obtain the materials for smoking also on the premises. The place should be so reputable that,

whatever his social position, he could enter it openly, and even take his wife and children with him and find suitable refreshment there for them. If he were alone he should be able to call for or purchase in the house newspapers and magazines. If he had any business to transact there should be a telephone on the premises for his use. If he had one or more friends, and the party desired amusement other than conversation, they should be able to call for cards, chess or dominoes, or quoits and bowls in the country. Or, if they desired more passive amusement, there should be music to listen to. The humblest inn could provide an hour or two a day of piano playing; the richer—the large houses in wealthy towns—could furnish a small orchestra and a vocalist or two. And there is no reason why dancing should not be permitted under due guarantees of respectability. This is the ideal public-house. Such a house as this would add to the innocent enjoyment of the people, and would be an incentive to temperance and good order. No one would misbehave himself in such surroundings by drinking to excess, or by any other form of disorder; public opinion would make such conduct impossible. Upon young people of the working and lower middle classes such a house would exercise a positive influence for good. It would improve their manners, and might improve their morals. They would be better in such a house than in prowling streets and lanes at night; and they would avoid that boredom which is the fruitful parent of all kinds of mischief.

Can this ideal be realised? It evidently can. There are difficulties in the way, of course. Has any reform ever been known that has not had to encounter difficulties? But of this I am convinced—that the difficulties in the way of the transformation of the public-house on the lines I have indicated are not insuperable.

Take the obvious practical difficulty which has been alleged—the difficulty of bringing up to a definite standard the many thousands of public-houses up and down the country which to-day not only deviate deplorably from the ideal type, but vary among themselves and in reference to the requirements they have to serve. The answer to this difficulty is that when one speaks of the ideal public-house one is gathering up into a picture a number of qualities to indicate the general type. But there will be particular types; and it is not proposed that all public-houses should conform to exactly the same standard. Let me illustrate by one or two examples.

Take first the commodious, well-appointed house in London or the near suburbs or one of the larger provincial towns—the house which tradesmen, clerks, men of business generally, and

the smaller professional men now patronise in the evening, to chat over a glass of whisky and perhaps play a game of billiards. Many of these houses have been vastly improved already in recent years, and the task of converting them into ideal public-houses would not entail very serious structural or decorative changes. The bars would be removed, or reduced to a mere service bar in a corner of the establishment; tables and easy chairs and a small bandstand would occupy the vacant space; a newspaper kiosk could be installed in one corner, and a counter for the sale of confectionery and tobacco in another; an adjoining small room would do for the telephone, and another room could be fitted with writing tables. And, just as to-day divisions are made between the various bars, so some sort of partition could be put up in the main hall to fence off the serious diners from those who only want light refreshment. Where possible a sort of conservatory should be thrown out, to give an air of lightness and coolness and to add to the pleasant and picturesque appearance of the house; and the floor would be carpeted with matting and rugs. There would be a sufficient display of programmes, setting forth the daily fare of all edibles and beverages (with prices), as well as of the music to be performed in the afternoon or evening. In most of such houses as are now contemplated it would also be practicable and desirable to provide an adjoining room where women, alone or with children, could go if they preferred it. One could instance further details, but enough has been said to indicate the transformation which could be wrought in the better-class town or suburban public-house.

But the town public-house frequented by poorer folk is even more in need of transformation. The change is not quite so easy, but it is not impossible of attainment when allowance is made for the fact that the full programme of accessories such as have been outlined in the previous paragraph would not be expected with this class of house. It is all a matter of degree. The varieties of refreshment and entertainment and decoration would be on a simpler scale—that is all. The class of customers in Whitechapel would not want (and would not pay for) such luxurious service as would be expected in Hampstead. Yet, in spite of comparative simplicity, the change would be greater than in the case of the class of house previously referred to. The light and warmth of the public-house as it is to-day in the poorer quarters of towns would be retained; but, by the abolition of the stuffy compartment system and the big space-destroying bars, fresher air would be secured, and the additional space would get rid of crowding and allow a sufficiency of comfortable seats; while inexpensive but clean and simple, well-cooked and appe-

tising food would furnish a welcome alternative to the monotonous pewter pots of beer. These and the like alterations (which in most cases could be achieved without structural extensions) would transform the average poor man's public-house out of recognition, and he and his womenfolk would quickly respond to the new conditions and improve their own appearance and manners to accord therewith. In this class of house, above all, the opportunity of resting in comfort, playing a game of draughts or dominoes, hearing the popular songs and dances on a piano and violin, eating decently cooked meals, reading a newspaper or writing a letter, would be appreciated; and the popularity of the new style of house would stimulate licensees to compete with each other in adding such comforts, adornments, and entertainments as their ingenuity could suggest, and their means render possible.

A third type of house may be mentioned—the village inn. The same sort of improvements would not be wanted here as in town public-houses, but the opportunities are almost equally great. More often than not the village inn has some ground attached which could be utilised for bowls, and other games, or a miniature rifle gallery, a dancing lawn, or an *al fresco* concert place. At the least, comfortable chairs and settees and small tables could be provided for the patronage of the public in fine weather. As to the interior, in many village inns this is picturesque enough now, and would need little more than a brightening up on lines which would be harmonious with the character of an old hostelry. A common fault at present with many of these places is that space is rather cramped in them, but the abolition of a bar, and the opening out of two or three small rooms into one large room, would usually remove this difficulty; and building out, when necessary, would not be a serious operation in a village. Where the house was of sufficient importance the adjoining courtyard could be roofed in with glass, and be floored with tiles, as I have seen done with excellent results in a Norfolk hotel.

Such attractions as musical entertainment would, of course, be both simpler and less frequent in the village than in the town, but some provision could be made for them, and they would be even more appreciated than in the town. The traveller would heartily welcome such a haven of refreshment; but the village resident, for whom it would chiefly exist, would enjoy it quite as much; for it would brighten up and dispel the monotony of village life, and the mechanical manufacture of lethargic village topers would soon die out. In the right sort of situation—the green, or the outskirts of the village street—and with the right

sort of licensee, the village inn could easily develop into one of the most charming features of English rural life.

There is no doubt of the practicability of this much to be desired transformation of the public-house. There is no doubt, either, of the popularity which would await it: Continental experience, and initial experiments at home, alike demonstrate this. All that is wanted to start the transformation is the awakening of public interest, the diversion of misplaced and miscalled 'temperance' sentiment, a broader view on licensing benches, the removal of a few useless restrictions from the Statute Book, a change in the methods and extent of taxation, and an end of confiscatory attacks upon the trade to whose enterprise the carrying out of the improvements will necessarily be entrusted. For we must not forget that the transformation would involve the owners of public-houses in some capital outlay, and though the actual work of improvement must be left to voluntary enterprise, there is this that the State can do: it can ease the fiscal burden for the purpose of encouraging enterprise and enabling the needed capital to be raised, and it can overhaul, and largely eliminate from the Statute Book, the restrictions which in times past it has imposed, and which, with the change in the character of the tavern, will become more than ever unnecessary and harmful. So much, indeed, will be only an act of reparation which the State owes to the public and the publican for its past foolishness; but in doing this rather negative work the State will, for the first time in its licensing history, be really taking a part in true temperance reform.

F. E. Smith.

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN

In Lord Tennyson's recently published *Tennyson and His Friends*, a brief chapter is devoted to Sir John Simeon, the close and chosen friend of many of the gifted and enlightened men in days when, indeed, there were giants upon the earth. I propose in the following pages to amplify the little that chapter tells of my father and his circle.

Sir John Simeon was born in 1815, the eldest son of Sir Richard Simeon, of Grazeley, Berkshire, and of St. John's in the Isle of Wight. His mother was Louisa, daughter and heiress of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, of Barrington Hall in Essex. His grandfather was senior Master in Chancery, and Comptroller of the private fortune and estates of George the Third during the time of his mental illness. The baronetcy goes back to an ancient date, as it was first created by James the First. At that time the Simeons lived in Oxfordshire, where they held large estates besides town property in Oxford, where 'Simeon Street' still exists. Their chief place was at Pyrton, and there Elizabeth Simeon, as may now be seen in the parish register, was married to John Hampden. The family would seem to have been always Catholic, as Sir Edward Simeon was the founder of the Mission at Oxford and of the little Church of St. Lawrence, the only Catholic Church there at the time of the Oxford Movement. The Oxfordshire property was sold in 1717, but later on, through my grandmother, the family came near to acquiring all the Barrington estates in Essex, as well as those in the Isle of Wight. Unfortunately, the want of the signature by one of the witnesses to a will upset their claim to the Essex property, but their title to the Isle of Wight estates could not be alienated, by virtue of Swainston being a royal manor, including Carisbrooke Castle and its manorial rights.[1]

King Egbert granted the Manor of Swainston to the Bishops of Winchester, who ceded it with legal forms to Edward the First, and the property has come down direct to the present owner through Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, daughter

[1] All that now remain to the Crown are the Castle of Carisbrooke and Parkhurst Forest.

of the Duke of Clarence, of our schoolroom butt of malmsey memory. She married Sir Richard Pole, and was the mother of Henry Lord Montague, of Cardinal Pole, and of a daughter Winifred, who married Sir Francis Barrington. When her brother, Edward Earl of Warwick, was declared a traitor and had his lands forfeited, 'It pleased the King (Henry the Eighth) that she might inherit as the sister and next-of-blood to his state and dignity, and so be styled Countess of Sarum.' She carried the Princess Mary to her baptism in the Greyfriars Church at Greenwich, and was afterwards appointed Lady Governess of the Princess and her household.

Cardinal Pole had incurred Henry the Eighth's displeasure, and a price was set on his head; under these circumstances he elected to reside abroad. The King vented his anger on the remaining members of his family, and his mother, Lady Salisbury, then over seventy years of age, was imprisoned in the Tower for two years. Henry finally signed the warrant for her execution. 'Early in the morning of the 27th of May 1541 the news was brought to this venerable lady that she was to die that very day—a high-handed proceeding, as she had never been put to trial. She walked with a firm step from her prison cell to the place of execution on East Smithfield Green, which was then within the precincts of the Tower. No scaffold had been erected: there was but a low block or log of wood. The Countess devoutly commended her soul to God, and asked the bystanders to pray for the King, the Queen, Prince Edward, and the Princess Mary, her beloved godchild, to whom she sent her last blessing. She was then commanded to lay her head upon the block, which she did. The regular executioner being busy in the North a wretched and blundering youth (garçonnau) had been chosen to take his place, who literally hacked her head and shoulders to pieces in the most pitiful manner. This is Chapuys' account. Mr. Gairdner says it is evidently more trustworthy than that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who is responsible for the well-known story, that when told to lay her head on the block the Countess replied "So should traitors do, and I am none." The executioner still insisting, she still refused, and, "turning her grey head every way, she bid him if he would have her head get it as he could, and thus she was literally hacked to death." [2] Her last words were "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness' sake." The Blessed Margaret thus wore a crown more brilliant than those of earth.

[2] Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London* will remember the doggerel of Mauger, the headsman, referring to the Countess of Salisbury:

> Salisbury's Countess, she would not die
> As a proud dame should, decorously.
> Lifting my axe I split her skull,
> And the edge since then has been notched and dull.

It was a grand end for a kingly race, for Margaret was the last in direct descent of the line of Plantagenet.' [3]

I now pass from my distinguished ancestress to my grandfather, Sir Richard Simeon. Educated at Eton in days very different from the present, he determined never to send his sons there. Nevertheless, Eton turned him out a sufficient scholar to educate his eldest boy entirely until he was twelve years old, when he handed him over to a private tutor. After two or three years in France my father matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1834. Three years later he took his degree, passing out with a creditable second class in Classics. In 1849 he was elected for the Isle of Wight, his father, who had become its first representative on the island being made a Parliamentary division of a county under the Reform Act of 1832, having resigned the seat in his favour.

I do not think that the disturbing influences of the Oxford Movement, or Newman's personal ascendency, had very much to do with my father's conversion. Besides, it must be remembered that the man-of-the-world Liberalism of the Church of England alarmed Newman long before he himself made the election to become a Catholic, and that for some years he exerted himself strenuously to prevent people from straggling in the direction of Rome. Anyhow, my father never referred his own change of religion to that awakening of the minds of Churchmen which is associated with *Tracts for the Times*, and of which we have just been so vividly reminded by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Indeed, my impression is that the dialectical controversies of that period—the sometimes over-ingenious manipulations of first principles, the reservations, the hyper-meanings or hyper-whittling down of meanings, the shadings, as it were, of what seemed to him cardinal colours, can hardly have commended themselves to his type of mind or to his notions of essentials.

The ability of the controversialists : their sincerity, the keenness and closeness of their critical sword-play were abundantly recognised by intelligent people; but as one of the least extravagant and most single-hearted of Catholic laymen, my father stuck to broad issues.

His admiration of Dr. Newman's writings was not for their polemical or dogmatic skill. This was not their appeal for him any more than it was for Dean Stanley,[4] and he had little sympathy with what Mr. Ward, in an admirable preface to his absorbing book, defines as one of the Cardinal's most characteristic contentions—namely, that apparent inconsistencies may often be

[3] Dom Bede Camm's *Lives of the English Martyrs.*

[4] 'Newman's writings belong not to provincial dogma but to the literature of all time.'

justified by reasoning from special aspects or exceptional circumstances. Thus, on a celebrated occasion my father insisted upon Newman taking the full responsibility, spirit and letter, of what he had written. This is so fully treated in Mr. Ward's book that I need not refer to it further, except as an illustration of his love of the open and the straightforward.[5]

His own secession from the Anglican Church was due to quite other and simpler causes. Perhaps sub-consciously he may have dreamed dreams and seen visions of a return to the Faith and to the traditions of his predecessors, long before the *Dominus illuminatio mea* came in the Cathedral at Mayence. I dare say that Oxford and its memories of great priests and fine scholars, its beauty, its medievalism, may have had some share in the gradual insistence of new religious opinions. It may also be that, like many others, as he surveyed the troublesome jars and acrimonies of Nonconformists, Churchpeople and Persuasions, his thoughts went back to the days when one Church took charge of the souls of one united people and represented for them the authority appointed by Heaven. But be this as it may, it was not until much later, in 1847, that the cardinal point of time was reached. My father was abroad, his mother became very ill and he was summoned home. Delayed on his way at Mayence, he went into the Cathedral very early in the morning. There he experienced for the first time the dominating reality of the power, the faith and piety of the ancient worship. He always said to my mother: 'I went into that church a Protestant and came out of it a Catholic.' The intimation was distinct, and it was accepted.[6]

My father was received into the Catholic Church in the spring of 1851 under the guidance of his friend, Manning, whose conversion had only shortly preceded his own. Among other friends who like himself had found their ground of belief untenable, were my godfather, James Hope Scott, Lord Emly, and Sir Stephen De Vere and his brother Aubrey.

Inevitably this was a wrench from many ties and associations. Apart from its more solemn and spiritual aspects, a secession—or a conversion, as I prefer to call it—was in many ways a more serious step at that time than it became a little later on, or than it is now. In those days it seems to have upset one's relations to

[5] *Life of Cardinal Newman*, by Wilfrid Ward, vol. iii. p. 290.

[6] Mozley appears to have undergone a somewhat similar experience. In his *Reminiscences of Oriel and the Oxford Movement*, he says, 'Either on principle or for lack of opportunity I had never before entered a Catholic Chapel since some friends took me to Moorfields Chapel in 1821 I think. So what I now saw (in Normandy) would come upon me with all the force of novelty, and it immediately had a great fascination for me. This was truly worship. There was the sense of a Divine Presence: all hearts were moved as one. The freedom with which the people seated themselves here and there seemed to speak of a rude antiquity.'

a degree which could hardly be imagined, having regard to their own attitude and activities in matters appertaining to religion. I recall the instance of a fox-hunting country gentleman, in many ways an excellent man, but who never attended any place of worship, and whose conversation was anywhere but in heaven. His eldest son was more seriously-minded, and became a Catholic. His father excommunicated him, not exactly with bell, book, and candle, but in a thoroughly efficient manner. The father's friends were bewildered, the son much surprised; but there it was; Mr. —— had got the thing up, and he justified his action on grounds which would have commended themselves to a Dissenting minister or a Low Church Bishop. But speaking generally, Catholics at that time were imperfectly understood. We were regarded as a strange and mischievous people who worshipped images, went to church at odd hours and on incomprehensible days, practised ineffable rites, and were not sound on Sunday roast-beef and plum-pudding. In this connexion let me quote Canon Oakeley [7]:

> It must be very difficult for those who are sons of the Church, not by adoption but by inheritance, to realise, even by a strong effort of imagination, the depth and extent of the ignorance which prevailed among members of the Anglican Establishment at the beginning of the Tractarian Movement with regard to the state and feelings of the Catholic community in England. It is no exaggeration to say that many of us knew far more about the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians or Scythians than of the characters and doings of this portion of our fellow-countrymen.
>
> I have no reason to think that I was myself at all behind the general run of my contemporaries in the advantages of education or in knowledge of the world, so that my own ideas, in early youth, of the subject in question may be received as a fair sample of the average opinions of young people at the time.
>
> I thought that the Roman Catholics of England did not at the most number more than about eighty or one hundred souls, who were distributed in certain great families over the midland and northern counties. I thought that each of these families lived in a large haunted house, embosomed in yew-trees, and surrounded by high brick walls. About the interior of these mansions I had also my ideas.
>
> I thought that they were made up of vast dreary apartments walled with tapestry, with state bedrooms, in which were enormous bedsteads, surmounted by plumes, and which only required horses to be put to them in order to become funeral cars. I fancied, of course, that there reigned around and within these abodes a preternatural silence, broken only by the flapping of bats, and the screeching of owls.

And he goes on to say:

> The strange thing is that although I have no reason to think that the subject was interdicted at home, somehow I never liked talking about it, or trying to clear up my notions by comparison with those of others. The subject never seemed to come up naturally or to lie in anyone's way.

[7] *Historical Notes on the Tractarian Movement*, p. 34.

These things being so, my grandfather, who, having regard to his own evangelical opinions, could hardly have been expected to be sympathetic, was exceedingly upset by the step his son had seen fit to take. There was no real loss of affection, but it must have created a rather uncomfortable state of things at Swainston, and for two years my father went abroad with his wife and children. They lived in Italy, and divided the time between Rome, Naples, and Sorrento: a lengthy sojourn which the ladies and gentlemen of that day seem to have had the fortitude to go through with, but which with their English tastes and habits must at times have become very irksome.

But other things besides English habits had to be abandoned. It was stated baldly in a preceding page that my father had been returned for Parliament in 1849. Parliament had now to be given up. Later on he was to re-enter it, but in 1851 he felt that it would not do to stay on: that the honourable course was to resign. Thus the growing interests and prospects of an active Parliamentary career had to cease. This was sad, for he was getting on. From the first he had elected to follow, and had stuck to, Sir Robert Peel, and from the time that Mr. Gladstone joined Sir Robert Peel's Administration in the room of Lord Derby, in 1846, Mr. Gladstone secured my father's unwavering support.

In 1865 Dr. Newman and many other people began to get very uneasy over Mr. Gladstone's political proceedings. Writing from the Oratory on the 4th of August 1865 to Mr. Keble, Dr. Newman says:

> A very painful separation[8]—really he does go great lengths, and I cannot help feeling that the anxiety to keep him, on the part of such persons as yourself, was quite as much on his own account as on account of the University. He has lost his tether now that the Conservatives have got rid of him, and won't he go lengths! I should have been in great perplexity had I been an Oxford man how to vote. I suppose I should certainly in the event have voted for him, but most grudgingly. None of his friends seem to trust his politics; indeed, he seems not to know, himself, what are his landmarks and his necessary limits.

But Mr. Gladstone's Churchmanship and character kept my father faithful, just as they kept Keble, himself a high Tory, and many others who felt as puzzled and ill-at-ease as Dr. Newman. My father's connexion with Mr. Gladstone, however, was not only personal. He had much at heart the question of colonisation, and was associated with Lord Richard Cavendish, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Godley, Mr. Beresford Hope and others in the foundation of the Settlement of Canterbury in New Zealand, which was intended to be a model Anglican colony. Some of the

[8] Mr. Gladstone had just been defeated for Oxford.

land then acquired has become valuable, and furnishes a revenue to the Church in New Zealand.

In 1854 my grandfather died, and Swainston became my father's home. The quiet and remote loveliness of the island in those days can hardly be conceived now. The prospect of the Isle of Wight in the haze of a summer's morning, as Wesley viewed it from Southampton, inspired the hymn 'There is a land of pure delight,' and it was still a rural retreat eminently adapted—as advertisements would say—for poets, men of letters, and superior persons generally. Indeed, its high qualities in this respect have almost been over-treated by a flood of Tennysonian literature. Now motor vans of appreciative trippers, often accompanied by a cornet-player, enliven and enjoy its highways and byways; but in those days the wayfarer would only encounter a bell-team waggon pursuing its stately way along the Newport Road, and might bathe his soul in the simple sights and sounds of country life which Stevenson recommends to the town lady. The lines are so elegant as to be worth quoting:

> Far have you come my lady from the town,
> And far from all your sorrows if you please,
> To smell the good sea air and hear the seas,
> And in green meadows lay your body down.
> . . . . .
> Here in this sea-board land of old renown,
> In meadow grass go wading to the knees,
> Bathe your whole soul awhile in simple ease,
> There is no sorrow but the sea can drown,
> Far have you come my lady from the town.

My father all along liked London: his cultivated and agreeable friends, his clubs, the vicissitudes and surprises of the town. Its main currents, art, literature, politics, society, all these good things he enjoyed and valued to the full, but still at heart he was a country gentleman, zealous and versed in local affairs, taking a personal and active interest, which it was much easier to do in those days than it is now, in all the proceedings of his tenantry; farming in a biggish way himself, shooting a good deal, and proficiently, at home and abroad, hunting within the limits which precipitous downs and sea-mists impose, and himself keeping the hounds as long as he could afford it. At this time Tennyson wrote to him:

> It is no more than probable that I cannot be with you to see the hounds throw off, which yet I should well like to see, for though no huntsman I love all country sights and sounds.

But all this peace was to be broken by trumpet and drum. In 1859 the dread of a French invasion led to the Volunteer

Movement. The Isle of Wight did not like the look of things. Its inhabitants felt that any day they might wake up, not perhaps with their throats cut, but to find the enemy scrambling up their cliffs. *Punch*, the best serio-comic history of those or any days, does ample justice to the Volunteers. Patriotic ardour pervaded the vulnerable island, and my father threw himself with zest into the general call to arms. He used to say, but quite cheerfully, 'There might be many a worse end than to die fighting for one's country on Afton Down.'

However, quite pacific people used to come to Swainston: there were shooting friends, but he had a good many visitors who did not shoot and paid him visits for the sake of good talks about books, politics and poetry, and long walks seem to have been their chief recreation. It was the fashion of those days. Jowett, Mr. Gladstone, Leslie Stephen, the Master of Trinity, E. Bowen, Bradley, Charles Kingsley, Wordsworth and all the Lakeists appear to have been nearly always walking. Leslie Stephen, we are told, stalked like fate in a recuperative silence. Mr. Jowett did much of his Socratic and more gentle admonishing afoot. Bowen tired out two or three Harrow boys during the Christmas and Easter holidays on walking tours. Walks are responsible for at least a third of Grant Duff's copious diaries, and always with more or less eminent persons. My mother told me that she was often impressed by the grim resolution which impelled my father and his cultivated friends to face any weather, muddy roads, and long miles, without any of those special preparations in the way of dress which everybody considers necessary now. As the devoted little party mustered in the hall I even seem to remember the thin elastic-side boot popular with early Victorians, and the light, dingy grey overcoats optimistically known as waterproofs. Yes, indeed, an occasional bout of serious walking seems to have been of physical, intellectual, and moral necessity to the thinkers, poets, and men of letters of those days. Now, perhaps, it is only their writings that are pedestrian.

So much for country life. In 1857 and in 1859 my father had been invited to stand for Parliament, but declined in favour of Mr. Clifford. However, in 1865, he consented to stand, and both then and three years later he was returned. It was a great triumph, in a constituency largely Protestant and Conservative, and he was the first Catholic to represent a county in Parliament since the Reformation. To my mind a great honour. Before the election Tennyson wrote to him:

> Let us hope that the greatest of all triumphs for yourself awaits you, a personal triumph, not because people agree with you, but in spite of all

disagreement. I hope we shall prove ourselves sensible that you are the man who has had the best interests of the Island most at heart, and has worked hardest to promote them.

To glance for a moment at his active interest in letters, I am pleased to see that Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his *Life of Dr. Donne*, writes : 'Serious attention to the bibliography of the poems of Donne was first called by Sir John Simeon in the treatise founded on a rather late MS. which he printed for the Philobiblon Society in 1856,' and he refers to an 'interesting find' which my father made of some manuscript poems of Donne's at Swanley. As Honorary Secretary of the Philobiblon Society he made various contributions to its records, wrote many articles himself in the *British Critic* and in the *Rambler*, ranging over various topics from ballad poetry to the philosophy of language, and kept in constant touch with polite letters. Referring to *The Ring and The Book*, Browning wrote to him (the 28th of December 1868) :

I rejoice that you like my poem so far, and are prepared to encounter the rest, which is all I want, as whatever effect will be, will result from the whole, though the parts go for something, too. A critic regrets I have not enlivened what you have seen 'by a few songs or lyrics.' Did not an Irish reporter once under the impulse of a good dinner call—in the pause of Parliamentary debate—for 'a song from the Speaker'?

As a regular attendant of the Breakfast Club he was one of the party, who, meeting at Mr. Gladstone's house, found themselves without butter. Domestic interruptions of any kind were sternly forbidden on these occasions. However, the need was grave. Mr. Gladstone himself left the room to report the circumstance to Mrs. Gladstone, who, like another, but a benevolent, Jael, quickly brought forth butter in a lordly dish.

His particular friends at the Breakfast Club were George Trevelyan, Henry Bruce, Lord Dufferin, J. A. Froude, Thackeray, Mr. Grant Duff, Sir Thomas Erskine May, Henry Cowper and Lord Houghton. Edward Lear was another great ally. The name alone calls up delightful memories : indeed, this was 'a fellow of infinite jest.' I possess lots of queer drawings he made for me as a child in his best *Book of Nonsense* manner and vein. As an artist Lear perhaps errs in the direction of panorama, but he was a beautiful draughtsman, and my father, who admired his work, became the possessor of what was considered his best picture, *The Crag that Fronts the Even*.

My father's health, which for some time past had given anxiety, began to fail in 1870, and in the April of that year, when speaking in the House of Commons, he was attacked by slight hemorrhage. He was ordered complete rest, and left London immediately. After spending Easter in Paris with his friends

there, the Wynne Finchs, Montalembert, Mrs. Craven, and Père Gratry, he went to Switzerland with my mother. At Fribourg, where they were staying for a night only, he was again seized with hemorrhage, and the end came very quickly. These words from a contemporary letter [9] seem to give the impression made by his sudden and untimely death :

> I do not remember another instance of death that has left such a blank in London society and among people of the most diverse dispositions and opinions. There was something so fine and genial in his nature that everyone who fell in his way was attracted, and one is quite surprised to find the most case-hardened men of the world talking of him now that he is gone with something that resembles tenderness and affection.

Loved and regretted by the friends of his London life, he was incomparably more so in his own home, for the fine gifts of his heart and intellect were enhanced by a charm of manner, an inborn courtesy, that drew all hearts to him. To this day, over forty years since his death, he is remembered in the island he loved so much and served so loyally, with a faithful and vivid affection rarely to be found in these times of hurrying unrest and indifference.

He was laid to rest beneath the beautiful old church in Calbourne village in the presence of crowds of sad friends gathered there, rich and poor, great and small. The words of the inscription on the stone above his resting-place were suggested by Dr. Newman.

Mr. George Venables [10] in a notice privately printed in the year of his death, after complimenting him on his idiomatic French, his acquaintance with the Classics, and his literary activities, was good enough to add :

> If Sir John Simeon's disposition had been pushing and actively ambitious, he might easily have achieved greater worldly success and wider notoriety, and if his life had been prolonged the appreciating esteem of his numerous friends, among whom many were themselves distinguished, would gradually have created for him a general reputation. To a certain extent his admirable moral qualities stood in the way of his intellectual and practical capacity.

This certainly savours of the pompous and stilted fashion of the time, and one cannot help thinking how differently treated would be the appreciation to-day of an intimate friend. For my part I

[9] John Ball to Sir Henry Layard.

[10] Mr. Venables was a great friend of my father's. It may be remembered that he broke Thackeray's nose in a fight at Charterhouse School, and was supposed to be the original of George Warrington in *Pendennis*. He suggested to Tennyson the line in *The Princess* : 'If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.' This has a legal smack about it; explained by the fact that Mr. Venables was at the time a leading counsel at the Parliamentary Bar, in the brilliant days of Mr. Hope Scott.

turn, with a slight sense of relief, to the beautiful sonnets of Aubrey De Vere [11] to my father's memory, which Mr. Wilfrid Ward kindly allows me to reproduce *in extenso* :

I.

This day we keep our Candlemas in snow.
Wan is the sky: a bitter wind and drere
Wrinkles the bosom of yon blackening mere.
Of these I reck not, but of thee, and oh
Of that bright Roman morn so long ago
When children new of her, that Church more dear
To liegeful hearts with each injurious year,
We watched the famed procession circling slow.
Once more I see it wind with lights upholden
On through the Sistine, on and far away;
Once more I mark beneath its radiance golden
Thy forehead shine, and, with it kindling say:
Rehearsals dim were those, O friend: this hour
Surely God's light it is that on thee rests in power.

II.

Again we met. We trod the fields and farms
Of that fair isle, thy happy English home.
We gazed upon blue sea and snowy foam
Clipt in the jutting headland's woody arms:
The year had reached the fullness of her charms.
The Church's year from strength to strength increased
Its zenith held—that great Assumption feast,
Whose sun with annual joy the whole earth warms.
That day how swiftly rushed from thy full heart
Hope's glorying flood. How high thy fancy soared,
Knowing, though far, once more thine England's crest
A light to Christendom's old heaven restored.
'In a large room' thy heart its home had found;
The land we trod that day to thee was holy ground.

III.

The world external knew thee but in part;
It saw and honoured what was least in thee:
The ways so winning yet so pure from art,
The cordial reverence, keen to all desert—
All save thine own: the accost so frank and free;
The public zeal that toiled but not for fee,
And shunned alike base praise and hirelings' mart.
These things men saw: but deeper far than these,
The under current of thy soul worked on,
Unvexed by surface-ripple beam or breeze,
And, unbeheld, its way to ocean won.
Life of thy life was still that Christian Faith,
The sophist scorns. It failed thee not in death.

[11] Of Aubrey De Vere Mr. Wilfrid Ward writes: 'To my mind the friend of Tennyson whose saintliness most completely had his sympathy, of whom Sarah Coleridge said that he had more entirely a poet's nature even than her own father or any other of the poets she had known.'

The following verses by my father I have chosen from a set of twelve poems of which Aubrey De Vere thought highly. He wrote of these: 'They are full of the sweetness and spirituality of his nature.' The poetry of these pieces seems to me for the most part very beautiful, as well as the sentiment, and many of the poems have a completeness, stateliness, and finish about them which show with what artistic skill he would have written if he had made the art a careful object of pursuit and given time to it:

To C. D. C.

Vita Tibi.

Thou for whom alone I live,
Take the life thou didst retrieve
When 'twas shipwrecked and adrift.
Never was a worthless gift
Proffered with a heart more free,
'Vita tibi'—'Life to thee.'

Take it, dearest, 'tis thine own,
Thine for ever, thine alone;
Thou didst save it: keep it now,
Help me to complete the vow
Thou long since hast had from me
Of 'Vita tibi'—'Life to thee.'

Awful words, if lightly said;
Blessed words when heart and head,
Weighing, knowing, feeling all,
Yield themselves in willing thrall
To their self-imposed decree
Of 'Vita Tibi'—'Life to Thee.'

Take it; naught but life can pay
The debt I owe thee: day by day,
Hour by hour, each inmost thought
Tells of blessings thou hast brought
To the heart whose only plea
Is 'Vita Tibi'—'Life to Thee.'

Be it mine to watch and ward,
Mine to be thy faithful guard;
Strong in deep undying love,
Thine to rest and let me prove
How well kept the pledge shall be
Of 'Vita Tibi'—'Life to Thee.'

I have many recollections of Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and Lord Tennyson, yet they seem slight in comparison with their significance for me, when it comes to writing them down. I shall never forget my first impression of Dr. Newman. He was coming to stay with us for a day or two in London, and I had formed all kinds of conceptions of his looks and ways. The

reality far exceeded the imagined, and I told my mother, rather to her surprise, that I thought he had an angel's face. I felt, I think, the spell of 'one of that small transfigured band which the world cannot tame.'

Dr. Newman gave me his '*Apologia pro vitâ suâ*,' wrote my name in it, and the words, 'as a memorial for years to come that she may remember me in her good prayers.' From that time onward he never failed to remember my birthday or my saint's day. He had a remarkable memory and regard for anniversaries, just as Dr. Jowett had. On his own birthday he wrote in 1867, 'Birthdays are awful things now: as minute guns by night.' I heard his first sermon in London as Cardinal. His affection for Littlemore is well known. My mother took me there once, and I sent the Cardinal some little bits of the ilex from the garden. He was pleased with me, and wrote me a charming letter of thanks.

My mother and Cardinal Manning were close friends, and kept up a regular correspondence from about 1854 till his death in 1891. Not the least part of a remarkable personal charm comes out in the humour—half playful, half ironical, with a quality of making the topic interesting, sometimes as it seemed in spite of itself—which flavoured his letters. I remember well, too, a way he had of characterising his acquaintance: the comments were punctuated by a telling pause and a sort of sniff. 'Good fellow,' he would say of Mr. So-and-so; 'Excellent fellow'; then the pause and the sniff; 'mute as a fish.' One realised hidden mysteries of unseen worth in Mr. So-and-so, and he remained pinned and labelled, as it were, like a specimen in one's mind. We often went to hear him preach, but admirable as they were held to be in matter, his sermons were harassed—to my mind—by the slow delivery, and their leisurely diffuseness. He had a habit of saying 'I now digress,' which was apt to cause confusion and even dismay in the minds and souls of his congregation. It meant that he had been visited by some radiant but irrelevant and misty inspiration, and these will-o'-the-wisps often led him a long way out of his course, and landed us nowhere in particular. In the days I am thinking of people were more patient of time in the pulpit, and I often wonder how Cardinal Manning's discourses would have fared in these days of twenty or even ten minutes' sermons. As a girl I often visited him in 'his lonely and sombre rooms,' as Mr. Purcell describes them, at Archbishop's House in York Place, Westminster,[12] which now exists no more. I see him so clearly in his

[12] This was originally Cardinal Wiseman's house. The lease was purchased and presented to Cardinal Wiseman soon after his conversion by Miss Gladstone. *Purcell*, vol. vi. p. 257.

rose-coloured cassock seated in a high-backed Italian chair : books stacked around on tables, chairs, and floor, the grey light from the tall, gaunt windows on his ascetic face, which at last became so attenuated that I always believed he denied himself food and fire to give to the poor he so greatly loved, and whom he helped without ceasing in a truly Apostolic way. He certainly retained for himself but the bare necessaries of life. He never kept any accounts; he called it writing epitaphs on dead money.

My recollections of Lord Tennyson are most vivid. He was very good to me just because I was my father's daughter, and would take me wonderful walks in London. These were attended with terrifying excitements; his sight was no longer very good, but impatient of any delay he would dash into the thickest traffic, even in those days sufficiently alarming, to investigate the sooty buds inside the railings of some square gardens, or anything else that happened to take his fancy for the moment on the other side of the street. I proudly accompanied him to the first night of *The Cup*, where our pleasure was a little disturbed by his anxiety lest I should prefer *The Corsican Brothers*, which had preceded it. I was able to reassure him on this point, and I do not think he could have had a more enthusiastic companion. We went behind the scenes, after the performance, to visit Miss Ellen Terry, in her glorious robes, and to inspect the wonderful solid pillars of the Temple of Artemis—a masterpiece of stage art. I remember, too, like many others, the pleasure of his reading aloud. I never was in the least afraid of him, and I recollect his own distress at having dissolved a young lady into tears by taxing her with 'dividing her time between her baby and her looking-glass.'

This is not the place for dwelling on the close friendship which subsisted between the poet and my father, but many things at home bear witness to it. He gave my father the manuscript of *In Memoriam*. It was on his birthday in the library at Swainston that Tennyson asked him to reach him a book from a shelf. As he did so, there fell out the manuscript of *In Memoriam*, which he had put there as a surprise.

It is now the cherished possession of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to which it was given by my mother and Hallam Tennyson in 1897.

One day at Farringford my father came upon the beautiful lyric 'O that 't were possible,' which had appeared years before in the *Tribute*, an ephemeral publication of the time. He implored Tennyson to introduce it into a dramatic poem, and gave him no peace until he set about writing *Maud*. Swainston and its cedars claim the distinction that part of the poem was written there.[13] And it was pacing the garden walks of

[13] *Harold* was written in my schoolroom in our house in Eaton Place, which the Tennysons rented for some months.

Swainston on the morning of his friend's funeral that Tennyson composed the sonnet which shall end this paper. The sonnet is well known, but I shall surely be pardoned for quoting it at length : [14]

J. S.

Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee :
Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men and thou
Wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods :
The Master was far away :
Nightingales warbled and sang :
Of a passion that lasts but a day ;
Still, in the house, in his coffin, the Prince
Of Courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee :
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be :
Three dead men [15] have I loved and thou
Art last of the three.

At the foot of the sheet of manuscript, now my most precious possession, Lord Tennyson wrote : ' Made on the morning of the burial while I was walking in the garden.'

DOROTHEA GROSVENOR.

[14] The writer is enabled to do this by the kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

[15] Arthur Hallam, Henry Lushington, and John Simeon.

THE CONTROL OF BRITISH POLAR RESEARCH

ACCORDING to the news received from Captain Amundsen it appears that he attained the South Pole between the 14th and the 17th of December 1911.[1] I am not going to pass any comments on his attainment of the Pole, but it would be well for my readers to bear in mind the circumstances which have led up to this achievement, and thus to judge for themselves what motives he had in view.

In December 1908 a cordial invitation appeared in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal inviting Captain Amundsen to this country, and it was followed by a gift of 100*l.*[2] This was the first step towards funds for his projected expedition into the Arctic Ocean. It enabled him to go back to his own country and report to the Storthing in Christiania what the English Geographical Society thought of him and his project. Furthermore, on the strength of his representations he received a substantial sum from his own Government, and eventually collected sufficient money to enable him to start—as was supposed—into the Arctic Ocean.

The first news of his change of plans was sent from Madeira in August 1910, and it was announced in the following April that he intended to sail south instead of north.[3] The first news of his presence in the Antarctic regions came from Captain Scott, who found the *Fram* in the Bay of Whales (or as marked on the maps, Balloon Bight) in February 1911. The preparations for his journey were evidently made before leaving Norway, and the secrecy which surrounded them, in these circumstances, to say the least of it, was not in keeping with the best sporting traditions of this country. It appears from a letter published in the *Times*[4] that Captain Amundsen had the intention of going south instead of north as far back as September 1909. In that same letter he gives his reasons for his action, which are that he had not enough money for the North Polar Expedition, and that if he could attain the South Pole his Government and people would give him enough for his projected journey north.

[1] The *Daily Chronicle*, March 8, 1912.
[2] *Geographical Journal*, December 1908.
[3] The *Times*, April 26, 1911.
[4] *Ibid.*

Looking at the Antarctic regions on the map, one is impressed by the blank appearance of this supposed great continent. Here and there appears the name of some great explorer, who has penetrated into the unknown, and either sighted land or landed upon the shore. In one place in particular there is a little cluster of names, all English, and two, especially dear to the heart of an Englishman—namely, Victoria Land and King Edward the Seventh's Land.

When we come to read the account of Captain Amundsen's journey to the Pole, as it appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, we are struck by the ease with which he appears to have accomplished his journey. There is no doubt that he has added much to our knowledge of that region, but it is only what we expected to find from the journey already made by Sir Ernest Shackleton. It might have benefited our geographical knowledge more if Captain Amundsen had landed upon some unknown part of the Antarctic Continent, and we may safely conclude that there is land in 16° east longitude. I pick out this spot because it would be directly opposite and on the same meridian as 164° west longitude. Judging from the magnificent journey he made, one is led to think he could have cut out a route for himself, from the seaboard to the Pole, and gained credit for a genuine piece of original work.

The results of Captain Amundsen's journey may be summarised by saying that he has determined the extent of the Great Ice Barrier, and explored the area between the Great Ice Barrier and the Pole, a distance of 870 statute miles from his winter quarters. It will be remembered that his winter quarters were built in latitude 78° 40′ south and longitude 164° west.

It appears, however, that Captain Amundsen has not yet achieved his chief object. If reports be true, he intends to drift the *Fram* across the Arctic Ocean. On this subject I was allowed to express my views in this Review in April 1909.

The object of the present article is to show that Great Britain has been left behind the rest of the world in Polar research, and to put before the public the reasons for such a statement.

British exploration work is mostly the result of private enterprise, but, even so, it is better that there should be at the back of the movement either an organisation under the control of a body of individuals grouped together for the special object, or one of the societies established for the purpose. In England we are accustomed to look to the Royal Geographical Society to take the lead in such matters. It has a large revenue out of which payments are made in furthering the cause of geographical research and in awards for services rendered to science, and, owing to its opportunities and connexion, it is eminently fitted for the work.

I believe that I am correct in saying that the present expert advisers of the Council in Polar matters are Sir Clements Markham, who served in the Franklin Relief Expedition in 1850-51, and the surviving members of the Nares Expedition, which was despatched to the Arctic in 1875 and returned in 1876, since which date the majority of these explorers have had no practical experience of Polar travelling. The control of the country's Polar policy may be said, therefore, to rest with a body of explorers who for over thirty years have not seen an icefield, and this body is sufficiently influential to enforce its opinions with the authority of the laws of the Medes and Persians. To leave our national interests in Polar research in the hands of such a body is much the same as if we were to place the command of our army at the present time in the hands of a man who had been distinguished as a General over thirty years ago, but has since had no practical, but only theoretical, experience. This comparison seems to me to be apt, as the last thirty years show a proportionate improvement both in Polar and military equipment and methods.

I gladly give the members of the Nares Expedition full credit for what was at that time a fine achievement, as they reached latitude 83° 20′, a distance from the North Pole of just inside 400 miles. This was done in spite of severe hardships and illness, but it is doubtful whether, even though there had been no sickness among the members of the sledge party who reached the above point, the equipment of the party was sufficient to lead one to think that it could ever have reached the Pole. Admiral Sir A. H. Markham, the Commander of the *Alert*, one of the ships engaged on that expedition, reported on his return, as follows :[5]

> I am convinced that with the very lightest equipped sledges, carrying no boats, and with all the resources of the ship concentrated in the one direction, and also supposing that perfect health might be maintained, the latitude attained by the party I had the honour and pleasure of commanding would not be exceeded by many miles, certainly not by a degree.

This view was supported by Captain Nares, and presumably it was the general opinion of the responsible members of the Expedition. Captain Nares says : [6]

> Markham's journey . . . proves that a lengthened journey over the Polar pack-ice with a sledge party equipped with a boat fit for navigable purposes is impracticable at any season of the year.

The Nares Expedition left with Great Britain the record for the Farthest North, which she had held for three centuries, having during that period continually improved her own record. As we

[5] *Voyage to the Polar Sea*, Vol. i. p. 395. [6] *Ibid.*

were within so short a distance of the Pole, it was only natural that other countries with an Arctic record should struggle to reach it first, but it seems unintelligible that we, as a nation, should suddenly have dropped out entirely from the contest and have taken no steps to regain our position, especially when the experiences of first one and then another of our rivals showed that the opinion formed by the leaders of the Nares Expedition was wrong. As a fact, the record established by the Nares Expedition has been beaten not less than five times in the space of less than a quarter of a century. The following table makes this clear :

Nares [7] . . .	British	83° 20′ 26″	May 1876
Lockwood [8] . . .	American	83° 24′	May 1882
Nansen [9] . . .	Norwegian	86° 13′	April 1895
Cagni [10] . . .	Italian	86° 34′	April 1900
Peary [11] . . .	American	87° 6′	April 1906
Peary [12] . . .	American	90°	April 1909

In spite of all the successive achievements mentioned above, the Royal Geographical Society has taken no steps to put a British Arctic Expedition into the field.

It is impossible to believe that the survivors of the Nares Expedition were lacking in patriotic desire that their successors should accomplish what they themselves had failed to do, or that the North Pole had suddenly lost its fascination after so many centuries, or that there had arisen in the country a feeling, whether induced by modesty or generosity, that we no longer wished to monopolise the record for the Farthest North ; but at any rate there was a sudden termination of all British Arctic exploration, the chief reason for which appears to have been that the body of experts which ruled the Council of the Society did not or would not realise that there were other ways of attacking the Pole than along a route which they had found impracticable. The actual personal experience of the Arctic authorities in the Society formed an argument which might have carried weight with the Council until the return of Nansen's Expedition, as neither the De Long Expedition in the *Jeanette* nor the Greely Expedition (the only two of any importance between the Nares Expedition and Nansen's) gave any indication that the opinion formed by the leaders of the Nares Expedition was not justified.

Nansen's Expedition marked a new era in Polar exploration. His scheme did not find favour with the experts of the Society.

[7] *Voyage to the Polar Sea*, vol. i. p. 377.
[8] *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*, by Greely, p. 231.
[9] Nansen's *Farthest North*, vol. ii. p. 142.
[10] *On the Pole Star in the Arctic Sea*, p. 492.
[11] *Nearest the Pole*, by Peary, p. 134.
[12] *The North Pole*, by Peary, p. 257.

It was, no doubt, a bold one, and not conventional, and there was no precedent by which the chances of its success or failure could be judged, and, as every public body has to be careful not to make mistakes, there may have been some justification for the hesitation of the experts in advising the Council to give its support to such an absolutely untried experiment. When, however, on the return of the expedition, it was found that Nansen had reached a point nearly three degrees further north than the leaders of the Nares Expedition declared to be possible of attainment by even the best equipped expedition, that he had done so with only one companion and a few dogs, that the sledge journey was made over rough pack-ice such as the Nares Expedition had encountered, and that no instance of scurvy had occurred among the members of the expedition during the entire period of their sojourn in the Frozen North, surely it was full time that the Society should have moved with the view to considering the advisability of despatching another expedition to the Arctic Regions, taking advantage of the experience gained by Nansen. The latter was given a well-merited special medal of the Society, and with this graceful but not arduous duty the temporarily revived Polar enthusiasm of the Council appears to have died down again.

To show that Nansen's ice journey was not 'a flash in the pan' in Arctic travelling, we find a few years later an even longer sledge journey over the Polar pack-ice made by Captain Cagni, of the Duke of Abruzzi's Italian Expedition, who covered a distance of five degrees of latitude over the ice. Captain Cagni started on this ice journey some distance to the south of the point at which the Nares Expedition took the ice, but beat the latter's record by over three degrees. This expedition was of great value in confirming the fact that the most, if not only, practicable way of attempting to reach the North Pole was by sledge.

Finally, we come to Peary. If Nansen's Expedition created a new era in Polar exploration, Peary's exploits have created another, and his last expedition to the North Pole has brought forward more prominently than any other set of circumstances could have done the ground lost by Great Britain in Arctic work.

Extremes meet in comparing Peary's work with the Society's inactivity during the same period. I would ask the Society's advisers to note how Peary spent years in studying on the spot not only the ice problems of the Arctic Regions, but also the Eskimo, upon whose help he meant ultimately to depend for carrying out his project for reaching the North Pole, and in learning their language. His experience of the Frozen North extended from 1886 to 1909, during which period he passed eight

winters and nearly twice as many summers in the Arctic Regions. No detail which could be advantageously improved upon, whether in equipment or otherwise, appears to have been too small to take trouble about. Nobody grudges Peary his title to be the discoverer of the North Pole, for no one has devoted to the subject any appreciable part of the time and trouble that he has done; but, however much we feel that Peary genuinely deserves the honour, we cannot, in the circumstances, help feeling a keen regret that steps were not taken to gain the honour for Great Britain. Peary's telegram announcing that he had secured the North Pole for America caused a painful sensation throughout the British Empire, as the most lethargic of our countrymen knew that the English had been looked upon for centuries as the pioneers of the Arctic Regions. I believe that I represent a not inconsiderable body of public opinion, both inside and outside the Society, when I say that in the matter of Arctic work the Royal Geographical Society 'has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.'

I find the sum total of the Royal Geographical Society's active British Polar work during the last thirty years appears to be, (1) the *Discovery* Expedition to the Antarctic, the value of which seems to be out of all proportion to its cost, and (2) the expedition at present in the field under the same commander. The following list shows the grants made, since the return of the Nares Expedition, to Polar Explorers:

		£	*s.*	*d.*
1882	Eira Relief Expedition . . .	1000	0	0
1892	Dr. Nansen's Arctic Expedition . .	300	0	0
1896	Sir Martin Conway (Spitzbergen) . .	300	0	0
1901	National Antarctic Expedition . .	5000	0	0
1902	National Antarctic Expedition . .	3000	0	0
1903	Captain R. Amundsen's Arctic Expedition	100	0	0
1906	E. Mikkelsen's Arctic Expedition .	200	0	0
1906	E. Mikkelsen's Arctic Expedition .	46	0	0
1908	E. Mikkelsen's Arctic Expedition .	126	11	2
1909	Captain R. Amundsen's Arctic Expedition	100	0	0
1910	National Antarctic Expedition . .	500	0	0
1911	National Antarctic Expedition . .	1000	0	0
—	Dr. Mawson's Antarctic Expedition .	500	0	0

The grants of money, therefore, have been made as follows:—

1.	To Captain Scott's two Antarctic Expeditions .	£9500
2.	To British Polar Explorers	1800
3.	To Foreign Arctic Explorers	872

In endeavouring to arrive at a reason for the Society's inaction in the matter of Polar research, I am driven to the conclusion that their experts have the conviction that none but

their own nominees should be sent out in charge of any expedition to either Pole. If this be so, the Poles are 'close boroughs' of the experts, and I have formed the impression that the Society favours Naval men only as their nominees for this purpose.

In common with all my countrymen, I have the deepest respect for our Navy, and would as soon have the 'handy man' as anyone else with me when difficulties have to be faced, but an officer who is keen on his work and wishes to rise in his profession is not always ready to throw up his prospects to take the command of such an expedition. Assuming his safe return, covered with glory, he resumes his place in the service, and, though he has been out of touch with his profession for some years, he may return to be placed over the heads of men who have continued working and are up to every new move in the naval game. Polar work, although a fine experience for any seafaring man, can in no circumstances be considered as an assistance in the highly technical education which a naval man of the present day requires, and promotion for duties of such a character is not popular in the Navy, nor is it in the interest of the service.

As to the command of Polar expeditions being entrusted to naval men, I grant that, when a ship is despatched to either Polar Sea, the ship must be in command of a seaman, but the Royal Navy has not the monopoly of the knowledge suitable for such an expedition. I contend that in the Polar regions the men best suited for such work are captains of whaling ships, some of whom have spent their lives within the Arctic Circle, and have had opportunities of experience which Naval Officers cannot acquire. Neither Nansen nor Captain Bartlett was a member of his country's navy, though Lockwood and Cagni were, yet the work done by the former two is enough to show that, if other nations can succeed without the services of their naval men, it is worth while for us, too, to give the experiment a trial. Peary, though an engineer in the United States Navy, appears to have done but little active service in it.

In support of my 'close borough' theory I will give three illustrations.

First, Dr. W. S. Bruce went to the Antarctic before Captain Scott, and did remarkably fine work. He sailed in the *Balæna*, as naturalist, in 1892, and reached nearly 68° south latitude. An account of this voyage appeared in the *Geographical Journal*, May 1896. Moreover, he acted as zoologist to the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition to Franz Josef Land, as well as to Major Andrew Coats' Expedition to Nova Zembla and Barent's Sea. He has received no support from the Royal Geographical

Society, unless their awards can be so termed. It must be remembered that Dr. Bruce's plan of exploration was a much better one than Captain Scott's, and would have been a great conquest if it could have been carried out.

Dr. Bruce discovered Coats' Land in the *Scotia* Expedition, and after his return his plans, as given in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, were to establish two bases, one on Coats' Land and the other at the western end of Ross' Great Ice Barrier, and to start a party from each base which were to meet at the South Pole. In this way Dr. Bruce thought it would be possible to explore the Antarctic Continent from Coats' Land to the Ross Sea. Unfortunately, this project, like so many others, was not considered possible by the Polar experts of this country. With my knowledge of Polar exploration, I am sure that such journeys were quite possible, if attempted by Polar explorers of experience, and we have Captain Amundsen's journey before us, which rather tends to show that Dr. Bruce was quite right. Unfortunately, if anyone submits original plans to the expert advisers of the Royal Geographical Society on Polar matters, he is at once subjected to objections such as were given to Dr. Nansen.

Dr. Bruce also went out in command of the Scottish Expedition on board the *Scotia* at the same time as Captain Scott went in the *Discovery*. Surely there was ample work for two expeditions from this country, and although the *Scotia* Expedition had no funds to be compared with those of the *Discovery*, it carried out useful scientific research in the Weddell Sea.

Secondly, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who succeeded Captain Scott as a South Polar explorer, received no support from the Society other than the loan of an instrument, and why? Presumably, because he was not one of their nominees. On his return the Society killed the fatted calf for him, and partook of the meat, but history does not say whether the meat was palatable.

Thirdly, no better illustration can be brought forward than that of the late Mr. David Hanbury. It is probable that few people have heard of Mr. David Hanbury as a Polar explorer, but to my mind he did some of the best work of modern times. He was by nature a Polar explorer, he had learned how to use snow-shoes, how to build snow houses, how to clothe himself and how to feed himself in the Polar regions, and, above all, how to drive dogs. These appear very simple accomplishments, but they take a long time to acquire, and every leader of a Polar expedition should have this knowledge. The man who can construct snow houses easily and quickly—a most difficult accomplishment—gets his proper rest at night, because he can keep

warm, and is fit to work during the day. Dogs are the only means of locomotion really valuable in the Polar regions. They go on top of the snow, where men without snow-shoes, ponies and motor sledges sink in. I have never tried motor sledges in the Polar regions, but I should think they would be about as much use as the balloon was to the *Discovery* Expedition.

Mr. David Hanbury started away from Great Slave Lake with nothing but his rifles, his fish nets and a small canoe. He travelled through the barren lands of Northern Canada to Chesterfield Inlet, and from there to the Arctic Coast, along that coast to the Coppermine River, and then across Bear Lake to the Mackenzie. He was away for two years, and lived most of the time with the Eskimo, and undoubtedly this journey was accomplished on the knowledge he had previously gained from the Eskimo. He made many journeys into the Arctic regions and at his own expense, but he never went as far north as the survivors of the Nares Expedition, although he made journeys that none of them could have accomplished. He is well remembered in Northern Canada as a traveller, and had the makings of one of the greatest Polar explorers that England has ever produced, but the Society sent round no appeal for funds on his behalf, nor encouraged him in any way, and, probably, never took the trouble to make any inquiry about him in those parts where his records were known, with the result that he retired from Polar exploration, and died last year. He was just in his prime when Captain Scott got command of the *Discovery*, and would have been, in my opinion, a splendid man to have had such a position.

On my previous expedition to the Arctic regions I heard nothing but good of his work, and the Eskimo would have followed him implicitly. The leaders of the Nares Expedition, however, held that the Eskimo were timid, and they consequently refused to employ them on their sledge journeys over the ice on that expedition. Presumably, they also thought that their opinion of Mr. Hanbury was not worth having, nor would it be if it were only the Eskimo who thought highly of his work.

I have given only three instances, and there were many men who were well fitted by experience to take the command of the National Antarctic Expedition. Let us now look at the experience of the man nominated or chosen by the Royal Geographical Society, and we cannot do better than take his own words out of his book, *The Voyage of the Discovery*.[13]

I may as well confess at once that I had no predilection for Polar exploration, and that my story is exceedingly tame, but such as it is it shows

[13] Vol. i. p. 32.

how curiously the course of one's life may be turned. I suppose the tale really starts in 1887, when Sir Clements Markham, then the guest of his cousin, the Commodore of the Training Squadron, made himself the personal friend of every midshipman in the four ships which composed it, and when I became one of those midshipmen and first made his acquaintance. But there is a long interregnum—until 1899, in fact; in that year I was serving as first lieutenant of the *Majestic*, then flagship to the Channel Squadron. Early in June I was spending my short leave in London, and chancing one day to walk down the Buckingham Palace Road, I espied Sir Clements on the opposite pavement, and naturally crossed, and as naturally turned and accompanied him to his house. That afternoon I learned for the first time that there was such a thing as a prospective Antarctic expedition; two days later I wrote applying to command it, and a year after that I was officially appointed.

It is quite possible that Captain Scott is as good a man as could be chosen for the command of an Antarctic Expedition. He has energy, resource, and qualities of a leader of men, and he may have achieved success in his present undertaking. For aught we know, he may have attained the South Pole before Captain Amundsen, and have remained in the Polar regions to complete his scientific investigations. If such is the case Englishmen will rejoice, and no one more than the present writer. But if this happily turns out to be the case, which it seems to me is highly improbable, the happy result is due to accident rather than to any scientific selection of men on the part of the Royal Geographical Society.

In appointing leaders to uphold British prestige the Royal Geographical Society proceeds on lines which are very different from the manner of acting in other countries, and are totally at variance with the best traditions of English exploration. Other countries take up and support the men who have already shown that they are born with that love of adventure and attraction for ice work which marks the true explorer. The Royal Geographical Society passes such an independent and enthusiastic spirit by, as not being its own creation. Nay more, it actually opposes and checks the efforts of such men.

There are half a dozen men in England, as I have shown, who have displayed all the spirit and determination of the early heroes of the ice field. In the days when individual enterprise was less trammelled by bureaucracy they would have won the support of those of their countrymen who were interested in exploration, but the chances of such support are no longer available. The Royal Geographical Society, with its widespread organisation and command of resources, is able to subordinate or efface the private adventurer. The man of rough, practical manner, who is a fool before a Committee, but is at home in the wilds of the frozen North or South, has no chance of support from the expert explorers of Savile Row. He will be passed

over, if not scorned, and some young man of equal ambition and greater influence who is anxious to win his spurs will be chosen instead, advertised, and presented to the public with all the resource and journalistic influence which the Geographical Society possesses.

It is an invidious task to point out abuses of this kind which are almost necessarily inherent, to some extent, in all societies which try to direct arduous enterprises from the comfortable atmosphere of a London clubroom. But someone must speak out. If the methods of the Royal Geographical Society are continued, the chance of Great Britain ever recovering her leading position in the world of exploration will be lost. There will be talk, advertisement, the collection of funds, and all the outward appearance of energy and effort, but the man at the helm, the pilot who is to put the British ship first in the International race, will always be the wrong man, who was not chosen by nature for the post, but by the Royal Geographical Society.

ALFRED H. HARRISON.

ORATORIO VERSUS OPERA

Musical London, or that section of London society which considers itself to be *par excellence* such, seems to have settled to its own satisfaction that Oratorio is only an entertainment for the *bourgeoisie*. The prejudice was in existence in fashionable society as long ago as the time of Handel; witness the sneering remarks of Horace Walpole, the fugleman of the *précieux* world of his day, at the oratorio performances which, he implied, no one of any consequence ever attended, and where they had 'a man with one note in his voice, and a girl with never a one,' to sing the solos. If the 'man with one note' was Beard, for whom Handel wrote the tenor solos in *Samson*, 'Horry' was certainly wrong in his facts, for a mere glance at the music is enough to show that the singer for whom it was intended must have been an executant of no ordinary powers, though probably not the equal of the Crescentinis and the Senesinos, who had been the idols of the opera audiences; not to mention Farinelli, who, even among these latter, obviously stood alone and unapproached. But Horace Walpole's sneer at Handel's oratorios was probably motived not so much by any pretence to superior musical insight as by the perception that they were not reckoned among the chosen amusements of the fashionable world to which he belonged, and were, therefore, outside of his circle of interests. They were a kind of entertainment for the vulgar who knew no better.

Not so very long ago—within the memory of people who are not very old—Oratorio had conquered a more important position than this in musical England; even in musical London. The oratorio performances at Exeter Hall in the great days of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Costa as conductor, with a band of one hundred, and a chorus of some six hundred (about the ideal numbers for effective performance of choral works) were regarded as important events in the musical world, which might be attended without involving any confession of mediocrity in musical perception; they formed an annual series of concerts to be looked on with as much respect, in their way, as the annual series of the Philharmonic Society's concerts. Now all this has changed; the Sacred Harmonic Society has ceased to exist, for lack presumably of public support, and with the exception of the occasional and

rather unequal performances of the Handel Society, oratorios seem to be now only given as a bonus to the religious public, to provide them at Christmas and in Lent with a form of musical entertainment which may appear to them to constitute, in some sort, a part of the religious observance of the season.

We have come round again, in short, pretty much to Horace Walpole's position of regarding Oratorio as an entertainment for the middle classes; but though the resultant position is the same, the reasons at the back of it are probably not quite the same. Opera, though less of an exclusive function for the upper ten thousand than it used to be, is still, no doubt, to many, the most fashionable form of musical entertainment; it is in this country (where there are no subsidised opera houses) still an amusement within the reach of the comparatively rich only; it is a function at which beauty and her equipment can be displayed with more effect than in a concert-room. But the present indifference to or contempt for Oratorio in comparison with Opera is not the product only of what may be called fashionable fashion, it is that of musical fashion also; it is the opinion or the feeling of people who claim to be more or less specially musical, and to consider music from a critical point of view. And the question propounded here is, whether this is not altogether an æsthetic mistake; whether Oratorio, considered in the abstract, is not really a higher and more intellectual artistic form than Opera; whether some existing oratorios are not greater works than any opera that has been produced so far.

Of course it may be admitted at once that Opera is a more exciting form of musical entertainment than Oratorio. But if we consider the matter impartially, I think it will be found that this more exciting character resides in an appeal to the senses rather than to the intellect. The accompaniment of scenic effect pleases another sense besides the ear, and has sometimes the element of a surprise in it; but it has also the element in it of ocular deception, often very imperfect—objects, according to a criticism at an Oxford theatrical representation, 'too obviously in two dimensions'; whereas the suggestions and the beauties of the music, taken by itself, are genuine as far as they go, and appeal to the intellect as imitation scenery certainly does not. Grouping of beautiful and effective costumes is a genuine artistic effect, and one which we cannot generally get in real life, though the numerous pageants of late years have afforded us that form of enjoyment to some extent. As to acting, nothing in the way of acting which can be of any intellectual interest or of any real or life-like power is possible in Opera. Critics talk about the acting of this singer being good, and that of the other one bad, but the difference is a very conventional one. Sung drama, even when,

as in Wagner's operas, and those of the contemporary French school, the artificial *aria* form is discarded, is so far removed from anything in real life that the true function of acting in 'holding the mirror up to Nature' cannot be realised; the nearest possible approach to it can only amount to the emphasis of the vocal declamation by appropriate and effective gesture. The opportunity afforded to the singer of singing without a book in his hand and of being free to add expressive gesture to his delivery of the music is no doubt one of the advantages to be claimed by Opera, where the music itself is of a dramatic, and what may be called a personal character; there is a great difference in effect between 'Voi che sapete' sung in a drawing-room, and the same air delivered by the love-sick youth on the stage. But not in all cases can the advantage of accompanying singing by gesture be equally obvious. The higher and more serious in style is the music, and the more abstract and impersonal the sentiment, the less room is there for expression by means of gesture. 'Voi che sapete' or 'Non più andrai' may gain by gesture; 'Qui sdegno' would not; it is too abstract, and no gesture could be added to it but would be an impertinence and a weakening of its effect. The same may be said of that infinitely pathetic tenor air in *Fidelio*, the lament of the imprisoned Florestan over his wasted life. Given the situation, the full pathos of the air can be brought out in the concert-room; the sham shackles and the painted canvas walls, and the insignia of the scenic dungeon add nothing to it; in its place in the opera they are necessary to keep up the illusion of the acted story, but it is the poignant pathos of the music that goes to our hearts; the scenic accessories are but the tinsel of the stage, and are beneath the level of the music; and many other instances might be quoted to the same effect. On the other hand, take an impassioned song written for the concert-room, such as Beethoven's scena, 'Ah Perfido'; can one seriously imagine anything added to the pathos of that by its being sung in costume, with gesticulation, amid surroundings of paste-board scenery? The question answers itself.

'Do you not care for Opera, then?' the reader may be supposed to ask. Yes; I enjoy Opera keenly, as a brilliant and attractive combination of music and scenic and costume effects; I do not add 'and acting,' because, as observed above, I think acting, in the true sense in which it has any intellectual interest, is impossible in Opera. The adequate acting of such plays as *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Lear* (if indeed *Lear* ever can be adequately acted) makes a higher appeal to the intellect than anything of which Opera is capable. But, putting the acting out of the question, regarding Opera as a brilliant combination of musical and scenic effect, more exciting and attractive to the senses than any

other form of musical art, I deny that it represents the highest use to which music can be put, or the one which appeals most to the imagination. It is inferior in this sense both to Symphony and to Oratorio; but the comparison with Oratorio is the more obvious one to make, since both that and Opera depend on the spoken word as their basis; both undertake to give musical illustration, by means of vocal and instrumental music combined, to a story in which characters and situation are illustrated and partly described by music. In Oratorio we depend entirely on the characterisation given by the music; the aspect of the scenes and personages, the nature of the incidents in the narrative, is only suggested to the imagination by the music. In Opera the scenes and the personages are represented to the sense of sight by artificial means of which the artificiality is always obvious enough. In consequence, music in Opera is no longer a purely abstract art addressed to the imagination; it is clogged with the accompaniment of an inadequate and rather tawdry realism. The result, be it admitted, is brilliant and captivating to the senses, especially of those whose imaginative faculties are somewhat sluggish; but, as already suggested, the loftier the quality of the music, the less it seems to blend with or to require the pasteboard and tinsel art of the scenic setting.

And it is rather curious to consider, in this connexion, that with all the popularity of Opera in the London musical world, it does not after all appear that it is the best and finest operas, in a purely musical sense, that are wanted. If it were, their production would pay; and if it would pay, they would be produced. How is it that there are only two operas of Mozart's that we ever hear of at all, and those two, and Beethoven's one opera, only at long and uncertain intervals; that *Die Zäuberflöte* might almost as well never have been written; that *Il Seraglio*, which surprised everyone by its beauty some thirty years ago, has been shelved ever since; that Cherubini's monumental work, *Medea*, has never been attempted since about the same period of time; that no attempt is ever made at *Euryanthe* (a far greater work than *Der Freischütz*); that Rossini's *Barbière* can be produced, while *Guillaume Tell*, which, whatever we may think of its school, is in its way a great work, is almost entirely neglected; that we needed the example of the Paris Opéra to bring about a kind of grudging recognition of Gluck's *Armide*, while we see announced the frequent repetition of the lighter work of Puccini, and others of the modern school? If the great classic operas mentioned were dear to the public, they would be frequently given, for it would be profitable to give them. Obviously they are not in demand. Oratorio is thought dull. Evidently classic Opera is dull also. What is wanted is amusement and novelty. It is a perfectly

legitimate want; only it must not be mistaken for a craving for what is highest and most serious in musical art.

And, after all, can Opera best supply such a craving where it exists? The drawback to all serious Opera, professing to represent the tragedy and pathos of human life, is that feeling of unreality which is inseparable from it, arising partly from the incongruity in the representation of men and women expressing their feelings in a medium so far removed from the realities of human life; partly from the puerile suggestiveness of stage machinery. Hence the most unqualified successes of Opera, as Opera, have lain either in comedy or in supernatural legend. In comedy we are content to enjoy the humour of the musical characterisation without being called upon to take it seriously; in supernatural legend the whole thing is so far removed from real life that we cease to feel the incongruity of its terror or pathos. In *Don Giovanni*, the greatest of operas, we have both elements. Nothing in the way of humour could be more subtle and intellectual than Mozart's treatment of such scenes as that in which Leporello banters Elvira on the subject of her lover's infidelities, or that of Don Giovanni's mock serenade, with its *spirituel* contrast between the passionate beauty of the voice part and the mocking piquancy of the accompaniment (what a contrast to Wagner's elephantine attempts at humour over Beckmesser!); and in the statue scene at the close we have that kind of picturesque supernaturalism which perhaps could only be adequately treated in Opera; which at any rate presents nothing incongruous with serious musical treatment and with scenic effect. But with the musically highest class of serious Opera, dealing ostensibly with human life, it comes really to this, that we go to it for the sake of the music, and accept the costumes and the stage machinery as something incidental which does not affect us much, and which we feel in many cases to be below the level of the music. We can hardly help feeling, in some portions of Mozart's operas, as in the second *finale* in *Don Giovanni*, and in the final scene in *Figaro*, that he has lavished splendid music on situations that are not worth it, and that the divine art is, if not degraded, at any rate misplaced in connexion with them. Wagner, though he had not an ounce of humour in his composition, recognised rightly that legend was the real atmosphere for serious Opera, and his music in its stronger as well as in its weaker elements just suits his *libretti* and his stage machinery; even the vulgar blaring of the 'Ride of the Walkyrie,' which has absurdly been transferred to the concert-room, is quite good enough to accompany the passage of a string of spectacular rocking-horses. But when one hears people talking of this kind of production as if it had a

deep moral and poetic significance, one can only regard them as so many grown-up children.

When we quit legend and comedy, and come to the problem of the musical treatment, by voices and instruments combined, of epic or dramatic narrative of serious significance, it is here that Oratorio comes to the rescue, and furnishes the opportunity for the painting of incident and the expression of character, freed both from the disproportionate costliness of the operatic stage, and from the prosaic and yet incomplete realism of stage machinery and scenery in two dimensions. Oratorio, speaking not only through the lips of the 'blest pair of Sirens, Voice and Verse,' but with the added colour and emphasis derived from orchestral accompaniment, appeals far more to the imagination than any opera, provided the hearer brings imagination of his own to meet its suggestions. And it has, in a purely musical sense, this great advantage over Opera, that its conditions can allow of the full development of an air or a chorus in complete musical form, without raising that question of the logical inconsistency of checking the course of acted drama at a critical moment, in order to allow the hero or heroine to express their feelings in a lengthened solo, which has been the constant stumbling-block of the higher criticism in regard to Opera. Not that the treatment of Opera in recitative commensurate with the progress of the wording is necessarily more dramatic, in the higher sense of the word, than Opera in which characters and situations are illustrated by the interpolation of complete compositions in extended form. All Opera is a convention; the Mozart form is one convention, that of Wagner and of the contemporary French Opera composers is another; we have only to settle which convention we prefer to abide by; and dramatic power, in the characterisation of a personage by music, may be just as well shown in the one form as in the other. Mozart, as a matter of fact, is ten times more dramatic than Wagner, in that the music he writes for a character seems to be the natural and spontaneous expression of that character, as by a kind of inspiration, while Wagner's *leit-motiv* labels produce rather the impression of having been arbitrarily chosen; they do not in themselves express character, they only notify the presence or the entrance of a special personage to whom a special phrase belongs, by which he is, as it were, hall-marked. Still, the discrepancy between the assumed progress of the action, and the arresting of it at intervals for the delivery of a long musical composition, in the old school of Opera, does afford a handle for criticism, and is a stumbling-block to those who would have all art geometrically logical. Now from this dilemma the Oratorio form sets us free. Since there is no represented action, but only poetic narrative, generally speaking rather epic than dramatic in

its nature, the musician is at liberty to develop his art fully in formal composition of chorus and air, without exposing himself to the criticism that he is arresting the action in doing so, since there is no action to arrest. As to the frequent repetition of the same words in the course of an air or chorus, if any reader is really so befogged in his mind as to the respective functions of music and poetry as to think it worth while to raise a question on the subject, it would perhaps be useless to argue with him, but he had better read Matthew Arnold's *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocöon*, where the philosophy of the matter is as convincingly expressed and illustrated, in a few lines, as it well could be.

Under the head of 'Oratorio' I am including not merely the generally recognised sacred oratorios, but all compositions of considerable length, and in various movements, for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra, whether supposed to be sacred or not; cantatas, motets, etc.; and also the concert-room performance of Masses by the great composers, for these come in a musical sense under the same head, and are performed with the same object. Devout Catholics, I believe, rather object to this transference to the concert-room of music for what they regard as the most solemn rite of their worship; but as no religious rite is simulated or travestied in the performance of the music of a Mass in the concert-room, and it is listened to and regarded as sacred music, it does not seem that Catholics have any right to demonstrate against such performances, further than by declining to attend them, if their conscience is uneasy on the subject.

The fact that the class of production entitled 'Oratorio' probably first derived its name from the performances of sacred music in the oratory of a church, has rather stamped it by tradition as a form of composition dealing especially with sacred subjects, but there is no reason in its nature for such a limitation. Handel, indeed, in his *Alexander's Feast*, *Hercules*, and other works, has shown how successfully it may be used for the treatment of purely secular subjects; and *Judas Maccabeus*, in spite of its Hallelujah Chorus at the end, and its frequent references to the Almighty as the Protector of the chosen people, is rather a martial than a religious oratorio. It is, however, in the treatment of sacred subjects that Oratorio composers have risen highest. Whatever the fluctuations of religious opinion and belief in different generations, subjects which deal with religious history and with the spiritual side of human life have had the power to evoke the highest and most serious efforts of the great composers of Oratorio, just as religious enthusiasm in the Middle Ages evoked the greatest triumphs of architecture, insomuch that one may say that without religion mediæval architecture would hardly have existed. And as the cathedrals still impress us, in days of a very different

religious creed, with something of the spiritual aspiration out of which they arose, so the religious oratorios of the great composers, however out-of-date, in some sense, the creed which they illustrate, still impress us as efforts to give expression in music to the spiritual aspiration of humanity. For the greatest of these works were not written in any merely perfunctory spirit of composition. Handel, of whose genuine religious fervour there is abundant evidence, is nowhere so great as in the two oratorios taken entirely from the words of the Bible—*Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah*. Bach's St. Matthew *Passion* and St. John *Passion*, and of course his Mass (the greatest work of the three), were actually written for religious services. Mozart put the most serious and pathetic work of his life-time into the *Requiem* which he believed he was writing for himself. Mendelssohn unquestionably wrote *Elijah* and *St. Paul* with a feeling which came from the heart, or he could never have had such inspirations as 'O great is the depth' and 'Be thou faithful' in *St. Paul*, or the 'Holy, Holy,' in *Elijah*. And religious aspiration in a new and wider form might still be the moving spirit of new productions in Oratorio :

> Why, where's the need of Temple, when the walls
> O' the world are that? What use of swells and falls
> From Levites choir, Priests' cries and trumpet-calls?
>
> That one face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and knows.

There is no need, however, to regard Oratorio as necessarily dealing with sacred subjects. As already suggested, it can treat poetic narrative of a high class, whether sacred or secular, with more musical completeness and more freedom than is possible in Opera, and without the cost and the often absurd realism (or failure of realism) of the stage machinery. There is also, it must be admitted, a danger in taking too religious a view of Oratorio—that of letting the religion get the better of the music; as has been illustrated of late years in the instance of Gounod's *Redemption*, the work of a devout Catholic, who regarded the sacred significance of the sentences set as sufficient in itself to carry off a very bald and feeble musical rendering; and in consequence his oratorio is dead already. Whether the same fate may await the religious oratorios of another devout Catholic musician it is too soon at present to prophesy; but I cannot help recording the opinion I heard in regard to them from an able professional musician. It seemed to him, he said, that anyone who had mastered the difficulties of part-writing and orchestration, and who had very fervent religious feelings, might go and do likewise. Whether he was

right or wrong one must leave it to 'that old common arbitrator, Time,' to decide.

That Handel is the great light in Oratorio, supreme above all others, no sound criticism can deny. In his works alone of this class do we find that spontaneous power of giving appropriate expression to the feeling of the words, whether they be pathetic or triumphant, grave or gay, which one can only characterise by the word 'inspiration,' a term which serves vaguely to account for and explain a power which is unaccountable and inexplicable. In his oratorios alone do we find that melodic interest and variety in the writing for solo voices which render these portions of the composition only second, if second, in musical importance to the finest of the choruses; and that completely vocal style, that accurate knowledge of what the voice can best express and execute, in which Handel is above all other composers. In this knowledge of vocal style Mozart and Rossini come nearest to him, but even at their best they hardly equal Handel in this sense, and Rossini's moral tone (if one may use such an expression in relation to music) is of course on an altogether lower plane than Handel's. As a writer for solo voices Bach, whatever his ardent worshippers of to-day may believe, has no claim to be named with Handel. His moral tone, his intent, is indeed of the highest, but his style was all formed on the organ, and he writes for solo voices as if he were writing for a solo stop on the organ. People cannot see this at present, because they are under the influence of a fashionable cult of Bach; they will possibly find it out presently. The dramatic element in Handel's solos (as might perhaps have been expected from a composer who had passed the greater part of his life in writing operas) is more remarkable and more forcible than in any other oratorios. The idea that the St. Matthew *Passion* is more dramatic because of the introduction of the 'narrator'—because one singer sings the words, 'And Jesus answered and said,' and another goes on with the words of Jesus, is absurd; anyone may be dramatic at that rate. Dramatic character resides in the music itself, not in the distribution of the parts. There is more dramatic character in 'Why do the nations?' 'Thou shalt break them,' or 'O ruddier than the cherry,' than Bach ever dreamed of in a vocal solo. When we hear his song, 'Pan's a master, without doubt,' we find out from the words that it is intended to be humorous; we should never find it out from the music—it might be a display song in a sacred oratorio; but no one would ever make such a mistake as to Polyphemus's song. The one dramatic moment in the *Passion* is the choral shout of 'Barabbas!' on a chord of the diminished seventh; the rest is contemplative, not dramatic. It may be all the more suitable for that reason; only let us have things called by their right names.

One cause that has no doubt militated against keeping some of Handel's oratorios before the modern public is the poor and trivial nature of the words, or of many portions of the words, to which they are composed; and it is a curious and interesting point to notice, that as a general rule (not without exceptions) the prosaic character of the words re-acted on the music; that Handel's music rises in character and force in proportion to the poetic suggestiveness of the words to which it is set. He sometimes set good music to poor words; but he never sets poor music to poetic words. Handel never properly learned our language, and it is possible that when he found such a couplet as:

> The Lord commands, and Joshua leads;
> Jericho falls, the tyrant bleeds,

put down for the words of a chorus, he was not fully aware what wretched doggerel it was. On the other hand, the explanation may be that, being driven into Oratorio-writing to get a living, after his reverses and losses over Opera, he felt that he could not afford to be fastidious, and must just take what he could get. At all events, it is unquestionable that if he was not alive to the monkey-tricks of doggerel in English verse, he was fully alive to the poetry, whenever there was any. Give Handel a single line, or even a word, embodying a really poetic idea, and he never fails to rise to it; numberless instances might be cited. And if we are to taboo Handel's oratorios for the poor character of the *libretto*, what about Opera? How many operas, at that rate, would survive? Opera is generally sung in England in a foreign language, and unless the hearer happens to be really familiar with the language, as with his own, the *niaiseries* of the words are mostly overlooked. But translate them, and what stuff they mostly are! Beaumarchais' paltry drama of household intrigue furnished situations for the display of Mozart's incomparable gift of musical humour, but without Mozart it would be almost vulgar. How absurd Wagner's *libretti* may be in the original language I am not familiar enough with German fully to realise; but such portentous clap-trap as they are in the apparently most approved English translation I never remember to have seen in print; Handel's oratorio *libretti* are mild in comparison; at the worst they are merely inane, they are not rampantly absurd. And after all, have they, even in Oratorio, a monopoly of inanity? Look at the words of the first chorus in Bach's *Passion*, where the chorus on one side ejaculates 'See Him!' the other questions 'How?' and the first chorus replies, 'Like a lamb.' Was it really worth the solemn machinery of a double chorus to give expression to such bald and naïve dialogue? The double chorus in *Israel in Egypt* is put to a better use than that, at all events.

But here and in *Messiah* Handel dealt with the noble language of the English version of the Bible, and, as usual, was proportionately noble and inspired in his music. In *Israel* the whole of the music is not his own, unfortunately for us, for it would be a greater work if it were, though some of the choruses which ignorant critics persist in referring to as spurious are in fact great music expanded by Handel out of brief hints borrowed from otherwise forgotten compositions; and it is in those which are entirely his own and written for the occasion that the true greatness of the oratorio consists; if it were not for these, no one would go to hear it. In *Messiah* we have Handel unadulterated; the one or two choruses not written, or at least not conceived in their main idea, for the words, being only happy adaptations from earlier work of his own. And here, in this work, we have unquestionably Handel's masterpiece, the treatment of a great religious epic in the subject of which the composer himself thoroughly believed; and here we have also the masterpiece of musical art, the greatest and most poetic of all musical compositions of which the spoken word is the basis; a judgment in which Beethoven at all events, who 'would have uncovered his head and knelt down on the tomb' of its author, would have concurred. Independently of the mere musical effectiveness of the choruses and solos, the manner in which the whole feeling of the great story is entered into and pourtrayed in its successive phases—the dawning light of prophecy; the pastoral scene of the Nativity; the tragedy of the Passion, with the subsequent triumph; the hope of the Christian in time and for eternity—shows the author as not only a great musician, but a great religious poet. Like most of us in the present day who think at all, I have passed beyond the phase of belief which belonged to Evangelical Christianity; and yet in listening to *Messiah*, so intense and so true in spirit seems both its song of tragedy and of triumph, so complete the scheme and development of the whole, that one is almost persuaded to accept it all again, for the moment at least, in the old spirit of unquestioning faith. At all events, when we consider what has been the significance to mankind of the Christian story, one may be allowed to question whether an oratorio setting it forth in so sincere and so dramatic a manner, and suggesting to the mind ideas of Divine love, of the reign of righteousness on earth, and of eternal life hereafter—whether this is not, on the whole, rather a higher subject of contemplation than an opera in which we make the acquaintance of singing dragons, real horses, and rocking-horses, and in which one of the most important incidents is that of an unnatural amour between brother and sister, suggested in a scene of overwrought passion which, with its direction at the end for the curtain to 'fall quickly,' is all but indecent.

It is to be regretted, in regard to Oratorio, that, whether in consequence of the less importance attached to it now, or from whatever other cause, the race of great Oratorio singers is becoming, has in fact all but become, extinct. The younger generation do not know it, but it is the fact, that singers in Oratorio are now applauded to the echo whom thirty years ago we should have regarded as second-rate, and have listened to merely as substitutes for someone better. People are so apt to think that this is merely the delusion of the *laudator temporis acti*, that it is necessary to add that my impression in regard to instrumental music is exactly the reverse. There is a higher general standard of execution on the violin and pianoforte now than a quarter of a century ago, and a still more remarkable advance in the finish of orchestral playing. But the art of singing has gone down. For many years past Mr. (now Sir Charles) Santley took the bass part in *Messiah* at the Handel Festivals; at the last one, though he sang in *Elijah*, I suppose he did not feel equal to Handel's more exacting solos, and for the first time at those Festivals we heard 'Why do the nations?' with the rapid triplet passages somewhat slurred and uncertain, instead of being sung in the clean-cut manner with which he used to give them. As to Sims Reeves, no one who did not hear him in the days of his full powers has any idea to what a height of artistic perfection Oratorio singing can be carried. And this decline in Oratorio singing must to some extent affect people's ideas as to the worth of Oratorio *versus* Opera. Nothing I have ever heard in Opera has affected me like Reeves's singing of the recitative 'Deeper and deeper still,' and the air 'Waft her, angels,' out of *Jephtha*; those who have only heard that sung by present-day Oratorio tenors have practically not heard it at all; and the idea that anything like a scenic setting could have added to the effect of that performance would have been too absurd to entertain for a moment. But if Oratorio is ever to take the position it once held, the raising again of the standard of vocal execution must be one step towards it. In Madame Clara Butt we have still a great contralto singer, but there is no sign of any adequate successors in Oratorio to Sims Reeves and Sir Charles Santley. When we can have really great singers in Oratorio again, then we may still better maintain the position already suggested, that the highest style of vocal performance is independent of and superior to stage attractions. Can anyone seriously imagine that the immortal air, 'Farewell, ye limpid springs,' could gain anything in effect if sung by Jephtha's daughter in Jewish costume before a property altar of sacrifice; that 'O ruddier than the cherry' would gain by being sung by a man made up as a Cyclops; or that the singer of 'Lord God of Abraham' could put more effect into it by masquerading in the

mantle of the prophet? Such songs are addressed to the feeling and imagination of the listener; to try to make them appeal to his visual organs also would merely be to drag them down from a poetic to a prosaic plane.

The Handel Society, to which reference has been made, however it may have been started with the view of illustrating Handel, has latterly somewhat deserted what should be its colours by devoting part of its limited number of concerts to works of the modern school which there are opportunities for hearing elsewhere, and thereby perforce neglecting great and nearly forgotten works which it might and should have revived. Such is the baneful effect of the hue-and-cry raised against Handel by stupid critics, echoed by popular novelists who think they are showing discrimination in following the cry, that to my knowledge some of the very amateurs who give their services in the chorus of the Handel Society sneer at his compositions in private, and have apparently to be kept in good humour by giving them the sugar of modern music of the romantic school to gild the pill of Handelism. If this goes on, the Handel Society will lose its true *raison d'être*, and might as well disband. We are indebted to it in past days for having brought out some great and neglected works; notably for having given not very long ago a fine performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, a masterpiece so utterly neglected for years back that I have come across musicians and amateurs who did not even know a note of Mozart's greatest work—hardly even recognised its existence. But have the Society yet done all they might even for Handel, that they should forsake their programme for the introduction of modern compositions which there are other opportunities of hearing? Even among his oratorios there is much fine music that has hardly even been heard. And what of the Chandos Anthems? much larger compositions than we generally understand by that word; Church cantatas rather: totally unknown and neglected. And to come to compositions other than Handel's—what of Cherubini's *Requiem*, which Beethoven said should have been his model for a Requiem? And Graun's fine and pathetic oratorio, *Der Tod Jesu*? and Mozart's choral cantatas, 'Ne Pulvis et Cinis' and 'Splendente Te, Deus'; things which we never hear; which are forgotten as if they had never been; surely the Society might spend its time better in reviving some of these than in doing works which are popularly known and can be heard elsewhere. Among more modern Oratorio works it might be thought that Spohr's *Last Judgment* was worth attention, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful and *spirituel* little oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*; and another greater work than either, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which seems to be regarded as dead and buried. I proposed this to a valued

friend who is influential at the Handel Society; personally I think he agreed with me, but he said it would be 'an impossible work now.' Why? Apparently because it is wanting in what we call religious feeling; it is sacred music in an operatic style. So it is to some extent; so is Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* (even more so); but to deny that it is a great work is as absurd as if you were to deny that Titian's 'Christ crowned with Thorns' is a great picture, because there is no religious feeling in it. Besides, I do not know that it is true of the whole work; there is real pathos in the opening chorus; in the bass air, 'Pro peccatis'; and above all, in the great duet, 'Quis est homo,' one of the most perfect and impassioned things in music, the singing of which by Titiens and Trebelli forms one of my most precious musical recollections—such a piece of duet-singing as I never expect to hear again. And if the *Stabat Mater* is too operatic, is it to be forgotten that Rossini left behind him a *Messe Solennelle*, also a great work, in a far more church-like style? I was present at the first performance of this given in England after Rossini's death, in a lecture-room at Liverpool, with forty picked voices and a grand pianoforte; and have never forgotten my first hearing of the fugued chorus 'Cum Sancto Spiritu'; it would open the eyes of the people who think Rossini could only write tunes. Surely the Handel Society might let us hear that, at all events, if the *Stabat Mater* is too frivolous!

Let me conclude with a word or two about the last Handel Festival. The introduction of Mendelssohn into the programme may be excused on the ground that it was Mendelssohn's centenary year; but if, as I suspect, it was done rather with a view of appealing to a wider popular taste and drawing a larger audience, it was a fatal mistake, equally in aesthetics and in policy. Mendelssohn is not on the same plane as Handel, nor are his choral compositions calculated to realise the highest musical value of the Festival, that of enabling us to hear choral part-writing on a vast scale; nor is there, in Mendelssohn's case, the reason for Festival honours which exists in the case of Handel, who, though German by birth, is really and practically the greatest English composer. And to many of those who habitually attend these celebrations the intrusion of Mendelssohn was a bitter disappointment, and was sharply criticised. For the first time we missed hearing *Israel in Egypt* in complete form; and the selection from it left out three of the finest and most inspired of the original choruses, besides depriving us of the repetition of the great chorus, 'I will sing unto the Lord,' which Handel knew so well was worth hearing twice over. If the management, instead of giving us the first chorus out of *Samson*, 'for the first time at the Festivals,' had had the sense to give the entire oratorio,

one of Handel's greatest, and which has never been given at the Festivals as a whole, they would have done a better work, and, in all probability, had a better attendance.

The weakness, in a musical point of view, of the Handel Festival performances has always been the want of proper proportion between the band and chorus, the band not being numerous enough to maintain the proper balance between voices and instruments, or to enable the accompaniment figures to be sufficiently heard when the whole mass of the chorus are singing. This defect has been pointed out several times, and no effort seems to have been made to amend it, which seems rather stupid; but of course the cost of the performance would be considerably increased by enlarging the band, and the experiment would perhaps have been financially prohibitive; so one must recognise the difficulties of the case and be grateful for what we can get. There are always glorious effects to be heard; the mere sight of the vast semicircle of singers is an inspiring one; and the performance of the *Messiah* choruses at the Festival in 1909 was the finest I have ever heard there; in fact, the difficulty which one might suppose to exist in keeping so vast a body of singers together in an intricate fugued chorus seemed to have practically vanished, thanks in part to the admirable conducting of Dr. Cowen, who both on this and the last occasion gave proof of his exceptional qualifications as conductor of a large chorus.

The Handel-phobia of the *précieux* group of amateurs and critics is of course increased tenfold at the idea of an extra large chorus being got together to perform some of his works, and they seem hardly able to keep their temper in speaking of the Handel Festival and of those who find a grandeur in it. 'We don't go *there*!' said a lady, with a sort of sniff of contempt, to a guest who admitted having been at the Handel Festival; the despised guest being a lady who was in fact a much better musician than her hostess. The newspaper critic who seems to be the spokesman of the party devoted an article at the time to scoffing at the whole thing, suggesting, among other things, that the Plague Choruses in *Israel* might at any rate be omitted, 'since we did not even know whether Handel wrote them.' That the said critic did not know was obvious; he gave a naïve exhibition of his ignorance on a former occasion by describing 'But as for his people' as 'Stradella's delicious chorus'; the whole composition being Handel's, and in his best way, except the one little bit borrowed from a cantata attributed to Stradella. Any of the musical critics of this school might get at the truth by the same means that I did some years ago, viz. by going through *Israel* bar by bar, with the compositions from which Handel borrowed before me. But they will not take the trouble to do that; they do not want facts;

what they want is an excuse for a fling at Handel, no matter whether the facts are correct or not.

Then we are told that Handel's works ought to be done with a few singers only, so that we may find out what is their real intrinsic merit; the insinuation evidently being that the bold bad men who go to Handel Festivals are such simpletons that they cannot distinguish between the intrinsic merit of a work and the added effect which it gains from performance on a great scale. I at least may claim to be out of that galley; for though I am an admirer of Mendelssohn, and think him absurdly underrated at present, I never was so conscious of the gulf which separates him from Handel as on the second day of the last Festival, when we had Mendelssohn following on Handel, with the same vast scale of performance for both. Every Handel Festival, if not ideal throughout (and of course the solos lose a great deal in that large space), presents point after point of overwhelmingly grand effect, fully worth going for, and which can be realised nowhere else in the world. It is all nonsense to say that scale has nothing to do with effect in choral music; you might as well say that there is nothing to choose between a parish church and a cathedral, if they were equally good architecture. In architecture as in music, scale is an important element of sublimity. I should think that I am one of the very last persons to follow or to be lured by mere popular taste in music; and I can say, most emphatically, that never have I felt exalted and carried away by anything in music as I have been by the last two pages of the 'Amen' Chorus sung by that vast Handel Festival Chorus. The effect never wears off; Festival after Festival I have looked forward to hearing once more that glorious climax of answering voices, those grand chains of imitation passages, which, given out by hundreds of voices to each part, seem to hold one breathless with emotion, and actually to realise Milton's line:

> And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

For those who can see nothing in this but matter for a cheap sneer, and who could indulge in a kind of spiteful chuckle at the idea that (for financial reasons) there would probably never be another Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace (a prognostication which has happily been falsified, for this occasion at all events), one can only feel a sincere compassion mingled with some little contempt. It is they who are the Philistines.

H. Heathcote Statham.

A FORGOTTEN GERMAN CREDITOR OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

I

KOTZEBUE can no longer be ignored in the history of English literature, nor put off with a cursory remark. And it is no small object of wonder that he should ever have been; a man whom William Taylor called 'the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has produced since Shakespeare'; whose name is associated with many of England's greatest names in the end of the eighteenth century—Sheridan, who made his biggest hit by a version of Kotzebue's *Pizarro*; Mrs. Siddons and the two Kembles, Mrs. Jordan, Kean and Macready, who found unique opportunities for displaying their powers in most of Kotzebue's plays; Mrs. Inchbald, who made a living by translating them; Hannah More, who thought it worth her while to set out on an educational campaign against him, and through whose neat prose we occasionally hear the surly bass of her old friend, Dr. Johnson. Add to these Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott.

II

By the end of the eighteenth century English dramatic literature was slowly recovering from two laborious attempts to give birth to a new species. It had brought forth Sheridan, a bright-witted, forward, but superficial offspring, and Cumberland, a short-lived sentimentalist of mongrel stock. Together with Hugh Kelly, Cumberland only just kept alive the 'bourgeois' feeling of the pioneers, Edward Moore and Lillo. But they went no further. Whatever health there still lingered in this enervated period found expression either in Garrick's ruthless, though well-meant Shakespeare revivals, or in the downright farces of Foote. As an extraordinary exception, Goldsmith's two priceless comedies have a claim to be considered here. Though they seemed strong enough to kill sentimental comedy, they did not. The reason of this lies partly in Goldsmith himself, who did not altogether escape the prevailing infection, as a close study of his work will show; partly in the very nature of senti-

mental comedy. This was not so much a French-reared descendant of La Chaussée as the lineal progeny of Richardson and Sterne, and even of Cibber and Steele. Therefore its vitality was really stronger and lay deeper than we generally believe. Anyhow, that it was not quite extinct in the end of the eighteenth century seems to appear from the fact that a *Kotzebue-furore* broke out at that period, and raged for nearly a decade. No, sentimental comedy was not dead! Few and far between were the dramatists who kept the embers glimmering under the ashes; and perhaps even they did not know that they were doing so, and cannot properly be called sentimentalists. But they were all in touch with Germany, and all of them caught a glimpse of the bright flame recently kindled by Bürger and Schiller. Thomas Holcroft, the father of the English melodrama, stayed in Hamburg and toured through Germany. Reynolds's first play (1785) was an adaptation of *Werther*, and in George Colman the Younger Scott detected 'the falsetto of German pathos.' Unfortunately the generation to which those writers belonged was too weak to keep up any tradition. Sentimental comedy was visibly dwindling into nothingness. When it awoke from its deathlike slumber, new life had been infused into it, and that new life was German.

III

What change had come over it? Sentimental comedy, in its earliest shape, had tried to appeal to our innate sympathy and admiration for virtue innocently suffering. Its motive force was simple and single. It was the same which had set the world weeping over Pamela. At least nearly the same, for if we accept Lowell's definition of sentiment, Richardson was not refined enough to be a true sentimentalist. 'True sentiment,' says Lowell, 'is emotion ripened by a slow ferment of the mind and qualified to an agreeable temperance by that taste which is the conscience of polite society. But the sentimentalist always insists on taking his emotion neat, and, as his sense gradually deadens to the stimulus, increases his dose till he ends in a kind of moral deliquium.' But true sentiment claims indissoluble connexion with moral strength and bravery. 'It is,' as Meredith puts it, 'a happy pastime and an important science to the timid, the idle, and the heartless; but a damning one to them who have anything to forfeit.' No dramatist had 'anything to forfeit' at the time, not even a reputation. Had there been anyone great enough to stand aloof and decline to pander to the rising depravity, the result might have changed the aspect of a period. But in the eighteenth century social life seems to have sucked up the very life-blood of the nation. One could not be a member of polite society and a man.

IV

Early eighteenth-century France saw the spring of sentiment bubble up in the 'comédie larmoyante.' The slender rill grew into a mighty stream when it met with a new tributary. This new tributary was Rousseau. It swelled the rivulet into a roaring torrent, whose waters swamped the whole of Europe. To describe the foreign effects of that flood would be a work of ages. Much has been written on the subject, of which the late Mr. Texte was undoubtedly the most promising student; but much remains to be written. I do not think even Mr. Brandes's work is final, and I am sure some more shelves of books will be needed to explain adequately why the Chinese ever painted the sorrows of Werther on porcelain.

In England, about 1800, Voltaire was quite forgotten, though his *Annals of the Empire of Charlemagne* were only first translated in 1781. The 'great professor and founder of the Philosophy of Vanity,' as Burke called Rousseau, was reigning supreme. Between 1752, when R. Wynne's translation of the Dijon Discourse appeared, and 1790, when the translation of the *Confessions* was completed, nearly all his works were 'Englished' by various hands. And willing readers he found, despite Dr. Johnson's bursts of anger against the 'very bad man.' Nay, more, his disciples were crowding into England not only, as was to be expected, from France, but also from other quarters. Kotzebue was coming, a son of Rousseau, more truly of his kith and kin than Byron or Lamartine, than Chateaubriand and George Sand. 'However sincere may be one's love of virtue, it sooner or later grows weak without our perceiving it, and we become unjust and wicked in action without having ceased to be just and good in soul'—this statement of Rousseau would have been readily endorsed by Kotzebue. It would be deemed superfluous to enlarge on Kotzebue's characteristics. They have been repeatedly put 'in a nutshell.' 'Apotheose der Lüderlichkeit,' says Scherer; 'Apotheose der Spatzenliebe,' emphasises von Gottschall. It is not surprising then to find that Kotzebue's teaching was to produce in England exactly the same results as the 'writings of Rousseau and his French infidels,' which Mrs. Hannah More describes in her own quaint and vigorous way: 'The chief materials out of which these delusive systems are framed, are characters who practise superfluous acts of generosity, while they are trampling on obvious and commanded duties; who combine sentiments of honour with actions the most flagitious: a high-tone of self-confidence, with a perpetual breach of self-denial: pathetic apostrophes to the passions, but no attempt to resist them.' Sentimental comedy as exemplified in Vanbrugh's

Æsop, and in the plays of Cibber and Steele, had a pervading serious tone, was essentially 'bourgeois' in character, situation, and incident, even romantic, and directly or indirectly didactic. Here was indeed a field for 'infidel' influences from France. But Mrs. More was mistaken. The infidel influence was to come from Germany. Still her mistake was a natural one, for her description applies as well to Kotzebue's sentimental plays as to the novels of Rousseau.

As for Kotzebue's other productions, they also found ready acceptance. His romantic plays fell in with the prevailing taste for scenic display which has always distinguished the English public, to whom gorgeous pantomimes and the whole 'poetry of foot' still unreservedly appeal. As for his dramatic trifles, they were sure to be welcomed in the heyday of farce by the numerous admirers of Foote. On every side, then, the doors stood open wide for Kotzebue to step in. And it is easy to see why, about 1790, sentimental comedy proper was changing under the dominant influence of Kotzebue, backed by previous influence from Rousseau.

In Kotzebue's influence two elements were to be distinguished. The one was his sentimentality, which he borrowed from France. The other belonged exclusively to him. It was something which had been lacking in England for many decades, and was lacking even in Sheridan; it was interest of plot, striking and picturesque incidents and individuality of characters—in short, stage-craft.

V

Undoubtedly Kotzebue would have won a firm footing in England merely on account of the family traits which he had in common with sentimental comedy. But as a fact he was helped besides by the direct influence in England of his spiritual father Rousseau, and by some other circumstances which we will presently consider.

At the time we are writing of, Napoleon's shadow loomed large all over Europe. Floating rumours of a French invasion kept the country in a state of nervous excitement. A politician who was, at the same time, a great orator, an acute manager, and a handy playwright, saw what possibilities some of Kotzebue's dramas afforded for playing on the country's deepest feeling, its ineradicable insularity. So Sheridan slightly altered Kotzebue's *Pizarro*, and inserted some of his own fiery harangues. The play transparently vilified the French and enthusiastically extolled English pluck in the defence of the soil. The 'boom' created by his play was absolutely unprecedented in English stage-history.

Rival authors, such as Cumberland, were not slow to follow suit, and they also were successful.

Another element of success, which made Kotzebue's plays hold the boards long after his meteor had flashed across the theatrical sky, was their adaptability to the 'star system.' Rolla, Frederick, The Stranger, Pizarro, and Cora were parts well calculated for allowing the greater actors and actresses a full display of their particular powers. No modern actor-manager could wish them better for himself or for his leading lady.

And last, not least, a powerful aid to success was the rise of Romanticism in England. The part which Germany took in this movement has been weighed and measured in nearly every way. *Werther* was translated into English in 1779, *Nathan der Weise* the year after, and *Minna von Barnhelm* in 1789. The *Räuber* had to wait till 1792, *Iphigenie* till 1793, and *Emilia Galotti* till 1794. *Kabale und Liebe* was 'Englished' in 1795. The following year witnessed the triumph of Bürger's *Lenore*, twenty-two years after its publication in Germany. Scott translated *The Chase* and *William and Helen*, and elicited three other complete translations in the very same year. He also rendered *Götz* into English, while Wordsworth and Coleridge were on their tour through Germany, from which the latter brought back, as a royal present, his marvellous *Wallenstein* version (1800). Coleridge's sympathy with Germany cannot be doubted, but the touch of constraint, which may occasionally be detected in it, is very significant. He did not go the length of thinking Goethe 'greatly overrated,' or of charging him with 'profligacy' and 'inhuman sensuality,' as Wordsworth did, but he neglected Goethe for lesser writers. He must have felt uneasy, after his first and splendid effort on *Wallenstein*, in borrowing, chiefly from Mathisson, Stolberg, Friederike Brun, and other such small luminaries. But his fault was that of all England at that time. Taking into account four capital works of each author, the average number of years which elapsed between a work's publication in Germany and its translation into English would be nineteen for Goethe, eleven for Schiller, and only six for Kotzebue. Schiller was more successful in England than Goethe. Klopstock, Gellert, Rammler—names that have now sunk into comparative or complete oblivion, rang higher than Lessing, Schiller, or Goethe. A tide of German translations swept over England, and bore Kotzebue into the very heart of the country. While *Emilia Galotti* could hold the boards no longer than three nights, Kotzebue's plays took every town by storm and continued successful, even after the interest in things German had died out. An *Ode to the German Drama*, by 'the late Mr. Seward,' which appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1799, cleverly, if not har-

moniously, states the case. I should like to quote the six stanzas, but will just give the concluding lines of the last, an English dramatist's prayer :

> The fair, by vicious love misled,
> Teach me to cherish and to wed,
> To low-born arrogance to bend,
> Establish'd order spurn, and call each outcast friend.

VI

That Kotzebue's influence was, beyond doubt, greater than has ever been acknowledged will first be seen from the number of his plays translated into English. That it did not owe much to the art of English translators is equally clear. It must be admitted that it was Sheridan's 'flair' as manager, and his handiness in adapting *Pizarro* to the English taste, which gave Kotzebue his chance. But once the way had been cleared, art or even skill had nothing more to do with Kotzebue. 'Now it was,' says a contemporary review, 'that laborious dulness, on the part of unqualified and plodding translators, acting in concert with the mercenary rapacity of speculating publishers, paved the way for the establishment of the German translating manufactory.' Vainly did 'A London Gentleman' pathetically reproach Sheridan for being able to

> . . . join the tame translating crew,
> And banish Avon's Bard for Kotzebue.

Sheridan may have taken the warning, but somehow the 'translating crew' did not, and the stream of Kotzebue translations ceaselessly kept pouring into England. We might almost say with La Fontaine of whatever dramatists the period could boast :

> Ils n'en mouraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés.

Thomas Morton's *Speed the Plough* (1798), the comedy which ushered into the world the immortal character of Mrs. Grundy, is quite Kotzebuesque. Its Miss Blandford is a copy of Amelia in *Lovers' Vows*. In Morton's opera *The Blind Girl*, Clara unmistakably belongs to the same family. Her affected simplicity and pretentious phraseology, her effeminate and flippant spirit, and her absolute want of any bracing feeling stamp her with Kotzebue's mark. Cumberland's *Wheel of Fortune* (1795) might be traced to Kotzebue's *Misanthropy and Repentance*. Joanna Baillie's *Plays on the Passions* (1798-1836) chiefly differ from Kotzebue's in that they are quite ineffective as acting plays.

In short, many volumes might be written about indirect or unacknowledged indebtedness to Kotzebue. The desolate look

of the wilderness of late eighteenth-century drama may have deterred many a seeker for literary truths; but the journey, if uninviting, would very probably be fruitful. For there the barren soil shows nakedly its geological strata. And there also may be found the still undiscovered fountainheads of the drama of to-day. This late eighteenth century is like a diseased body, where every scar and wound is plain to the sight, where every symptom is strong and easily recognisable, and may possibly give a clue to the reasons of, and suggest a remedy for, the present consumptive state of the English drama. Nor is it the drama only on which the study of Kotzebue in England sheds additional light, but also the novel. The so-called 'School of Terror,' now for ever connected with 'Monk' Lewis's name, was indebted to him for some of its gruesome properties. The above-quoted ode acknowledges Kotzebue's plays as the source of their supply of 'dungeons, chains, and blood,' and sums up in the following terms:

> Bound in thy necromantic spell
> The audience taste the joys of hell;
> And Britain's sons indignant groan
> With pangs unfelt before, at crimes before unknown.

Again, the relish for exoticism which was characteristic of the Lewis-Maturin-Radcliffe-Beckford group, however traceable to Bernardin de Sainte-Pierre, was greatly fostered if not engendered in England by Kotzebue. The contemporary announcements and reviews of books will show a large number of accounts of embassies, descriptions of, and letters from, nearly every part of the world, especially the East. The author of *Kamschatka*, *The Negro-Slaves*, and *Pizarro in Peru* is partly responsible for that craze, which was to pass through Beckford's, Hope's, and Morier's 'oriental' novels into the poetry of Southey, Moore, and Byron.

VII

By its sheer exaggeration Kotzebue's success could not but rouse reaction. Did not Neuman, the translator of *Family Distress*, argue that Kotzebue possessed all the excellence of Shakespeare without any of his defects? Others, with a touch of temper already, called him a German Shakespeare to whom Mrs. Inchbald acted as midwife and Sheridan as foster-father. Even the *Monthly Review*—which at the outset occasionally supported Kotzebue—on finding nine translations to review for one month, grew weary of it, and exclaimed: 'A register-office seems wanting for Kotzebue's numerous (we had almost said innumerable) productions, by means of which our rival transla-

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tors by profession, male and female, might escape the danger of running foul of each other, as several have unfortunately done; or perhaps an insurance office might prove a more desirable scheme.' It is very entertaining to watch the *Monthly Review's* attitude towards Kotzebue, as indicative of his popularity. Some figures may perhaps be more convincing still. From 1795 to 1805, then, the number of editions of plays and acting versions was successively: 0, 2, 0, 18, 71, 10, 13, 4, 1, 2. In the last year of the century Kotzebue reached the apex of his fame with seventy-one editions! But in 1800 the *Monthly Review* was, in its own words, 'sick of him.'

Parodies sprang up, proving both his popularity and the opposition of what was still a minority. *Pizarro* had its plentiful share of ridicule. A general skit appeared in a collection of satiric poems called *The Meteors*, under the title of *The Benevolent Cut-throat, a play in seven acts. Translated from the original German drama, written by the celebrated Klotzboggenhaggen.* But this was only a stray echo from the open warfare which several writers and reviewers had been waging against Kotzebue. Thomas Dutton, a journalist who claimed to have acquired a thorough knowledge of German by a long residence in Saxony, never ceased to oppose him in his *Dramatic Censor*. This weekly review, of which he was himself the sole contributor, is the work of a well-educated, clear-headed, and outspoken man. He was fairly unprejudiced, deeming 'the genius of Schiller . . . unquestionable,' praising Thompson's collection of plays from the German, but simply loathing 'the ill-digested, hasty, and bombastic productions of Kotzebue.' From his nationalistic point of view Dutton had every reason to oppose him, for the threatened contract between the London managers and Kotzebue for a regular supply of his newest manuscripts might have imperilled the very existence of the English Drama in this age of weakness, had it been carried out. That he attacked his foe with the utmost energy may be gathered from the fact that in the first year of his review (1800) Kotzebue is referred to thirty-six times. And his clear, crisp, and forcible English made every blow tell.

A Tory periodical, the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, which systematically opposed all new ideas from the Continent, was less fair, and sometimes scurrilous in its abuse. 'To degrade religion under the appearance of hatred to superstition, to decry all legitimate authority under the pretence of exposing tyranny, and to sanction the gratification of the most ardent of human passions under the flimsy veil of sentimental love,' such were, according to the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, 'the ends which Kotzebue had set himself to attain.' *The True Briton* joined in the outcry, and

eventually became so vehement as to elicit protest from other papers. The *Anti-Jacobin*, if less passionate, was more insidious. It tried to picture Kotzebue as a dangerous sort of person who, besides 'holding up the principles of a prostitute . . . in an enviable light,' favoured revolutionary notions. It contended that Elvira in *Pizarro* was 'nothing less than a complete Godwinite heroine, stark staring Mary all over.' This attempt to tie up Kotzbue with the mother of all female suffragists, Mary Wollstonecraft, and with her husband, William Godwin, the father of extreme socialism in England, was clever enough, and no doubt effective. Another wily move was to expose Kotzebue as one of the 'Illuminati,' saying: 'It is not for me to class Miss Plumptre (one of Kotzebue's most active translators) amongst them—nor even Mr. Sheridan—but if I were, who could disprove my assertion?' Ridiculous as this now seems, it found many believers at the time. It was a heavy charge, especially in England, where the love of fair play and straightforward dealing is national. The 'Illuminati' that were meant were the 'Order of the Illuminati,' founded at Ingolstadt in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt. They were originally a secret society of Bavarian Catholics, whose general aim was to spread moral enlightenment, and who especially attacked the Jesuits and their methods. But they had become possessed of wide-reaching means of information in every country, and were, so it was said, mysterious and terrible in their dealings. The impression produced on the English public by such scanty knowledge of them as was available abroad, was that of a secret society connected in some way with Catholics. This was enough to rouse fear and hatred, and this the *Anti-Jacobin* knew. Even Hannah More, the educational authority of the early nineteenth century, reasonable and clear-minded though she was, concurred in this attack. Strange to say, Thomas Dutton now took up Kotzebue's defence against 'that celebrated moral female quack,' as he called Mrs. More. Nevertheless, in her *Coelebs*, she advised young ladies not to waste their time in learning German, and in her *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education* (1799) she warned them earnestly against the danger of German literature, which in every form, she said, has only one aim—namely, 'to instil the principles of Illuminatism.' And as a specimen of the very worst in German literature she quoted 'the admired play of *The Stranger*.' The indictment only calls for a smile now: but it was well calculated to impress the mass of middle-class playgoers and readers at a time when deism was not quite forgotten, and when, to a country that had been carrying on war against the French Republic ever since 1793, all theories of rationalism and republicanism were hateful to a degree.

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1799! Times were getting worse and worse for Kotzebue. His splendid vitality had outlasted the fiercest attacks, and he might have held his own for yet many more years to come if the soil on which he stood had not suddenly shifted. In 1800 he dropped like a stone from the summit of his glory. The temper of the age had changed. Sensibility and affectation were instantaneously struck out from the standing list of female perfections. The languishing, fatalistic, glib-tongued, and sniggering female vanished and made room for a new type, 'the bold and independent beauty,' as Mrs. More describes it, 'the intrepid female, the hoyden, the huntress, and the archer; the swinging arms, the confident address, the regimental, and the four-in-hand.'

Kotzebue, England's idol for ten years, was down! But he must needs be crushed. For, lo! from quarters high came two more crashing bolts. Sir Walter Scott levelled a lance against the 'wretched pieces of Kotzebue,' and Byron's fiery outburst sang the German dirge:

> Awake, George Colman! Cumberland, awake!
> Ring the alarum-bell! let folly quake!
> Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
> Let Comedy assume her throne again;
> Abjure the mummery of the German schools;
> Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
> Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
> One classic drama, and reform the stage.

Thus sang, in 1808, the English Bard against the Scotch Reviewers. Was Kotzebue dead now? Yes, but his body must be trampled on. A cousin-burletta of the famous *Rovers*, attributed to Colman, and called *The Quadrupeds of Quadlinburgh; or, the Rovers of Weimar. Tragico-Comico-Anglo-Germanico-Hippo-Ono-Dramatico-Romance*, set the audience roaring at the Haymarket Theatre. This was indeed the kick of the ass at the lion. But fortunately 'the laugh,' as Dutton says, 'was at a thing of other days: the German drama . . . past and gone . . . was beyond the reach of ridicule.'

VIII

Was it the sentiment of their common Teutonic origin which drew England and Germany so tightly together in the end of the eighteenth century? Or was it their common fear of the Latin race to which Napoleon was then giving, for the second time in history, an overpowering supremacy in Europe? It may have been both. But whilst from a political point of view England was the greater nation, and eventually proved to be the stumbling-block which made the giant fall, Germany was by

far the stronger literary power. It is not too bold to say that for ten or fifteen years Germany shaped England's stage destiny. Of what Germany's drama was about 1780, England's was to be a faithful copy between 1790 and 1800. To the sharply opposed artistic poetry, as produced by Goethe and Schiller, on one side, and, on the other side, the grovelling tendency towards naturalness in art as represented by Iffland and Kotzebue, corresponds in England the conflict between the acting and the poetical drama. A reference in connexion with the former to any other names than Cumberland, Mrs. Inchbald, or Benjamin Thompson would hardly be appreciated, for they are lost in utter obscurity. As to the poetical drama we know it from Byron's, Beddoes', Shelley's, Browning's, and Tennyson's works, and from repeated experiments, to be inferior for acting purposes. There are not many more memorable failures than that of Tennyson's *Promise of May* in 1882. Neither could Sir Henry Irving, enthusiastic as was his admiration for Tennyson, greatly as he loved his part of *Becket* (1893), ever be brought to unqualified approval of the laureate's dramatic efforts.

Nothing could have been more deadly to the English stage than this dissociation of the dramatic and poetical elements. On the other hand, no triumph was ever greater than their harmonious combination, which is Shakespeare's greatest claim to worship. Now, at the bottom of this momentous event, this conflict between the acting and the poetical drama, we find—Kotzebue : Kotzebue who, by giving exclusive importance to the acting qualities of plays, severed the idea of poetry from that of drama, and who spoilt the public by lavishly catering for its love of strong excitement in plot and glaring contrast in situation. Unfortunately there never was in England a State-subsidised repertory theatre. So, nearly all the managers had to give in and minister to the popular taste, thus excluding from the stage such artists as did not sacrifice everything else to scenic display and sensational situations. Very soon these artists came to forget that a theatre is the only right place for a drama, and neglected more and more to meet the practical requirements of the stage. And now, after more than a century has elapsed, if you hear critics complaining about the poverty of the English stage, say 'Kotzebue.' If you wonder at the number of tragedies in verse, with or without 'a pageant,' announced in publishers' lists, which have never been, and will never be, on a play-bill; if you growl at the success of *The Eternal Question* and plays of the *Bella-Donna* stamp, or fret over the slow recognition of Mr. Frohman's efforts; if you feel at a loss before such hybrid philosophico-epico-dramatic productions as Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* and Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*; or finally, if you find that, besides

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Mr. Shaw, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Mr. Galsworthy, you can count the English dramatists on the fingers of one hand, then most emphatically say 'Kotzebue.'

IX

Fortunately, matters seem to have been mending these few months. English dramatists appear to have found what may well prove an effective antidote against the growing intoxication of sensationalism, viz. decentralisation in time and in space. The increasing public interest in Greek tragedy and the frequent revivals of the early specimens of English dramatic art may lead to a rediscovery of the lost formula. On the other hand, Ireland and Scotland, on which the poison never had its full effect, are making their influence more and more directly felt. If space permitted we would try to show how those factors have already cleared the air for a wholesale transformation of the dramatic atmosphere. 'Back to the past; back to the land!' might be the cry of the reformers. Of course, sovereign time and circumstance will shape the new possibilities into facts. Moreover our foresight, we know, falls considerably short of prophecy. Still, we are confident that the future historian of the rejuvenated English stage will have to quote with some gratitude the names of Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Poel, Mr. Yeats, and also of the Moffats and the late Mr. Synge.

The other alternative is that Kotzebue might prove too strong even for them.

JOS. E. GILLET.

THE CAUSE OF OUR NATIONAL INSECURITY

WHEN, after twenty years of desperate striving, the peace that followed Waterloo dropped its curtain upon the stage of Europe, the scenes which that curtain veiled passed rapidly from the mind of England. The long agony of national struggle; the enduring stern resolve; the vast sacrifices of blood and of gold, which had not only preserved the independence of England and gained or sustained England's Empire, but had enabled the European peoples to hurl aside the yoke of Napoleon—all these efforts, all these experiences, were forgotten in the tide of a great reaction. The burden which past events had imposed was present. The former need was effaced from memory. Domestic politics, for nearly a generation thrust into the background, held the board. Catholic emancipation, Poor-Law problems, the extension of the franchise, not merely absorbed public attention, but claimed the hearts and the brains of thinking men.

In this era—when the basic truths had been lost to sight that every great nation is a unit in a world of competing peoples, and that national dominion expresses only a temporary adjustment of rival forces—were born or grew up the men who gave the hue and the tone to the political life and thought of our country far into the nineteenth century. Gladstone was born in 1809, Bright in 1811; they spent the formative time of their youth in a period when questions of domestic reform plus a great philanthropic cause—the abolition of slavery—held paramount place. Although when Macaulay wrote his oft-quoted essay upon the first book of the future Liberal chief he described Mr. Gladstone as 'the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories,' the fact which he thus stated did not affect the case. For whether in advocacy or in resistance, Tories and Liberals were alike mainly occupied with internal movements in the life of England.

Meanwhile, in the kingdom of Prussia that intense nationality which had been welded in the fires of the Seven Years' War, and kindled anew in the uprising of the nations in 1813, remained a living force. The work of Stein and of Scharnhorst did not die.

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The systems of military and of educational training which they inaugurated in the years when Prussia writhed under the heel of Bonaparte brought forth fruit in distant generations, and in their later and modern developments those systems are mainly responsible for the Germany of to-day.

A continental State, lying amid other continental States, Prussia retained her international sense, while England remained national only. Perhaps if England, like Prussia, had been conquered in war, if the foot of the invader had been stamped upon our necks, if an arrogant soldiery had dominated our territory and made us eat bread in the valley of humiliation; if, in a word, the fate of Prussia had been the fate of England—then, in sequent time, our statesmen too might have remembered, and not forgotten the realities which condition a nation's life. But beyond a small and abortive raid upon Ireland, British soil was never violated by the footstep of the invader throughout the whole conflict which raged with France, with two short interludes, from 1793 to 1815.

Wrapped in her mantle of naval supremacy, England, fiercely contending on and beyond the seas, yet knew not war in her own home. Trafalgar and the fruits of Trafalgar preserved us from war's last grip. The trident of Neptune in the hand of Nelson traced round these fortunate isles a circle as of a magician's wand. And as sea power had saved us in the past, so was it relied on to save us in the future, while the immense part which military prowess had also played in the great struggle passed out of view.

Thus is the paradox true that Britain is now suffering from the completeness of her ancient triumph, while Prussia has reaped a harvest from her defeat. Stress produces strength, but the absence of it weakness. Great men have been born of Jena, and many feeblings from the victory off Cadiz.

To such a depth of nescience did Englishmen sink in the thirty years that followed Waterloo that even Carlyle could write thus:

> She [*i.e.* Britain] has in fact certain cottons, hardware, and suchlike, to sell in foreign ports, and certain wines, Portugal oranges, Baltic tar and other products to buy; and does need, I suppose, some kind of Consul, or accredited agent, accessible to British voyagers, here and there, in the chief cities of the Continent; through which functionary or through the penny post, if she had any specific message to foreign Courts, it would be easy and proper to transmit the same. Special message-carriers, to be still called ambassadors, if the name gratified them, could be sent when occasion great enough demanded; not sent when it did not.
>
> But for all purposes of a resident ambassador, I hear persons extensively and well acquainted among our foreign embassies at this date declare, that a well-selected *Times* reporter, or 'own correspondent,' ordered to reside in foreign capitals and 'keep his eyes open, and (though sparingly) his pen going, would in reality be more effective—and surely we see well, he would come a good deal cheaper'!

This passage occurs in *Latter Day Pamphlets*, *Downing Street*, published in 1850. By a singular stroke of fate, the date of the paper is the 1st of April.

As we needed no ambassadors, so also, in Thomas Carlyle's opinion, we required no navy and no regular army. This view, which was probably extremely popular at the time of its enunciation, is clearly expressed in the pamphlet following that already cited, called *The New Downing Street*:

> Our War Offices, Admiralties, and other Fighting Establishments are forcing themselves on everybody's attention at this time. . . . A perpetual solecism, and blasphemy (of its sort), set to march openly amongst us, dressed in scarlet! Bull, with a more and more sulky tone, demands that such solecism be abated; that these Fighting Establishments be, as it were, disbanded, and set to do some work in the Creation, since fighting there is none for them. This demand is irrefragably just, is growing urgent, too; and yet this demand cannot be complied with—not yet while the State grounds itself on unrealities, and Downing Street continues what it is.

Further on the true function of our Navy is indicated:

> Seventy-fours not hanging idly by their anchors in the Tagus . . . but busy, every seventy-four of them, carrying over streams of British Industrials to the immeasurable Britain that lies beyond the sea in every zone of the world.

These quotations from one of the greatest writers of mid-Victorian times display with singular vividness the frame of mind which has been inherited by our modern Radicals and peace-at-any-pricers. Our Ministers were for the most part the merest opportunists in foreign affairs (even as they are now), without the most elementary conception of the need of a national policy aiming at national advantage. A perusal of Queen Victoria's published letters leads to the belief that that great sovereign stood almost alone in her grasp of this central idea. Of those beliefs of Carlyle and of his compeers of which the events of sixty years have proved the ineffable absurdity, the great mass of the present-day Liberal party, inside and outside of the House of Commons, are the true heirs-at-law. Historically, the British Empire, as it existed when Carlyle wrote, was the result of prodigious processes of desperate contention with other competing States. If any man was aware of the fact, that man might have been supposed to be himself. Yet so completely was he obsessed by the thought current in his day that knowledge of the past possessed for him no significance in regard to the future. The vision of England as a country wrestling for ascendancy with mighty rivals, and with her trade, her wealth, her empire and her national independence dependent on the issue of that grapple, was a vision wholly hidden from his

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sight. To him, and to his contemporaries, whatever benefit the sacrifices of previous generations had gained for the people of Britain appeared an inalienable possession which the other nations of mankind would never dream of tearing from our hands. That mood, that thought, came of five-and-thirty years of peace, of a national security resting upon former victory by sea and by land, of the exhaustion of Europe and the sleep of Asia. Africa was savage. America was immature. These circumstances were all either entirely exceptional or swiftly transient, yet they existed once, and while they existed the grossness of error into which even a man of genius could fall was in a measure natural and lacked not some excuse.

But though we may thus palliate the immense mistake made by Carlyle, how can we forgive those who, living now in the light of a knowledge denied to him, and with the world's picture as it is painted to-day thrust before their eyes, can still become the victims of misapprehension equally complete? In regard to international affairs, English Radicals are the Peter Pan of politics. They have never grown up. They have never been able to understand that since the notions were formed of which they are the modern patentees, the entire condition of the world has altered. They are living still in 1850. They fail to perceive that the struggle for life, for growth, for ascendancy, which characterised the relations of the civilised peoples in the sixteenth, the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, but which had temporarily ceased in the middle of the nineteenth, has revived now with an intensity as great as, and upon a scale far greater than was ever known before.

Within four years from the time when the Englishmen of 1850 considered navies and armies to be useless encumbrances and the days of international rivalry to be for ever past, Europe was convulsed by the Crimean War. Within seven years from the same date only the trained troops of England, the scarlet 'solecisms' of John Bull, saved their countrymen and countrywomen in India from the ultimate horrors of the Mutiny. But two years later still, that is, in 1859, the freedom of Italy from Austria's oppression, the goal desired for ages by Italian patriots, was won on the battlefield by the armies of France and Savoy. From 1861 to 1865 a tremendous internecine conflict raged in the United States. In 1864 Prussia and Austria showed their reverence for the weak by bisecting Denmark. In 1866 the spoilers fought, and Moltke and the Prussian needle-gun wrested the hegemony of Germany from the House of Hapsburg. In 1870 came the colossal duel between France on the one hand and Prussia, with the southern German States, on the other. Yet seven years more, and the spear of Russia, smiting as on the gates of Constantinople, after

the carnage of Plevna and the Shipka Pass, was repulsed only by the menace of the British Fleet.

In the eighteen-eighties came the Egyptian and the Khartoum expeditions, the ravage of the Soudan, the foundation alike of the French and of the German colonial empires, the war of France with China, and the onward march of the Russian arms even until they stood, at Penjdeh, on Afghan soil. Armed rebellion against Turkish rule fashioned Bulgaria into a separate State, while in the 'nineties' Greece was taught by Turkish bullets that high sentiment and passionate aspiration were vain without military efficiency. In 1898 the United States flung aside the traditions of a hundred years, broke by force the rule of Spain, and entered into the arena of world competition by the seizure of the Philippines, whence it is possible that, before many years are past, they will be expelled by Japan.

If all these wars, and others which I have not stopped to name, were insufficient to convince our Radicals that their whole theory of international affairs was false, then the events that next followed might at last have brought the proof. In the South African war Britain had over two hundred and fifty thousand troops in the field, while the British Navy alone stood between our otherwise unguarded shores and a Europe burning to intervene—a feat which, in like circumstances, it is now no longer adequate to perform. Meantime, in a silence inspired with a terrible energy, had proceeded the renaissance of the Japanese—a renaissance not of letters, but of arms, until, in 1904-5, by sea and by land she showed to mankind a new portent, the victory of an Asiatic race over one of the mightiest empires of the West. Later still than all this, even within the last few months, a vast upheaval, fraught with infinite meaning for the whole world, has occurred in China; while even at the present time a war is proceeding between Italy and Turkey, and rumours of possible co-operation with the former Power on the part of Russia are rife in the world.

As if all this were not enough evidence of the impermanence of all political conditions, Western mankind is also threatened with an earthquake from beneath in comparison with which the fury of the French Revolution itself might pale its ineffectual fires. The 'Red Peril' already throws its lurid glare across the page of coming history, and intestine struggles on a scale unprecedented in human annals are already looming on the horizon of nearly all civilised peoples.

Yet in face of these tremendous and appalling probabilities of the near future, in sight of the storm-signs of an era of almost universal war, there are yet to be found, mainly in the realms

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of the English-speaking race, great numbers of politicians, of speakers, and of writers who either believe or pretend to believe that war is an anachronism for which arbitration can be substituted. With this belief every act of our Liberal Government has been coloured from the date of its assumption of office in 1906 until the present day. They can see the boundaries of nations but as fixed quantities, although in fact the territories of every Great Power have been in a state of flux for sixty years, and are in a state of flux now. With a fatuity probably unparalleled in the records of the past, they continue to appeal to Germany to curb the pace of her naval construction, without reflecting that this request amounts to an adjuration to our greatest rival to abandon her national ambition and to cease her national growth. The truth is that for a growing people armaments are the instruments by which expansion is achieved. Only for a people which has ceased to grow are they weapons merely of defence.

Again, our English Radicals prate constantly of 'rights.' When they use that term in relation to a nation they are the slaves of a sound, and of a gross confusion of ideas. What is a 'right' on the part of a people? An independent State has no 'right' as against other States, save that of the sword alone. The right of the individual exists only so long as the Government of the country of which he is the son guarantees that right with the armed force of that country. With the withdrawal of that guarantee passes also that right. Thus in the United Kingdom citizens had once rights as against trades-unions which did them injury, but those rights they have no longer. When the growth of a great people impinges on the territorial dominion of another, the only court of appeal is war. Arbitration as the alternative to such war involves the assumption that the immense process of territorial change which has been continuing during the last two generations should suddenly cease, and that there should be no such change in future. But will a nation such as Germany, with the motive-power supplied by a high birth-rate within it, and with every instinct of patriotism alive in its heart, ever forego willingly the prospect of national aggrandisement and the hope of territorial gain?

If once we pass from words to things, from theory to fact, we see that no nation has against any other nation any rights whatever except those which it can enforce. If the case of small States be put forward as militating against the acceptance of this most obvious truth, the answer is that those minor Powers exist only by virtue of a purely temporary balance of forces between the great empires of the world. In actual fact no nation has one shred of right to one inch of territory. The English people will hold London, as the Prussian people will hold Berlin and the French

people will hold Paris, for just so long as they can hold it, and no longer. In no case will any imagined rights help them after their ability to sustain those rights by arms shall have departed.

The view thus set forth is based on history and on the verities of human nature. But this view is the exact opposite of that taken and acted upon by the Liberal party during and since the year 1906. That party took office filled to the mouth with contrary conceptions. To those conceptions they instantly began to give effect. They laid their deadly hands on the British Navy. In the Unionist naval programme for 1905-6 had figured a cruiser of the Dreadnought type, i.e., an 'Invincible.' The Liberal Ministry dropped that 'Invincible.' In the Admiralty memorandum, called the Cawdor Memorandum, issued in 1905, the necessity was declared that England should lay down four Dreadnoughts in each year. The new Cabinet laid down three in 1906, three in 1907, and only two in 1908—in other words, they laid down eight Dreadnoughts in those three years instead of twelve. In May, 1906, a first-class battleship, the *Montagu*, was lost on Lundy Isle. The Liberal party left her unreplaced. Thus within the three years named the Liberal Government were directly responsible for a diminution of no fewer than six battle-units in what should have been our battle strength.

This diminution was idea expressed in act. Simultaneously an opposed idea held by the Government of a rival nation also took concrete shape. The root idea of our Government was the negation of competitive nationality by international agreement. The root idea of the German Government was the victory of competitive nationality by armed force. The fatuity of Britain was the opportunity of Germany. As and because we decreased our Navy, she increased hers. The Amendment of 1906 was passed to the German Navy Act of 1900. Under that Amendment six Dreadnought cruisers were added to their programme. In 1908, as British reduction had continued, a second Amendment Bill passed the Reichstag, further increasing by four the number of Dreadnoughts to be laid down. In this year the Little Navyite may be said to have reached his greatest triumph. England laid down two battleships: Germany laid down four. On our two we spent 280,000*l.* altogether. On the German four was spent in the same period of time 1,600,000*l.*

But these reductions in our battle strength, infinitely serious as they have since been proved to be, were far indeed from representing our total loss of sea power and of national safety. Provision of the desperately needed dock accommodation for our Dreadnoughts was neglected. The works at Rosyth were practically placed in a state of suspension. The extreme necessity of entering additional men for the Navy was not met, and in consequence of

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that gross omission sullen discontent—rich ground for a Socialist sower—prevails now on the lower deck of many of our ships wherein overworked officers have to overdrive inadequate crews. In destroyers Germany was allowed so far to gain upon us that the then First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna, had to admit in the House of Commons in June of last year the prodigious change to our disadvantage which had taken place. He acknowledged that whereas in March 1904, of destroyers not more than ten years of age from the date of their launch we had possessed 116, against 37 German, the Royal Navy at the date at which he spoke had but 78, while the German Navy possessed 79.

In our Estimates of last year, twenty of these vitally essential vessels were voted, of which only seven are yet complete, while in the same time the twelve laid down by Germany have been finished. As if this were not enough, it now appears, from a statement published in the *Standard*, that twelve further German destroyers have been built by a private German firm, and that these have now been acquired by the German Government.

Figures like these, however sparingly given, are apt to weary the general reader. But what they mean is that the British Fleet is threatened with inability to hold the North Sea. Without a superiority—and a large superiority—in destroyers, we cannot attempt to blockade the German ports; we cannot play the old game, the great game that was played by Nelson in days of yore, and by Togo in modern time.

But the last count to be mentioned here against the naval administration of the Liberal party is the most immediately serious of all the charges that can be brought against them. They have left the food of the people unguarded on the seas of the world. In six years, prior to these present Estimates, they have laid down but twenty-two protected and unprotected cruisers. In these new Estimates eight light cruisers only are provided for—a number of which the inadequacy is an outrage upon the entire nation. In August 1910, in an article in this Review, entitled 'The Unguarded Spaces of the Sea,' I stated the facts concerning our defenceless mercantile marine. Those facts remain substantially unaltered. 'Every child knows that here,' was the remark, concerning the use of German merchantmen in war made by the President of the German High Court which tried Mr. Stewart. It is now an absolute certainty that Germany will make the fullest possible use of the freedom, either accorded or not withheld, under Convention No. 7 of The Hague Agreements, to convert her merchant vessels into men-of-war.

The naval position of the British Empire, and the deterioration which has taken place in it during the previous six years,

stand desperately in need of being viewed as a whole, and not merely piecemeal. The English mind seems now to suffer from an ineradicable incapability to distinguish between word and deed. Mr. Churchill's statement in introducing the Navy Estimates is regarded and criticised as 'a good speech.' It matters to the country not one straw whether oratorically it was good or bad. What does concern us is the actual naval situation. This may be briefly described as follows: When the Liberal party acceded to office, our strength in battleships, according to the Dilke Return of 1906, was fifty-five against eighteen German. But as many of our vessels were far more powerful than their rivals, our battle strength was something like four times theirs. Now our battle strength is, relatively to Germany, about half what it was then. But this still existing superiority is in regard to battleships and battle-cruisers alone. In other respects the relative decline has been immensely greater. In the vital matter of the *personnel*, Germany is constantly creeping nearer to us. Her reserves are already vastly larger than ours. In docks on the North Sea, and in destroyers, her advance has been prodigious. Above all, through the arming of her merchantmen her power to inflict starvation upon the people of the United Kingdom has incomparably increased. If arrangements had been specially devised to ensure that starvation, none more effectual could be conceived than those which England herself has made. We import most of our food. We leave it unguarded on the seas. We leave it unorganised and in the hands of private speculators on the land.

Eighteen months ago I ventured to urge in this Review the extreme need of an Act of Parliament to make all food in the country on the outbreak of war become the property of the Government of the day at the market rates previously obtaining. I venture to repeat that suggestion now, and to add to it this further recommendation—that a committee of experts be at once appointed to devise a scheme for the distribution, when war begins, of the food which will then be owned by the State, and the price of which the State can therefore fix. Let us select, man with British crews, and arm some of our own merchantmen; let us prepare to retaliate on those who are scheming for our destruction the financial injury which they design to us. Above all, let England emancipate herself from ideas of which the events among mankind during sixty past years, and now, prove the dire falsity.

H. F. Wyatt.

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SOCIALISTIC IDEAS AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

I

The Statistics of Socialism

The following observations are addressed to practical men, and are confined to such aspects of the general question in view as have an immediate bearing on the problems and movements of the hour. Such being the case, it is necessary to begin by providing ourselves with some working definition, which need not be academically precise, of what, for our present purpose, we are to understand by the term 'Socialism.'

Now, it is impossible to identify Socialism in any satisfactory way with all the opinions and proposals put forward by leading Socialists, partly because as to many of these such persons differ violently amongst themselves, and partly because as to many of them such persons are in general agreement with a number, and perhaps even with the majority, of other people.

Out of the difficulty which thus arises we can, however, escape by a very short cut. Though we cannot identify Socialism with all the opinions and aims which are professed by its individual exponents, we can at all events identify it with those in respect of which Socialists are peculiar—which are professed by them, and are professed by nobody else; and these, however some of them may conflict with others as to details, have the common characteristic of being one and all of them economic. They relate to the production and distribution of purely material wealth. Socialists as men may be interested in many other things as well, but it is with regard to material wealth, and material wealth alone, that their opinions and their projects are in any way identifiably peculiar to themselves.

As grouped together by this definition, Socialists resemble a novel and peculiar school of doctors who, recognising, as everyone else does, that the body politic is afflicted in various parts with pains or sensations of distress which are obviously of economic origin, seek to submit the patient to some hitherto untried treatment, which has never alleviated a single evil yet, but which, according to them, is a common cure for all.

And the analogy between Socialists and doctors holds good in this further particular. Any ordinary doctor, when he visits a sick person, is bound to exhibit himself in two distinct characters. Before he can exhibit himself as a healer, he must exhibit himself as a discoverer of the nature of the disease which he is invoked to heal. Treatment must be preceded by diagnosis. In the same way Socialists, before they can have any ground for recommending that their patient—the body politic—should be submitted to some treatment of a totally novel kind, are bound to begin, and, as a matter of fact, they do begin, with an elaborate exposition of what they take the patient's condition to be—of the nature and extent of the maladies from which, in their view, he is suffering; of their origin, of their development thus far; and of the course which they will necessarily run unless there be a prompt application of the remedies which the Socialist advocates.

In dealing, then, with Socialism as related to practical politics, I shall aim at considering it under each of these aspects separately, and we will take it in the present article as identified with a characteristic diagnosis or estimate of the economic conditions of this country as they actually are to-day, of their origin, of their development thus far, and of future development as it must be unless the existing economic system of the whole modern world be subverted.

II

The History, according to Socialists, of the Rich, the Middle, and the Poorer Classes, since the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century

The socialistic diagnosis of society under the modern economic system in all progressive countries, and in this country in particular, may be compared partly to charts purporting to represent conditions at this or that special time, partly to a moving diorama purporting to show the manner in which conditions have changed between a date which we may roughly identify as the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the present day—the period which Socialists distinguish from all others as that which has witnessed the consummation of Capitalism in its modern form.

The distinctive character of the socialistic diagnosis of society is best shown by its representation of the alleged course of social changes. This may be briefly summed up in the general assertion that, under the modern economic system which has been dominant in this country since the opening years of the nineteenth century at all events, a system under which wealth has increased as it never increased before, the whole of the increment has been monopolised by a relatively small class, whilst the rest

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of the community have not only not gained anything, but have in an economic sense been going from bad to worse. Some Socialists make this assertion in more qualified terms than others; but they are all unanimous in respect to its general tenour: and we need not trouble ourselves now to consider any minor differences; for the first broad fact which I shall endeavour to make plain is that this general representation of a society going from bad to worse, with the exception of one small class, is not merely an exaggeration of facts to a greater or less extent, but is an absolute and direct inversion of them.

In order to show that this criticism is no mere figure of speech, let me call the reader's attention to certain of the main details into which such a representation of the social movement resolves itself. For this purpose we will appeal to two writers, who, of all the exponents of Socialism, are incomparably the most conspicuous for their abilities, and who have, through their works, exerted the widest influence. The writers to whom I refer are Karl Marx and Henry George.

The diagnosis of the social movement, as made by Karl Marx about forty-five years ago, has been epitomised and reiterated by Socialists throughout our own country, Europe, and America in the following well-known words: 'Under the system of modern Capitalism, whilst the rich have been growing and are continuing to grow richer, the poor have been growing, and must continue to grow, poorer; and the middle classes, or persons of moderate means, are concurrently being crushed out.'

Henry George, who became famous through his work, *Progress and Poverty*, about fifteen years later, reaffirmed all these propositions, not on the authority of Marx (with whose writings he had no acquaintance), but as the result of his own observations, and added to them yet another, which he made peculiarly his own. He identified the 'rich' of the modern world, whose riches are alone increasing, not with the capitalists but with the private owners of land; and his doctrine was that, in any progressive country, no matter how fast the products of labour, of ability, and of capital were increasing the rent of land must necessarily increase still faster, so that, not only all, but actually more than all, of the increment due to the efficiency of the population at large flows into the landlords' pockets, and 'poverty accompanies progress.'

Now here we have a series of propositions which, if they have any meaning at all, relate to specific facts of industrial and statistical history. They relate, moreover, to a limited and clearly defined period, which to-day comprises a hundred or a hundred and ten years; and farther, though Marx was a German and Henry George an American, they both declared that their doctrines, whilst applicable to all countries in which modern Capitalism has

developed itself, are illustrated most completely by the history of Great Britain—the country in which that system first attained predominance, and has exhibited its natural consequences on the largest and most startling scale.

If, therefore, these propositions are true at all, they must be pre-eminently true as applied to the history of Great Britain from the dawn of the nineteenth century up to the present time.

Such being the case, abundant evidence exists which enables us to submit them to the test of actual facts. We will deal, then, with these propositions separately, and in the following order :

(1) That the increasing wealth of the rich during the course of the nineteenth century has been accompanied by a ' crushing out of the middle classes,' or a diminution in the number of moderate incomes.

(2) That in this country, during the same period, the rent of land has increased more rapidly than income from all other sources, whether these be manual labour, or commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

(3) That, whilst during the period in question the rich have been growing richer, the poorer classes in this country have been constantly growing poorer.

III

The Alleged ' Crushing Out ' of Persons of Moderate Means

In order to discuss this question with anything approaching precision, we must affix some definite meaning to the term ' moderate incomes.' It is enough here to say that, whatever the term ' moderate ' may include or not include, moderate incomes, as spoken of in the present connexion, will certainly include all such as range from the assessment limit—that is to say, from 150*l.* or 160*l.*—up to 400*l.* a year. Now it so happens that a portion of the assessed income—namely, the earnings of ' persons,' private firms, and business and official employés, comprised in Schedules D and E, are individually enumerated in the Returns from year to year, where they are classified in accordance with their amount. I will not here enter on any series of elaborate statistics, I will confine myself to a few dates, and certain outstanding figures connected with them.

Let us begin, then, with the year 1800, and consider how affairs stood then. At that time, as we know from a variety of evidence connected with imposition and levying of the first and the second income-tax, the aggregate of incomes in Great Britain exceeding 60*l.* a year hardly amounted to a total of more than 100,000,000*l.*, of which 30,000,000*l.* was the rental of agricultural land. Let us now turn to the year 1909 and consider the aggre-

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gate of incomes, ranging not from 60*l.* but from 160*l.* to 400*l.*, which go to one section of the middle class alone—namely, the official and business employés assessed under Schedules D and E. This, exclusive of all income from property, amounted in round figures to not less than 90,000,000*l.*—or to nearly as much as the total of all the incomes in Great Britain from 60*l.* a year upwards in the year 1800, and exceeded by 23 per cent. the total of all such incomes as were then derived from anything but the ownership of agricultural land.

Let us next take the year 1850—about fifteen years previous to the publication of the celebrated work in which Marx elaborated the proposition that moderate incomes were disappearing—and the year 1880, a date fifteen years later. Between these two dates the population of this country had risen from 26,000,000 to 35,000,000—an increase of 34 per cent. If moderate incomes were really being crushed out, they must at all events have increased more slowly than the number of the population as a whole. But if we consult the income-tax returns, what do we actually find? We find that, whereas the population as a whole had increased by about one-third, the number of incomes between 150*l.*--160*l.* and 400*l.* had trebled itself, having risen from 177,000 to 330,000.

But a simpler kind of evidence bearing on the same question, and telling the same story, is perhaps that provided by the official returns which relate not to the number of persons paying tax on moderate incomes, but to the number of and value of houses. In these returns all the dwelling-houses in Great Britain are, according to their annual values, divided into a series of groups, and the yearly increase in the number of each class of house is shown. Now the annual value of a house gives us, as a general rule (though, of course, there are various exceptions), a very fair indication of the means of the family occupying it; house-rent, in the case of the middling classes, at all events, being taken to represent on an average from one-eighth to one-tenth of the family income. Thus, houses worth 20*l.* and 40*l.* a year will broadly represent incomes between 160*l.* and 400*l.*, houses worth between 40*l.* and 80*l.* will similarly represent incomes between 400*l.* and 800*l.*; whilst houses worth more than 80*l.* a year will represent incomes of 800*l.* and upwards. Thus, the yearly increase in the number of houses of each class will provide us with an index, substantially if not absolutely accurate, of the increase in the number of the incomes which lie within the corresponding limits.

Let us consider, then, what has been happening since the year 1898, as shown in last year's Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Of houses worth more than 80*l.* a year—the houses of families having incomes of 800*l.* a year and upwards—the number built annually, during this period, has not averaged more than 1000.

Of houses worth between 80*l.* a year and 40*l.*, the number built annually has averaged as much as 10,000.

Of houses worth between 40*l.* a year and 20*l.*—corresponding to incomes between 160*l.* a year and 400*l.*—the number built annually has averaged about 27,000.

These figures, representing the conditions of our own day, speak sufficiently for themselves. They show us that persons possessing moderate incomes—incomes ranging from 160*l.* to 800*l.* a year—instead of being crushed out, are exhibiting a numerical increase which is thirty-seven times as great as that of the whole body of the rich and the comparatively rich together; while if these last figures be taken with those which I quoted previously, they show us that the classes which, for more than forty years, Socialists have declared to be dwindling and disappearing before our eyes, are the precise classes whose increase forms one of the principal features by which the present is distinguished from all former times.

Here we have one example of what I meant when I said that socialistic diagnoses of society are not merely distortions of the truth, but are fundamental and absolute inversions of it.

From this example we will now pass on to another—that provided by Henry George, not as a theorist, but as a professed exponent of facts.

IV

The Alleged Absorption of Increasing Wealth by Land-rent

The whole of George's reasoning, which in many respects is very able, rests on an assumption as to fact, with which reasoning has nothing to do—an assumption the truth of which was, so he said, exemplified by the affairs of this country on a greater scale than by those of any other. This is the assumption that, in any progressive country, the consideration paid to landowners for the use of the earth's surface, as distinct from any buildings which the industry of man may place on it—or, in other words, land-rent pure and simple, increases at a faster rate than does the national income as a whole; so that if, at a time when the income of any country was as 100, the rent of land had been (let us say) as 20, it would, by the time that the total had doubled itself and become 200, have risen in *greater proportion* and become not 40, but 50. Having been only a fifth of the smaller total, it would have risen to being a fourth of the larger; the ultimate result, already in sight here, and not far off in America, being that the landowners, if not dispossessed of their property, will take between them the entire national income, except such a fraction of it as may be necessary to keep the rest of the population alive.

Here again, as I have said, we have a proposition as to hard

facts—and more especially as to facts relating to our own islands; and here again we have a proposition which can be tested by abundant evidence.

As I said just now, in the year 1800 the aggregate of incomes in Great Britain exceeding 60*l.* a year had been estimated for purposes of income-tax at something just over 100,000,000*l.* Experience and subsequent criticism showed this estimate to have been substantially correct; and out of this total it was agreed by all authorities that the rent of agricultural land accounted for about 30,000,000*l.*

Let us now turn to the year 1908. In that year the sum of all net private incomes in excess, not of 60*l.* a year but 160*l.*, amounted to 788,000,000*l.* If the fundamental proposition of Henry George were correct, the land-rental, which formed at the dawn of the nineteenth century at least 30 per cent. of all incomes exceeding 60*l.*, would by this time form very much more than 30 per cent. of all incomes exceeding 160*l.* But what do we find to be the case? Let us turn to the assessments for that year under Schedule A, and take not only agricultural rent, which is given in a column by itself, but the rent of building-sites also, which is included in the assessment of houses. This being taken at as much as one-fifth of the total, the site-rental for that year will have amounted to about 42,000,000*l.*; while the gross rental of agricultural lands was about 52,000,000*l.*; the entire land-rental, as distinct from the rent of buildings, having amounted approximately to 94,000,000*l.* That is to say, whereas the rental of agricultural land alone amounted some hundred years ago to very nearly one-third of all incomes exceeding 60*l.*, the rental of such land with the rental of building-sites added to it forms to-day hardly so much as one-eighth of the total of all incomes exceeding 160*l.*

Let me mention one fact more, which is at once instructive and amusing. After he had, by his doctrine as to land-rent, achieved fame in America, George visited England with the object of preaching it there, and among the various promises held out by him to the people of this country, if only they would adopt his principles, and by means of a single tax make over all land-rent to the State, were the following—expressed in what substantially are his own words. 'Only give me,' he said, 'all the land-rents of the United Kingdom; and, besides performing without any farther taxes all the present functions of your Imperial and your local government, I will supply every house with free lighting and heat, and supply free power to every factory likewise.' These promises were made in the early 'eighties. The land-rent of the country at that time, apart from the rent of buildings, amounted in round figures to 89,000,000*l.* Now this sum would no doubt

have defrayed the Imperial expenditure of the time, and left 10 per cent. of surplus, but it would not have so much as approached what even at that time was the public expenditure as a whole, if the local be added to the Imperial. It may, however, in fairness to George, be urged that according to him land-rent would increase in the future far more rapidly than it had done even in the then recent past; and that he ought to be judged by what would be the situation to-day if the trial of his principles had been protracted up to the present time. Such a test is a fair one. Let us apply it. In the early 'eighties the Imperial expenditure of this country approached, but it did not reach, 80,000,000*l.* annually. In the year 1909 it amounted to 157,000,000*l.*—that is to say, there was an increase of approximately 77,000,000*l.* Let us now examine the returns relating to the rent of land. In the year 1886 the gross total of agricultural rents amounted to 63,000,000*l.*, to which one-fifth of the rent of 'houses' must be added in respect of building-sites. These two sums together amount to 89,000,000*l.* Since the year 1886 the rent of building-sites has risen from 26,000,000*l.* to 43,000,000*l.*—an increase of 17,000,000*l.*; and the rent of agricultural land has fallen from 63,000,000*l.* to 52,000,000*l.*—a decrease of 11,000,000*l.*; the total land-rent to-day being about 95,000,000*l.* If, then, George's principles are to be tested, not by the results he could have extracted from them twenty-five years ago, but by those which he would, if alive, be able to extract to-day, we find that, instead of any vast surplus having developed itself, available for extending the present activities of the State and supplying everybody gratis with heat, light, and power, he would be faced with a deficit of considerably over 60,000,000*l.* before he had discharged the functions of the Imperial Government alone, and before he had spent a penny on roads, on drainage, or on education. In other words, instead of land-rent having increased more rapidly than public expenditure, one branch of public expenditure alone has increased almost exactly ten times as fast as land-rent.

And now let us close this question by comparing the increase of land-rent with the increase of incomes derived from other sources, as shown by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in their reports for the years 1886 and 1909 respectively. The total reviewed under Schedules C, D, and E, together with the rental of buildings apart from sites, amounted in the year 1886 to 471,000,000*l.* The corresponding total for the year 1909 was 895,000,000*l.* Thus, both increases being taken at their gross amounts, the increase of income from sources other than land was 424,000,000*l.*; while the corresponding gross increase from land, which is, according to George, swallowing up every increase from every other source, amounted to the sum, relatively microscopic, of 5,000,000*l.*

If anyone desire to verify these figures he need merely study for himself the Statistical Abstracts for the past twenty-five years, and compare either the gross or net amounts assessed in respect of land-rent (including one-fifth of the rent which is given as that of 'houses') with the gross or the net totals assessed or reviewed for the general purposes of income-tax, and he will find that, whereas about a quarter of a century ago land-rent formed 14 per cent. of the total, ten years later the proportion had sunk to 12 per cent., and is at the present time not so much as 9½.

Figures might be multiplied in illustration of this same conclusion. It must suffice here to say that, in whatever way we approach the matter, we find that land-rent, rural and urban, instead of forming an increasing proportion of an increasing national income, forms year by year a quantity which is relatively less and less.

Here, then, we have before us two of the main assertions which figure in socialistic diagnoses of society as it is now—the assertion that every increase in the wealth produced under modern conditions is swallowed up by the rent of land; and the assertion that, under these same conditions, the number of moderate incomes has been constantly and is still diminishing—assertions insisted on with every variety of confident emphasis by the two most influential thinkers that the socialistic movement has produced; and we have seen that each of them is so absurdly and fantastically fallacious that it is not merely an ordinary untruth, but the truth turned upside down.

V

The Socialistic Assertion that the Poorer Classes are becoming Poorer

I have, however, called attention to these particular assertions first, not because at this moment they are the most important of the fallacies here in question, but because they are representative, and because the refutation of them, lying as it does in a nutshell, will prepare the reader for an examination of a fallacy more important still. This is an assertion of far wider scope than those relating to the middle classes and the landowners. It is the assertion, which is still a commonplace on all socialistic platforms, that while, for more than a century, the modern capitalistic system has been making the rich richer, it has been making the poorer classes—or, in other words, the great majority of the population—'ever poorer and poorer.' We shall find, when we put this to the test of definite facts, that this is an inversion of the truth even more preposterous than the others.

In order to test this assertion fairly, we must be careful to see what those by whom it is made mean by it. Even Marx himself,

who is mainly responsible for its acceptance, would not have denied that some members of the poorer classes, such as specially skilled craftsmen or mechanics, earn much higher wages now than were earned by any of their predecessors of a hundred years ago. The assertion is only meant to apply to the poorer classes as a whole; and it can only signify that the income which they enjoy collectively is growing less in proportion to the total number of the recipients, and would yield less and less to each, if year by year it were divided equally among all. It remains for us to consider who 'the poorer classes' are. How are they defined by those who make this assertion with regard to them? So far as our own country is concerned, the language of Socialists in their excursions into the domain of statistics show clearly enough how this phrase 'the poorer classes' is understood by them. They use it broadly as comprehending all such families as are supported on incomes which are not liable to income-tax, or which do not exceed 160*l.* a year; while the richer classes, though not the conspicuously rich, are invariably identified, for purposes of broad contrast, with those whose incomes are comprised in the aggregate on which tax is levied.

Let us, then, consider with as much precision as we can what is the aggregate to-day of individual earnings and incomes below the assessment limit of 160*l.* Our sources of information with regard to this question have during recent years increased to a remarkable degree, partly owing to fresh investigations on the part of the Board of Trade into the wages of manual labour, and partly owing to an inquiry, conducted with semi-official assistance, by a committee of eminent statisticians, into the earnings and incomes (not exceeding 160*l.*) of persons other than wage-earning manual workers. The results of this inquiry were submitted to the British Association at Sheffield, in a report which has since been published. It is impossible to discuss its details, which would involve a survey of some forty different groups of incomes; but the general conclusion there set forth is this: that the total income earned by the class in question—by the 'lower middle-class,' as it is often loosely called—amounts to over 300,000,000*l.* With regard to the wages of manual labour and services, the aggregate earned by twelve broadly distinguishable groups (of which all but two are under the cognisance of the Board of Trade) cannot amount, according to the latest evidence, to less than 860,000,000*l.*; though precise knowledge as to this point will be impossible till a complete analysis of the last Census returns shall have been issued. These two sums, which make a total of 1,160,000,000*l.*, represent earned income only. To this must be added a further sum, amounting to something between 50,000,000*l.* and 60,000,000*l.*, which arises from property and investments, the

distribution of which, as Mr. Bowley observes, is uncertain, but which the two classes here in question divide between them. The grand total of incomes not exceeding 160*l.* is thus not less, at all events, than 1,210,000,000*l.* The number of the population, exclusive of payers of income-tax and their families, may be taken at the present time as 37,000,000 or 38,000,000. Thus the average income per head of the population exempt from income-tax—or, in other words, of 'the poorer classes,' as that phrase is generally understood—is appreciably in excess, to say the least of it, of 30*l.* a year.

Let us now turn to the beginning of the nineteenth century. As I had occasion to mention just now, when dealing with the question of land-rent, the total of incomes exceeding 60*l.* a year in Great Britain—for Ireland was not then included—did not amount to much more than 100,000,000*l.*; and the total income of Great Britain, according to the highest serious estimates, did but slightly exceed, if it amounted to, as much as 200,000,000*l.* What proportion of this went to persons with more, and what went to persons with less, than the particular sum of 160*l.* a year, we have no means of knowing, for, as Macullough with justifiable indignation observes, all the official records which might have given us such detailed information were destroyed. Such detailed information, however, will not be necessary here. Instead of dealing with the average income of one section of the population, let us take the nation as a whole, and consider what would then have been the average income per head if everything, from the earnings of the humblest casual labourer up to the profits of the greatest merchants, the rent-rolls of the greatest landowners, and the entire revenue of George III., with his civil list, had been pooled about sixteen years before the battle of Waterloo, and doled out in equal shares to everybody. The population of Great Britain was at that time 10,000,000. Thus, the average income per head—the maximum rendered possible by the whole existing wealth of the country—would have been 20*l.*, or, according to the computations of one sanguine statistician of the period, it might perhaps have amounted to 21*l.*

What, then, when we compare them, do the figures for these two periods mean? They mean that the average income per head of the poorer classes to-day is greater by some 50 per cent. than the largest corresponding income which could possibly have been received by anybody if, at the time which Socialists describe as the dawn of modern capitalism, all the wealth of Great Britain had been nationalised by a socialistic State, and the dreams of the wildest of modern Socialists realised by a reduction of all the citizens to the same financial level. Or, to make the case yet more clear, we may present it to the imagination thus. If the

entire income producible in this country by all the forces of its inhabitants three or four generations ago had been equally distributed amongst the population then existing, and if, subsequently increasing in proportion to the increase of the population, it had year by year been similarly distributed till to-day, the poorer classes to-day would possess a collective income which would be less by more than 30 per cent. than the income which is actually their own.

I mention specific figures; but, to repeat what I have said before, the argument does not require an insistence on their absolute exactitude. If anyone prefers to do so, let him take the figures of Mr. Chiozza Money, who aims at estimating the income of the poorer classes at a minimum. According to Mr. Money's computations, the income of these classes per head, instead of exceeding 30*l*., only reaches to 25*l*. If we accept this figure, the fact on which I have been just insisting suffers indeed some slight modification, but its essential character is unchanged. The poorer classes as a whole will, at the present day, be still dividing between them a collective income which, relatively to their present numbers, exceeds anything that would have been possible in the days of their great-great-grandfathers by an equal division of everything that was then produced or producible. The actual course of events, however we may seek to minimise it, has been the exact opposite of that which is ascribed to it by the formula of the Socialists. Instead of having been defrauded of anything that they once possessed, the 'poorer classes' of this country, under the system of modern capitalism, have done more than appropriate everything in the way of wealth, per head of their total number, which could have possibly been called into existence when that system was first establishing itself.

Of course this statement has the defect of all similar generalisations. It is made in terms of averages, and assumes that distribution is equal. But the fallacy to which it is opposed is a generalisation of the same kind, and just as this is not meant to deny that many poor people have become richer, so the counter-assertion of the truth constitutes no denial of the fact that, of a class which has grown richer as a whole, certain sections have remained as poor as they ever were.

Having mentioned this aspect of the case, to which I shall return hereafter, let me now pause to remark that this question of economic development, which is concerned with the history of the past, and inferentially with anticipations of the future, may strike some persons as being more or less academic, and not connected directly enough with the pressing actualities of the present. Such a view, let me say with emphasis, is altogether erroneous,

even if we desire to confine ourselves to such examinations of facts as are calculated to influence the opinion of the least-instructed sections of the community. A man who is shivering with cold, but is on his way to a warm fire, is practically far more comfortable than a man who, warm for the moment, watches his last log burn, and knows that he will be freezing presently. In the same way the existing condition of things, whatever it may be in itself, is coloured for all who contemplate it according as they believe it to be a stage in an upward or downward progress. The possession, therefore, of some true conception of the actual tendency of events would, for this reason alone, even if there were no other, form a primary element of any sane public opinion; but, in addition to this general reason, there is one which is more precise. Not only does the popular attitude towards economic conditions as they are depend on whether they are taken as representing a fall from better to worse, or a rise from worse to better, but the socialistic estimate of existing conditions in themselves is intimately bound up with the socialistic fable as to their history, and is, indeed, that fable translated into a practical form, and influencing the passions and the problems of the hour in which we are now living.

VI

The Socialistic Myth as to the Present Income of the Rich

Let us pass, then, from the socialistic diagnosis of economic conditions in their development, and examine the socialistic estimate, now commonly current, of such conditions as they are at the present time. The main feature of these estimates is the assumption that the proportion of the national income appropriated by those who are vaguely classified as the rich is so enormous, so overwhelming, so inexhaustible, that if only, whether by strikes or taxation, it could be tapped, like a reservoir of water, in a sufficient number of places, it would flood every average household with an almost incredible opulence, and transfigure almost past recognition the entire aspect of society. This conception of existing conditions would be merely the logical consequence of modern economic tendencies, if these were really as Socialists represent them. Everybody knows and admits that, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the increase of our national income relatively to the population has been enormous, and if, during that period, small incomes have been growing smaller, and moderate incomes have been decreasing in number, all the new wealth produced, which cannot but have gone somewhere, must necessarily have passed into the hands of the richer, of the rich, or of the richest. Since, however, as we have seen, both these

assumptions are erroneous—since of the new wealth in question a vast proportion at all events has gone to make small incomes continuously larger and larger, and moderate incomes continuously more numerous, it follows naturally, as a matter of *a priori* certitude, that the wealth of the richer classes, whatever may have been its increase absolutely, cannot possibly bear to the whole anything like that proportion which the Socialists, with their false premises and their inflamed imaginations, attribute to it.

Let us turn, then, once more to definite facts and figures, and consider what at the present time the actual proportion is.

The entire income, from all sources, of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is now, according to the latest computations, about 1,970,000,000*l.*—a total which accords substantially with the figures which I have just been giving. It comprises one element, however, which it is necessary to distinguish from the rest. This consists of an income which comes into this country from abroad, and does not originate in the employment of home labour. Now it is perfectly obvious that, according to socialistic principles, this income from abroad, if it ought not to remain in the hands of its present possessors, ought just as little to belong to any other class in this country. It ought to belong to workers in America, in India, in South Africa, or any other region in which the business of producing it is conducted; and, as Mr. Keir Hardie has very justly observed, it ought, if the principles of Socialism and of the Labour party mean anything, never to come into the United Kingdom at all. The only income, therefore, with which we are here concerned as the subject of socialistic analysis, and the subject of any possible socialistic redistribution, is the income which is produced in this country itself, through the activity of its own inhabitants. Now the income from abroad (represented by an invested capital of approximately three thousand millions, of which nearly one-half is in India, South Africa, and North America) must amount, according to the latest figures, to something like 200,000,000*l.*, and if this be deducted from the national income in its entirety we get a sum of about 1,770,000,000*l.* as the total income produced in Great Britain and Ireland.

How much, then, of this sum goes to those who can be called 'the rich'? Once again we require a definition of terms; for without it we shall talk at random. Mr. Chiozza Money, when tendering his evidence to the Select Committee on Income-tax, replied to a question concerning this particular point that he would include under the term 'rich' all whose incomes were as much as several thousands a year. We will, however, here, for the purpose of the present discussion, use the term in a much more comprehensive sense. We will suppose that 'riches,' as

signifying any income which, on account of its magnitude, Socialists would regard as illegitimate, begin with incomes in excess of 800*l.* a year. We can hardly put the limit lower when we consider that one of the Socialists representing 'Labour' in Parliament not only receives 400*l.* a year as a member, but nearly as much again as the secretary of some party organisation.

Let us begin accordingly with reviewing such specific information as we possess with regard to those incomes which do not exceed the limit which has just been mentioned. So far as those are concerned which do not exceed 160*l.*—incomparably the largest factor in the case—I have pointed out already that they amount to an aggregate sum of certainly not less than 1,210,000,000*l.*, and I need not recapitulate the details of which this sum is composed. We have now to compute, and to add to this, the aggregate of incomes lying between 160*l.* a year and 800*l.* Our data, which are provided by the reports of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, though voluminous, are incomplete, and yield a result which must fall short of the truth. They are comprised in a particular portion of the income-tax returns which records the number of incomes earned individually by 'persons,' by firms (other than companies), and by official and business employees whose salaries exceed 160*l.* a year. The 'private firms,' as enumerated in these records, are computed to represent on an average two and a-half partners each, and will so be treated here. According to the latest returns, which were issued late last year, the number of incomes between 160*l.* and 800*l.* which were thus separately identified was approximately 1,100,000, to which must be added the partners in about 30,000 small companies yielding an average profit per business of less than 1000*l.*, and also certain farmers. The incomes of these persons, as earned by professions or businesses, amount to a gross total of nearly 230,000,000*l.*, to which must be added an unearned income which amounts to over 100,000,000*l.*—nearly 50,000,000*l.* being identifiable; and which is derived from lands, houses, Government stock, and shares in the larger companies. The net total of these incomes, earned and unearned, cannot be less than 320,000,000*l.*

If these assessed incomes not exceeding 800*l.* be taken together with those not exceeding 160*l.*, the aggregate of the two will be about 1,530,000,000*l.* produced by the efforts of workers in the United Kingdom, about one-tenth of this arising from property, and nine-tenths being direct earnings.

Compare, then, this home-produced income of more than 1,500,000,000*l.* with the total income produced in the United Kingdom, amounting, as we have seen, to some 1,770,000,000*l.*, and what is the proportion of the total which is taken by persons

whose incomes are not above 800*l.* a year? The proportion, as nearly as possible, is 87 per cent.

To many who have grown familiar with the wild statistics of Socialists—those, for instance, of Mr. Hyndman, who twenty-eight years ago asserted that of a national income of 1,300,000,000*l.* the predatory or wholly idle rich appropriated as much as 77 per cent., leaving only 23 per cent. to the masses who alone produced the whole of it—it may seem hardly credible that of the home-produced income to-day a fraction so small as that which has just been indicated is really the sum of all incomes exceeding 800*l.* Their temptation to incredulity may, however, be lessened if I refer them to one of the most eminent statisticians of to-day in connexion with an estimate which a few years ago on admittedly imperfect data, he hazarded of the aggregate of incomes in excess of 5000*l.* Mr. Bowley's tentative estimate amounted to 200,000,000*l.* Mr. Chiozza Money's was 250,000,000*l.* Since then the imposition of a super-tax on incomes of this class, and the stringent inquisition required by it, has disclosed an actual total of less than 129,000,000*l.*—a sum which, according to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, may be taken as practically exhaustive. If, then, the actual income of this one section of the rich falls so short of what an expert like Mr. Bowley was inclined to regard as likely, there will be less surprise at the discovery that the income of the rich in a wider sense falls yet farther short of the purely fantastic total imputed to it by persons who know nothing even of the meaning of such figures as they quote, and who see and seek in them nothing but an instrument of popular agitation.

But perhaps the temptation to incredulity which I have just mentioned as possible will be lessened yet more efficaciously if I again call attention to evidence of a different kind—namely, that supplied by the number of houses of different values. As I have said already, there is obviously some broad correspondence between the number of incomes exceeding 160*l.* and that of houses whose annual value is in excess of 20*l.* Now, any difficulty which may be felt in realising how small is the actual proportion borne by the income of the richer to that of the less rich classes is one which will relate mainly to the distribution of incomes above the assessment limit. When I first dealt with the evidence provided by houses, I used it to illustrate the rate at which houses of different values (and the incomes presumably corresponding to them) had been annually increasing in number during a certain recent period. Let us now take things as they are, and see what, according to the latest reports, is the actual number, classified according to their value, of houses worth more than 20*l.* a year.

The number of private houses worth more than 20*l.* a year, according to the latest reports, exceeds by a few thousands one

and a-half million. Of such houses those whose annual values range from 20*l.* to 40*l.* number more than 1,000,000; those whose annual values range from 40*l.* to 80*l.* number 380,000; whilst those whose annual values are anything in excess of 80*l.* number, in round figures, no more than 120,000. In other words, out of the total number of houses broadly corresponding to the number of assessed incomes, not more than one-eleventh, or approximately 9 per cent., consists of such houses as are broadly assignable to families whose annual incomes are in excess of 800*l.* Of course this fact in itself throws no light on the question of the actual income which goes to these richer families as a whole; but by showing how small the number of such families is relatively to the number of those who incomes we have defined as 'moderate,' it will show that there is nothing which is even unlikely on the face of it in the conclusion to which we have been conducted by evidences of other kinds, that of the entire annual income which is produced in the United Kingdom, those persons who can be called rich in the widest acceptation of the term receive no more than a fraction which is approximately 13 per cent.

In other words, just as the socialistic diagnosis of the economic movement and tendencies of the last 110 years is an absolute inversion of the truth in each of its main particulars, so is the socialistic estimate of affairs as they are now an inversion no less preposterous. The practical results of this fact are obvious, and cannot be forced too insistently on the attention of practical men. In so far as large sections of the population are influenced by the ideas of Socialism, they become, without any reference to Socialism as a reasoned theory, the nervous and super-excited dupes of all kinds of impossible expectations. The widespread exhibition of what is now called 'labour unrest' is largely, though not entirely, attributable to this cause. Here we have a question which possesses a special interest at this moment, in view of the assertions of agitators during the strikes with regard to the minimum wage which is possible for every employed worker, and the violent exhortations addressed to uninstructed multitudes to hope for indefinitely more, and never to rest satisfied with less. How wholly out of relation to anything which would be remotely practicable such assertions are, even should Socialists have at their disposal the entire resources of this country, I propose on another occasion to illustrate by some of the latest statistics, which are far more searching in their character than anything within our reach previously, relating to the principal industries of the United Kingdom to-day.

W. H. Mallock.

The Editor of The Nineteenth Century *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE

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CANADA AND THE NAVY

A CANADIAN VIEW

In one sense it is unfortunate that Canada should be making history so rapidly. Her best friends, and those who appreciate most thoroughly the pregnant meaning of her swiftly succeeding decisions, hardly have time to adjust their mental perceptions to the consequences of one before another is up for discussion. Yet it is vitally important that the people of the Mother Country, who not only will be greatly affected by these decisions, but whose opinions regarding them react powerfully upon the Canadian judgment, should take pains to understand the situation, and so prepare themselves to 'play up' to each movement in the way best calculated to forward our common British interests.

The decision regarding Reciprocity with the United States seems by now to be perfectly understood in Great Britain. We find even the stoutest Free Traders, who have a constitutional predilection in favour of slaying all tariffs without even waiting for them to plead 'guilty,' going out of their way to express gratification that Canadians, at all events, are bound to remain

British. And, in saying this, they hit upon the true reason for the rejection of reciprocity.

But that decision has barely been recorded when another, only less momentous, is required of the Canadian people. The change of Government which followed the rejection of reciprocity wiped some other things off the slate; and, among them, the Canadian Navy. One of the first definite declarations of the new Ministry was that, whatever it might do, it would not ask the country to proceed with the naval plans of its predecessor. The Premier, the Minister of Marine, and the leader of the Nationalist wing of the Government united in this statement.

As to the future, they announce nothing but 'a clean slate.' The new Minister of Marine is to cross the Atlantic to 'consult the Admiralty'; and those critical consultations will probably be in progress soon after these lines are printed. The policy of the new Government, in any case, is not to be framed until the Minister has returned from London and is in a position to tell his colleagues what the naval experts of the Empire think Canada should do.

Now, there is a very strong suspicion in Canada that the Separatist naval policy of the late Government was not welcomed by the private judgment of the naval authorities of the United Kingdom. The Lords of the Admiralty were no doubt polite. More than that, they were diplomatic. It would not have been good international policy at the time when the late Ministers went to London to 'consult the Admiralty' to advertise the fact that 'Canada refused to come to the help of the Empire' in the way the Imperial Government thought she should. Hence if it seemed clear to the British naval advisers that Canada would decline to do what they would have liked to suggest, but that she would do something else which might be presented to Europe as loyal and enthusiastic support, obviously their best policy was to keep their suggestions to themselves—or, at all events, from the public—and hail the only possible Canadian action as a wise and helpful and loyal proposal.

This would not be duplicity—it would be diplomacy. Yet the effect would be to deceive that section of the Canadian people who were genuinely in earnest in their desire to help sustain the sea-power of Britain. At the moment it may have been necessary; I am not arguing that point. But it is exceedingly difficult for us out here in Canada to believe that, while a policy of almost ruthless concentration was decided on for the ships wholly controlled by the Admiralty, precisely the reverse policy was genuinely desired in the case of ships which were to be controlled by the Canadian Government. British ships on the Canadian station were taken home; but British naval experts professed to favour—at all events, they did not condemn—the building of new Canadian

ships to be kept on the Canadian station. That would seem to be either a very poor compliment to the prospective Canadian ships, or an effort to make 'the neighbours' think that all was harmony in 'the family,' when, as a matter of fact, the eldest son was shirking his fair share of the work.

But, whatever may have been the necessities of the case before, there is no reason at all to-day why the Admiralty should not speak its mind. In fact, there is every reason why it should. I believe that I am well within the mark in saying that public opinion in Canada is overwhelmingly in favour of either doing something effective or doing nothing at all. We are deeply and permanently disgusted with the puerile policy of trying to do just enough to placate those who want something done, but not enough to disturb those who want nothing done. The late Government tried its best to 'run with the hare and hunt with the hounds'; and it ended in the ditch. Whatever else we may be, we are all out of conceit now with that sort of thing. We may refuse to do anything, and so keep our money; but we are not going to spend our money and yet bear the stigma of doing nothing.

Now, those who want to do something recognise that they themselves are not naval experts; nor are they *au fait* with the foreign policy of the Empire. In the most natural way possible they look to the Foreign Office and the Admiralty for advice. These institutions have given many lifetimes to the study of precisely the problem that confronts us in this unwarlike country, which is just about to celebrate its 'Century of Peace.' They can tell us better than anybody else what we ought to do. We think it is their duty to be frank with us—their duty to the Empire, their duty to the people of Canada who desire that Empire to last, and who perceive that their own national existence is bound up with the life of that Empire. It goes without saying that this section of our people will welcome the fullest and frankest advice from the experts who live in the Capital of the Empire.

Now let us turn at once to what some people will regard as the most difficult feature of the situation—the Nationalist party of Quebec. Their notoriety rests chiefly upon their opposition to the naval policy of the late Government. They defeated a full year ago a candidate of the Liberals in a Liberal stronghold by crying '*A bas la Marine!*' They have undoubtedly created among the Quebec *habitants* a deep distrust of any Canadian navy, telling them that their sons will be carried off on it to fight in wars in which they have no concern. That has been, indeed, their chief argument against the naval law—the fear of personal service. They have even talked Conscription—always an affrighting word. The *habitant*, though he is thrifty, has not

been stirred up against the cost half so much as against the menace to his boys.

But this fear that his sons may be drafted into the navy can apply only to a local Canadian navy. While our own warships are prowling about our own coasts, it is easy to make unsophisticated people believe that they might swoop down and carry off the stalwart young son of the farm in some time of national stress. But no one has any such fear of the Imperial navy. It has been in existence for a long time, and it has never 'drafted' a Canadian boy yet. It would be well-nigh impossible for the most unscrupulous 'stump speaker' to convince the most rural audience that the British navy had suddenly turned dangerous and might kidnap Canadian youth at a moment's notice.

Now, frankly, this seems to me to be 'a way out' for the leaders of the Nationalist party. They can never consent to a Canadian navy without stultifying their whole campaign. But they would be put in no such awkward position by advocating an augmentation of the Imperial navy. Such an augmentation is, indeed, going on to-day, and was very vigorously 'speeded up' a year or so ago; but they are raising no alarm over it. So far as the danger of personal service is concerned, what difference does it make whether that augmentation be paid for by the British taxpayer or out of the Canadian Treasury? I do not venture to say that the Nationalists would take this way out—I only say that they could; and that they could not possibly get out at all, with any shreds of decency left, if asked to support any variation whatever of the Canadian navy idea.

Then there is another point. Such unpopularity of the navy as exists in Quebec is due largely to the fact that no one has ever argued before the French voters in its favour with courage and conviction. The late Government were in a position of apology. They did not try to show the French Roman Catholics of Quebec —what is perfectly true—that they have more to lose by the collapse of British sea-power than probably any other section of the varied populations of the Empire; they merely pointed out in a deprecatory fashion that their offence was 'a little one.' If ever a party deserved defeat on a specific issue, the Canadian Liberals deserved defeat in Quebec on the navy issue. They took up a policy which, to succeed, must always be a policy of courage; and they fought it as a policy of cowardice and explanation and retreat. The French voter never had the case presented to him. He suffered from flagrant foul play. The Nationalists attacked, but no one defended. The impression inevitably created on the mind of the French voter was that the navy was an admitted evil, imposed upon a reluctant Liberal Government by the Imperialists of Ontario, and that he was asked to say that he did not mind it very much, and would put up with it for the sake

of peace. To his credit he refused to play the hypocrite. When asked his opinion he told the truth as both sides taught it to him. He was by far the most virtuous partner to the transaction.

But how different the position would be if the truth were laid before the French Roman Catholic people of Quebec! They are a devout people, and they love their language; and yet the truth is that they enjoy their cherished religious privileges, and are allowed to use their language in the courts, in the Provincial Legislature, and even in the Dominion Parliament, solely by reason of British treaty guarantees, which would disappear if Canada ceased to be a British Colony. Now, it follows, with the relentless sequence of a proposition in Euclid, that if Britain loses her command of the sea Canada will speedily cease to be a British Colony. Let us look at the situation frankly. The American Republic is a living nation, with ambitions, national pride, confidence in its power to confer benefits upon any feeble people taken under its wing, and a desire—common to all nations—to add to its strength and prestige. It is exactly as unselfish and philanthropic as the British Empire—but no more so. And it must be blind as a bat if it does not see that, if it could add Canada to its territories, it would become in a few decades by far the greatest English-speaking nation in the world, and, indeed, the most powerful single Government on earth.

The hegemony of the English-speaking world may even now be said to be up for competition. By reason of its navy and Empire, the United Kingdom still possesses it in reality; but a denial of this precedence is already heard very audibly from the United States. The currents of world politics have of late brought the American nation into the company of the other English-speaking communities in an intimate sense, which for a long time was lacking; but that very welcome arrival synchronised neatly with another arrival—the arrival of the United States in a position of power—which made it doubtful whether it followed Britain in their mutual movements in foreign politics, or marched beside her. We have to some extent the case of Prussia and Austria repeated, with the Americans playing the *rôle* of the Prussians. We British are still ahead; but our leadership is challenged by a virile and growing people. We still have the Imperial Crown; but a young giant has arisen who has his eye on a possible Versailles.

Now that new 'Versailles' may be Ottawa. Suppose Canada to have at some time fifty or sixty millions of people—a modest estimate. If we had previously been joined to the United States, we might then calculate on anything from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million people under one Government—a monster nation, covering a continent and dominating a hemisphere. What other nation in the world dare oppose its will? To what other

nation would Australasia look for protection from the Asiatic peril if the British navy had been crushed—always a condition antecedent to the capture of Canada by the American Republic? Yet protection means, in such a case, alliance, if not absorption; and the Washington Government would thus have two continents under its control. Is not such a prospect dazzling enough to stir the ambition of any people? Is not such a prospect written plainly on the possibilities of the future for the American people to read? Is it not as certain as that hunger lures the eagle from his eyrie, that the American people will actively covet Canada on the day when the protection of the British navy is withdrawn, and we are left, less than ten million people, unwarlike and unarmed, to defend the most tempting prize ever offered a great nation in historic time?

Thus I cannot see that it is unduly pessimistic, or an implication of anything like an unworthy ambition to our American neighbours, to say that the collapse of British sea-power will almost certainly be followed by a determined effort to bring Canada into the American Union. The opportunities which will give such an effort its chance will be many and full of menace. A dispute with Japan as to Asiatic immigration into British Columbia might compel us to call for the help of the American fleet. Nothing but the Monroe Doctrine would save us from being regarded by Germany as the richest prize won by its presumed great victory in the North Sea. The boundary water-powers and channels of navigation would offer countless subjects of dispute in which our small people, notoriously unable to fight on equal terms, would be exposed constantly to humiliation, open robbery, and serious material disadvantage. To-day the American newspapers are mulcted of many millions a year because they cannot get access to our forests. An Annexation campaign would always promise them escape from this impost. American 'Trusts' see a great and growing market here out of which they are barred by our tariff; and it is better to stand between a she-bear and her cubs than a 'Trust' and its prey. These are only a few of the forces which would constantly whip up American ambition to seize the greatest place in the modern world merely by extending 'the undoubted benefits of free American institutions to the benighted and backward Canadian people.'

Then, when the change came, what of Quebec? Would its Church retain the privileges now enjoyed under British treaties and the Canadian Constitution? There is not a privileged Church in the United States. Would the Roman Catholics keep their 'separate schools' in Quebec and Ontario? There is not a 'separate school'—a public school under Roman Catholic control—in the United States. Would the French language survive and be respected in the courts and in Congress? On this point consult

Louisiana. Thus every one of these rights and privileges rests at last upon the British Navy; and yet we are told that Quebec, of all places, is reluctant to help sustain that navy. Quebec is not so silly. Quebec is simply suffering from the fact that she has never had the case presented to her fairly and frankly by her own leaders. She has heard nothing but virulent criticism met by deprecatory apology. More than that, the naval scheme which has been submitted to her judgment was a worthless scheme—a scheme which frightened the Quebec farmer who loves his boys to stay at home, but could not be shown to be of any value for purposes of naval defence. The Quebec farmer is a shrewd observer; and he knows that he is not in any danger of naval attack, and so cannot be persuaded that he needs a local squadron. He could be shown, however, that his most cherished privileges might be wrested from him as the result of a British naval defeat in the North Sea, when he would be the first to favour making such a defeat impossible. It is not necessary for him to be an Imperialist; it is only necessary for him to have an enlightened affection for his language and his religion. And is not all wise Imperialism based upon the advantages which we see it will bring to each of us?

So—'to return to our muttons'—there is no important section of the Canadian people who would not welcome a frank statement from the British Admiralty as to the manner in which they think Canada can best help sustain British sea-power. It is quite possible that the British Admiralty might ask more than we can do; but they can at any rate indicate the line along which we should move. They can choose for us between the two principal policies into which possible action naturally divides itself—a Separatist navy eventually built, controlled and drilled in Canadian waters; and a Canadian addition to the Imperial Navy, built and controlled and drilled by the British Admiralty. If they will put their stamp of approval unmistakably upon either of these plans, the Canadian people will do the rest. In two words, the British Admiralty can to-day get the sort of Canadian assistance it wants, if it has the courage to ask for it in the hearing of the Canadian people; and, to a very great extent, if the new Canadian naval policy be abortive, the blame will rest upon the British naval experts who feared to trust a loyal people who have just proven their worthiness to be trusted by overthrowing a popular Government and rejecting a trade proposal at one time favoured by both parties, solely because they wanted Canada to remain permanently British.

The Admiralty must recognise, however, that there are sinister forces in Canada which will clamour for a local navy. No 'grafter' will like to see money which might be spent in Canada spent in Great Britain. No local politician whose constituency hopes for naval shipyards is likely to favour a policy which may

at least delay the satisfaction of that legitimate desire. No politician who lives by 'patronage' will want to see so much attractive 'patronage' taken away from Canada and wasted on the Admiralty. No business man who thinks of the 'navy vote,' not so much as a method of defence as an indirect encouragement to his industry or commercial enterprise, will relish the loss of this prospective 'bonus' to Canadian effort. And these are forces which can lay siege to Parliament, hamper the Ministers, and affect public opinion. They will try to make Canadians believe that voting assistance to the Imperial Navy is voting 'want of confidence' in our ability out here to build and manage a navy. They will appeal to our local self-esteem, and ask why it is that we can build railways and canals and equip a continent, but cannot be trusted to run a few cruisers. They will point to the South American Republics, and demand: 'Why it is that they are clever enough to have their navies when we Canadians are not?'

But, of course, the Admiralty will not be deflected from its high duty by such frothy chatter as this. It can safely leave the answering of these empty and interested arguments to the loyal and level-headed section of the Canadian people, who know that the whole case at bottom is simply this: *Canada has no need whatever for a navy, while the British Empire—of which Canada is a part—has supreme need for the greatest navy in the world.* We might as well argue that it is a slight upon a Canadian province not to permit it to make its own tariff, as insist that each member of the Imperial family shall create its own private navy. Still, it is just as well for the Lords of the Admiralty to be forewarned, and realise that the whine of the local 'grafter' and parish politician may reach their ears from strange quarters, and speak in the tone of a stout and high-minded 'Canadianism.'

But if the sea lords of Britain will confide in the good judgment and sound loyalty of the Canadian people, they will not confide in vain. We realise that it is the life of Canada which is at stake—a final risk not shared by even the people of the British Isles. The crushing of the British navy would wreck the Empire; but it would leave the United Kingdom intact. No foreign foe would attempt the folly of planting another 'Calais' on British soil. But with the wreck of the Empire Canada would disappear from the map. We would have to go to London when we wanted to see once more 'the meteor flag' outlined against the sky. Thus, in a sense, we have more at stake than the 'Home' people; and, eventually, we shall certainly see our battleships in the first line of our mutual Imperial defence, no matter how many politicians it is necessary to 'educate,' by the only method to which they are pervious, before we can achieve this end.

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THE THIRD EDITION OF HOME RULE

(I)

A FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE BILL

ONCE again the nation is plunged into the thick of the Home Rule controversy. On Tuesday, the 9th of April, Mr. Bonar Law attended a great Unionist demonstration at Belfast, and two days later the Prime Minister, with characteristic and befitting gravity, laid before Parliament and the nation the outline of a new Bill 'to amend the provision for the government of Ireland.' There is not a little in the circumstances under which the Bill is introduced to excite strong party prejudice. It is believed in many quarters that the proposals made by Mr. Asquith represent not the unfettered judgment of a responsible Ministry, but the terms of a bargain upon the strict fulfilment of which the existence of the Ministry depends. With such considerations this paper is in no wise concerned. My intention is to examine the proposals of the Government in a spirit of scientific detachment; to consider them entirely upon their merits, and to ignore altogether the political circumstances under which the new Bill has been conceived and brought to the birth. After all, it matters comparatively little to the jurist whether the Bill is or is not the fruit of an unholy alliance; whether it is or is not the result of a log-rolling combination between Radical Ministerialists, Welsh Nonconformists, English Socialists, and Irish Nationalists. The nation cares less about such matters than party politicians at Westminster are apt to imagine; and even if it cared much, the questions would not be pertinent to the present inquiry. Let it be assumed that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have been inspired by the loftiest motives of political altruism, and that their proposals are the outcome of convictions which are not only mature but absolutely independent. Are those proposals constitutionally sound and politically just?

I

It may be well, in the first place, to glance at the alternatives which are open to a statesman who sets out to alter the

constitutional relations between Great Britain and Ireland. For the sake of brevity they may be set forth summarily thus :

(1) Complete separation ;
(2) Colonial self-government ;
(3) Federalism ;
(4) Extended local government.

As to the first little need be said. Separation would imply, of course, not merely the repeal of the legislative union cemented a century ago, but the complete renunciation of the authority of the Crown over a portion of its dominions which have formed an integral part of the inheritance of our kings since the Angevin 'conquest' of the twelfth century. That conquest, as Sir John Davies pointed out exactly three hundred years ago,[1] was, indeed, singularly incomplete and illusory. The Plantagenets were far more concerned as to the retention of their possessions in France than the consolidation of their 'conquest' in Ireland. Nevertheless, Ireland has formed part of the dominion of the English Crown for nearly eight hundred years, and 'separation' would involve a sensible curtailment of its 'regality.' It may be said that there is no demand for separation. It is not so said by the leader of the Irish party. 'There has always been, and there is to-day, a certain section of Irishmen who would like to see separation from this country. They were once a very large section, but now they are a very small section.' So spake Mr. John Redmond in the First Reading Debate on the 11th of April. But for my immediate purpose it matters not whether the section of Irish separatists is large or small. The point is that the fundamental argument upon which from the first 'Home Rule' has rested is that it is proposed in deference to the persistent and sustained demand of the Irish 'nation.' Mr. Asquith himself puts in the forefront of his argument the 'deliberate constitutional demands of the vast majority of the nation, repeated and ratified, time after time, during the best part of the lifetime of a generation.' But this argument, in the mouth of a 'limited' Home Ruler, proves too much. If justice compels attention to the demand—provided it be sufficiently strong and persistent—for 'Home Rule,' how can it remain deaf to a demand, similarly urged, for separation? If Irish nationality is to be caressed when it asks modestly for a modicum of legislative independence, how can it be coerced when it roughly and rudely demands a separation of the Crowns? More than that. The 'nationality' argument

[1] *Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never Entirely Subdued and Brought under Obedience of the Crown of England until the Beginning of His Majesty's Happy Reign* (1612). Sir John Davies was Attorney-General for Ireland under James the First, and his little book is full of ripe wisdom and instruction for those who desire to understand the historical relations of England and Ireland.

itself is obviously available to a 'separatist,' but not to a 'Home Ruler.' No generous mind—more especially if generosity be combined with historical information—can be insensible to the appeal on behalf of 'nationalities.' But the argument is double-edged. To the advocates of the 'nationality' principle no part of the great European settlement of 1815 was more distasteful than the extinction of the independence of the Republic of Genoa. Nowadays there is not a 'nationalist' in Europe who is not inspired to rhapsody by the story of Italian unity. Yet where would united Italy be had Europe listened to the laments of the Genoese nationalists of 1815? The truth is that the 'nationality' of the part must often be sacrificed to the 'nationality' of the whole. This is, indeed, the outstanding lesson taught by a survey of the 'nationality' movement of the nineteenth century. It has tended in the main, not to destruction, but to edification; to unification, not to disintegration. It is a potent weapon, therefore, in the armoury of the Unionist; it may be a convincing argument on the lips of a separatist; the one person to whom it is not available is the advocate of the half measure conveniently described as 'Home Rule.' [2] It is, however, only right, before going further, to point out that the Bill now before Parliament is, on paper, less separatist in principle than were Mr. Gladstone's proposals in 1886, or even in 1893. According to the first Home Rule Bill there was to be no Irish representation at Westminster. Nor was the reason far to seek. No English Liberal would have looked at Home Rule in 1886, except as a means of ridding the House of Commons of the Irish 'nuisance.' But even Mr. Gladstone was subsequently convinced that to propose exclusion was an inevitable step towards complete separation. Consequently in the Bill of 1893 no less than eighty Irish members were retained at Westminster, but the Irish representatives, whether in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons, were not to be entitled to 'deliberate or vote' on any question exclusively affecting Great Britain 'or some part thereof.' The inconvenience of this 'in and out' arrangement was so palpable that the proposal was subsequently dropped, and Irish members were to be left free to deliberate and vote on all questions. It may be taken as a welcome indication of the growth of the federal idea that there is no suggestion, either in Mr. Asquith's speech or in his Bill, of total exclusion; but it has yet to be proved that there is any real guarantee either here or elsewhere against an inherent and ineradicable tendency towards separation.

A second alternative is 'self-government' on the Colonial model. And if the principle of nationalism is irresistibly attrac-

[2] This argument was put by Mr. A. V. Dicey in 1886 with unanswerable force. Cf. *England's Case against Home Rule*, e.g. pp. 18, 70.

tive to the emotional politician, the idea of Colonial self-government is not less attractive to men of a more sober and more reflective turn of mind. The argument from Colonial experience is very simple and, up to a point, very convincing. The more freedom you bestow upon your Colonies, the more you let them 'manage their own affairs,' the more loyal do they become to the British Crown, the more firm is their allegiance to the Imperial connexion. It is undeniably and most happily true that the great Dominions are increasingly devoted to the Crown and the Empire. It is also true that we have gone far towards realising the ideal of Burke, and that the ties which bind the Colonies and the Mother-land, 'though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.' It is true, again, that before the concession of 'responsible' government the two Canadas were seething with disaffection and discontent, and that since 1840 they have increased alike in prosperity and in contentment. But there is another side to Colonial experience, a side which is peculiarly and persistently ignored. Self-government is confined to the Canadian Dominion, Newfoundland, South Africa, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand. These represent only a part, though undeniably the most important part, of the Colonial system. There are other Colonies which have been endowed with representative institutions, but without 'responsible' Executives, and there are many more which, as Crown Colonies, are governed directly from Whitehall. The 'Dominions,' it is true, have advanced from grace to grace. But what of the rest? In many of them it is notorious that representative institutions have proved a failure, and in some it has been found necessary to withdraw the concession, and to restore Crown Colony administration. But even if we ignore all contrary experience and concentrate attention upon the unquestioned success of 'self-government' in the great Dominions, what help and guidance does such experience afford to those who would remodel the government of Ireland?

Colonial self-government, as the term is now understood, involves five principles:

(1) The legal supremacy of the King in Parliament;
(2) The virtual independence of the Colonial Legislature;
(3) A local Executive responsible thereto;
(4) Complete fiscal independence; and
(5) The right of secession.

It will be obvious to any jurist that the above statement is popular rather than scientific, and many people may be startled by the inclusion of the fifth principle. But can any sane person deny that the right of secession is implicit in the existing constitutional connexion between the Mother-land and the daughter Dominions? I am not for an instant suggesting

that the right is likely to be exercised : its existence is, perhaps, the best guarantee against such an untoward development. But does anyone suppose that if the Canadian Dominion were deliberately to demand independence, the demand would be forcibly resisted by the electors of the United Kingdom? It is true that the King in Parliament has a legal right to amend or to annul the existing Constitution of the Canadian Dominion or the Australian Commonwealth : is it conceivable that the right should be exercised except at the request of the Colonies concerned? That the Imperial Parliament does exercise the right to legislate for the Empire, and does in this way secure objects which are common to the Empire as a whole, but are beyond the competence of any single Colonial Legislature, is true.[3] It intervenes, also, to validate doubtful Acts passed by Colonial Legislatures. Nevertheless, the legislative tie is 'light as air,' and it could be severed, if not without sorrow and inconvenience, at least without recourse to revolution.

What help, then, does the Colonial analogy afford to the sanguine 'Home Ruler'? Is Ireland to be endowed with virtual legislative independence? Can the Irish 'nationalist' be satisfied with anything less? Will the English Home Ruler concede so much? Is the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to be merely nominal? 'We maintain in this Bill, unimpaired, beyond the reach of challenge or of question, the supremacy, absolute and sovereign, of the Imperial Parliament.' Such was Mr. Asquith's answer on the 11th of April. Is Ireland to enjoy fiscal independence? The curiously complicated financial arrangements are a sufficient answer to this interrogation. Is Ireland to have a right, either implicit or avowed, to sever the connexion at her sole will and pleasure? To state the question is to anticipate the answer.

Such inquiries, however, may be deemed too technical and too minute. They appear to ignore the broad and popular contention that 'Home Rule' has satisfied the Colonies, and may be relied upon to assuage the secular bitterness between Great Britain and Ireland. What possible danger, it is asked, can there be in adding just one more 'Home Rule Parliament to the twenty-eight Home Rule Parliaments already existing in the Empire'? Let me point out, in passing, that the term 'Home Rule' is an extraordinarily convenient cloak for confusions of thought and inexactitudes of expression. It is utilised to describe at once the virtually independent Parliament of the Dominion of Canada and the entirely subordinate Parliaments of Quebec and the other Canadian Provinces. Is the Dublin

[3] A long series of Acts relating to merchant shipping affords a good example of this. *Cf.* on this subject, Keith : *Responsible Government in the Dominions*, pp. 3, 176-221.

Parliament to be modelled upon that of New Zealand, or upon that of Ontario?[4] Is the Irish Executive to correspond, in its functions and its powers, to that of the Australian Commonwealth or to that of the Isle of Man? Is the Lord-Lieutenant to be a Constitutional Sovereign, or a member of the British Executive, or an autocratic Governor? To these questions I have seen no real or consistent answer. The powers enjoyed by the Dublin Parliament are to be 'delegated'; the Imperial Parliament is to possess overriding legislative authority, and its supremacy is to remain unimpaired; so far, 'Home Rule' is presented in the guise of Canadian provincialism. But, on the other hand, it is to satisfy national aspirations, to do for Ireland what the concession of 'independence' has done for Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. The simple truth is that the 'Home Ruler' has never really defined his terms, still less has he emancipated himself from the intellectual tyranny of imperfect analogies. 'Half the wrong conclusions at which mankind arrives,' said Lord Palmerston, 'are reached by the abuse of metaphors.' More than half the confusions in which political thought is involved are due, it may be added, to reliance upon analogies. No Home Ruler who lays claim to intellectual or political honesty is entitled to recommend his prescription on the strength of the argument from Colonial analogies, without clearly defining to himself and to others what precisely he understands, on the one hand by Colonial self-government, on the other by Irish Home Rule.

The Home Ruler has, however, before him a third alternative. He may proclaim himself to be a 'federalist.' If there is allurement to many minds in the Colonial analogy, there is still more in the federal idea. Federalism has proved itself to be a prevalent principle in politics during the last half-century; it has solved many awkward problems, and has gone far to reconcile many conflicting claims. The United States of America, the Canadian Dominion, the Swiss Republic, the German Empire and the Australian Commonwealth, to say nothing of several South American republics, bear testimony to the applicability of the principle to widely differing circumstances. That the prescription has proved in many cases efficacious is undeniable. But as I have recently pointed out in this Review,[5] 'federalism' has invariably represented a centripetal and not a centrifugal development; it has meant not the break-up of a unitary constitution but the bringing closer together of political units previously independent or, at any rate, distinct; it has implied, on the part of the

[4] I propounded these questions in much more detail in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for November 1911. I have not seen an answer, nor do I find one in Mr. Asquith's speech of the 11th of April.

[5] November 1911.

related communities, not the acquisition but the surrender of rights. The alternative to federalism in America in 1787 was not a single unitary State, but thirteen independent States; the Swiss Cantons in 1848 sacrificed something of sovereignty to a Federal Republic; Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and the other German States made a similar sacrifice to the Federal Empire in 1871. I do not suggest that the application of the federal principle to the United Kingdom is impossible, but I submit that such a process can derive no sanction from the success which has attended the experiment in the countries enumerated above.

Nor can it seriously be contended that the federalisation of the United Kingdom is an indispensable preliminary to the evolution of a federal constitution for the Empire as a whole. On the contrary, it would gravely complicate a problem already sufficiently embarrassing. To devise a federal constitution for the existing units of the Empire—the United Kingdom, the Canadian Dominion, South Africa, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand [6]—ought not to be a task beyond the ingenuity of jurists and diplomatists. To add Ireland, Scotland, and possibly Wales to the confederating units would gratuitously enhance the difficulties of the situation.

That the federal idea has not failed to influence the framers of the new Home Rule Bill is tolerably obvious. The retention of forty-two representatives of Irish constituencies in the Imperial Parliament may be accepted as a concession to this principle. In this respect the Bill seems to me an improvement both upon the cumbrous 'in and out' device of the 1893 Bill, and still more upon the separatist version of 1886. But I question whether this amendment will increase the cordiality of its reception among the electors of Great Britain. At this point, however, it seems important to notice a confusion which is not uncommon. The principle of federalism is apt to be confounded with that of 'devolution.' Of all the arguments employed by Home Rulers there is none, I imagine, which will carry so much weight with the average British elector as the suggestion that 'Home Rule' for Ireland will restore the legislative efficiency of the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Asquith pointedly commended his Bill to the House of Commons as a device for 'reconciling Ireland and emancipating itself.' The business of the Empire and of the United Kingdom must, it is contended, continue to suffer from neglect so long as the Imperial Parliament is compelled to concern itself with matters of purely local significance. Nothing can cure the deep-seated evil but a measure of devolution. The argument will tell. It harmonises completely with a

[6] Perhaps Newfoundland should be added; but it would be much more to the purpose if Newfoundland would consent to enter the Canadian Federation.

sentiment which the newly enfranchised classes have embraced with passionate conviction. Modern democracy has an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of legislation, a touching reliance upon the beneficent activity of the 'State.' Anything which impedes legislation is a barrier to social amelioration. Nothing can shake this conviction. The failure of one legislative effort after another to effect its avowed purpose serves only to stimulate the appetite for more. According to the prevailing creed, there is no economic inequality and no social injustice which you cannot legislate out of existence. Needless to say that the superstition is fostered by the professional politician. Its prevalence enhances the reverence with which he is regarded. He is the custodian of the legislative mysteries. He and he alone can work the oracle. But the process is at present too deliberate; the wheels of the legislative machinery are clogged. Anything which will speed it will be eagerly welcomed by the neo-collectivists. The Parliament Act was one important step in the right direction; the Home Rule Bill is another. Devolution, therefore, is welcomed for its own sake, and not less for the promise it holds out of accelerated legislation.

'Home Rule' thus presents itself in a fourth aspect, as glorified and extended local government. In this guise it can claim a wide allegiance. Most people believe that much of the work now concentrated at Westminster could be advantageously distributed among local bodies. Everyone is ready to utter a benediction on any reasonable scheme of 'devolution.' It is unnecessary, therefore, to labour the point. It is, however, pertinent to point out that there is more than one way of relieving the congestion of business in the existing House of Commons. It may be done by a process of decentralisation or devolution; it can be done not less effectively by a process of integration, by the creation of an Imperial Council, genuinely representative of the Empire as a whole.[7] Nor are the processes mutually exclusive. Even if an Imperial Council were to take over the supervision of foreign and Colonial policy, the control of emigration and immigration, Imperial defence, posts, telegraphs, means of communication, and the like, the Imperial Parliament might still find itself overburdened, and anxious to devolve upon local bodies, administrative and legislative, the control of strictly local affairs.

This point, however, must not be developed. Enough has been said to establish my primary contention that 'Home Rule' is protean in form. It may be synonymous with separation; to a logical 'nationalist' it can be hardly less. It may follow

[7] I may perhaps be permitted to refer, in this connexion, to the scheme which I outlined in this Review in May 1911.

the lines already familiar in the evolution of Colonial self-government. It may appear under the alluring guise of federalism, or it may amount to little more than devolution, the extension of the sphere of local government.

II

Under which of these several guises is Home Rule presented in the scheme which Mr. Asquith, on behalf of his Ministry, has lately propounded to the House of Commons?

Before an attempt is made to answer this question it may be desirable to indicate the salient features of the scheme.

The first is, the supremacy, unimpaired and inviolate, of the Imperial Parliament. The Prime Minister described this as the 'cardinal principle' of the Bill, and it is obvious that no pains have been spared to render that supremacy as secure as a paper constitution can make it. 'There is no question,' said Mr. Asquith, 'of the distribution or allocation as between a central and a local body of supreme legislative authority . . . the Imperial Parliament can neither surrender nor share its supreme authority to or with any other body in any other part of his Majesty's dominions.' This doctrine of the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament is expressly set forth in the first clause of the Bill: 'Notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish Parliament or anything contained in this Act, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things within his Majesty's Dominions.'

The supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is, it would appear, to be secured in three ways: (1) By the power inherent in the sovereign Legislature to legislate for Ireland as for any other part of his Majesty's Dominions; (2) by the power expressly reserved in the Bill to nullify, amend or alter any Act of the Irish Parliament; and (3) by its control over the Imperial Executive, which has power under the Bill to veto or postpone the operation of any Act of the Irish Parliament.

In this connexion it is important and interesting to note Mr. Asquith's emphatic repudiation of one of the cardinal principles of federalism—the distribution of power as between a central and local Legislature. The Imperial Parliament is not to stand to the Dublin Parliament in the relation of the Dominion Parliament to those of Quebec or Alberta: from the jurisdiction of the omnipotent Legislature nothing is or can be reserved. On the other hand, the power of the Irish Legislature is to be inferior to that of Victoria or New South Wales, since the latter delegate to the Commonwealth Legislature only cer-

tain powers, within the limits of which its activities are legally confined. Clearly, then, the first principle of federalism is at the outset repudiated; there is no legal division of powers.

Subject, however, to the overriding supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, Ireland is to enjoy 'real autonomy' in regard to most Irish concerns. The Irish Parliament is to consist of the King and two Houses: a Senate and a House of Commons. The Senate is to consist of forty members holding office for eight years, and nominated in the first instance by the Imperial Executive, and afterwards by the Irish Executive. The number of the Lower House is to be 164, elected by the existing Irish Constituencies on the basis of one member for every 27,000 of the population. Ulster under this plan will get 59 members, Leinster 41, Munster 37, Connaught 25, and the Universities 2.

The constitution of the Senate indicates a wide departure from the precedents of 1886 and 1893, and, not on this account only, will demand much more justification than Mr. Asquith has so far vouchsafed. The Bill of 1886 provided for a single-chamber Legislature of two Orders, sitting, deliberating and voting, as a rule, together, though in certain circumstances apart. The first Order was to consist of 103 members, of whom seventy-five were to be elected on a comparatively high franchise and twenty-five were to be representative Peers of Ireland, elected, as at present, by the general body of the Irish Peerage. The device may have been adapted, though remotely, from the Norwegian Lagthing, but it was generally regarded as unhappy and fantastic, and is never likely to reappear. The Bill of 1893 accepted more frankly the bi-cameral principle and provided for a Legislative Council of forty-eight members elected on a twenty-pound franchise, as well as for a Legislative Assembly. In the event of a deadlock between the two Houses there was to be a joint sitting, and the question was thereupon to be decided by a simple majority.

Mr. Asquith has decided in favour of a nominated Senate. But the reasons for his choice are far from convincing. He rejected the plan of 1893 apparently from a dislike to the property qualification of the proposed electors, and preferred a nominated Senate out of regard for 'the special circumstances of Ireland,' and with a view to safeguarding the interests of the minority. As the point is one of the most debatable in the whole Bill it may be well to transcribe Mr. Asquith's own words: 'It is most desirable to get in your Senate, if you can, the representatives of the minority, of persons who will safeguard the interests of the minority—persons who might not or who will not have a fair chance of election in a question of popular election; and it is still more desirable in Ireland that you should be able to draw for the purposes of your Senate on resources which are not avail-

able for the ordinary, everyday life of the community.' And such a Senate, in Mr. Asquith's view, can best be secured by confiding the nomination of it to the Imperial Executive, and then as vacancies occur to the Irish Cabinet. In eight years' time at latest, the whole Senate will thus be the creature of the local Executive. And this with a view to safeguarding the interests of the minority!

If Mr. Asquith were not the most serious of contemporary politicians, it would be difficult to resist the conviction that in this matter he had been guilty of an elaborate but misplaced pleasantry. Any proposal more grotesquely inadequate to the achievement of its professed object, more incongruous with its avowed motive, it is almost impossible to conceive. Mr. Asquith as a constitutional lawyer must have had all the precedents before him. There are Senates in plenty in the Over-sea Dominions of the King. Of these, five are wholly elected—those of Victoria, Western and South Australia, Tasmania and the Federal Senate of the Australian Commonwealth; one, that of United South Africa, is as to four-fifths elected and as to one-fifth nominated; seven are wholly nominated—those of New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Quebec and the Dominion of Canada. Of these, however, all are nominated for life, except that of New Zealand, which, since 1891, has been nominated for a term of seven years only. The four Senates of the constituent Colonies of the United South Africa have already lapsed, but the fact may be recalled that that of Cape Colony was elected, that of Natal was nominated for ten years, and the Senates of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony for five. How far does the experience gained from the working of these Second Chambers afford ground for hope that the interests of a minority may safely be confided to a nominated Senate? One point must not escape notice. The Irish Senate, as proposed by Mr. Asquith, is to consist of forty members, neither more nor less. In thus defining the precise number he follows a precedent, general but not universal. To the Canadian Senate six members but no more may, under certain defined circumstances, be added. The Senate of the Australian Commonwealth consists of six members for each of the six constituent States, but the Federal Parliament is by the Constitution empowered to increase or diminish the numbers for each State, provided that the equal representation of the six original States be maintained, and that no original State shall ever have less than six Senators. In New South Wales the number of Senators has been increased from twenty-one to sixty-one, and it would seem that there is no legal or constitutional limit to the discretionary power of the Executive in the appointment of Senators. This principle has not, however, been established with-

out more than one constitutional struggle. Sir John Young, who was Governor of New South Wales from 1861 to 1867, was severely admonished by the Home Government for permitting his Prime Minister, Sir Charles Cowper, to swamp the Senate with his nominees, and it was not until 1889 that Sir Henry Parkes was able to establish the principle and practice which now prevail.

But of Colonial precedents the one most applicable to the case of Ireland would seem to be that of the Canadian Dominion. The Canadian Senate was set up with high hopes. The number of Senators is virtually limited, and they are nominated for life by the Governor-General, of course on the advice of his responsible advisers. It was hoped and intended that the Senate should possess something of the glamour which attached to the historic House of Lords, that it should contain men of independent judgment, superior to the baser party considerations, that it should afford some protection against hasty and ill-considered legislation, that it should circumvent unscrupulous party stratagems, and, above all, that it should give representation to provincial interests. It must be confessed that in all respects the Canadian Senate has disappointed the hopes of the framers of the Constitution. From first to last it has been manipulated to subserve the interests of the Executive of the day. Sir John Macdonald is said during his long tenure of power to have appointed to the Senate one Liberal. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is believed to have bettered his example, and to have proved himself guiltless of even this degree of weakness towards political opponents. And this is the instrument upon which Mr. Asquith relies to safeguard the interests of the minority in Ireland. A more palpably illusory guarantee was never surely devised by a responsible statesman.

The proposed constitution of the Lower House presents no feature of special interest, and we may pass at once to a consideration of the powers with which the Legislature is to be endorsed. These are defined not by enumeration, but by restriction. The distinction is important, for the Irish Parliament must be presumed to possess all such powers as are not specifically reserved. As in the Bill of 1893, the Irish Parliament is forbidden to deal with matters touching the Crown, a Regency, or the Lord-Lieutenant, with peace or war, the Army and Navy, treaties and foreign relations, treason, dignities and honours, and the amendment of the Constituent Act. Nor is it to deal with the Land Purchase Acts, the due fulfilment of which is to remain as an obligation of the Imperial Parliament. Over the Irish Constabulary, on the other hand, it is to have entire control after the lapse of six years. Old-age pensions and the obligations incurred under the Insurance Act of 1911 are to remain as charges upon the Imperial Exchequer, unless the Irish Parliament should

elect to take them over, after having given twelve months' notice of their intention to do so. Similarly, the Post Office Savings Bank may be taken over on six months' notice, but not during the next ten years. Various other restrictions as to education, corporations, and interference with the rights of property, included in the Bill of 1893, are dropped in that of 1912, but the religious safeguards are repeated and extended. Clause 3 of the new Bill runs :

> In the exercise of their power to make laws under this Act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion [so far it repeats the provision of 1893], or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or to give a preference, privilege or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical *status*, or to make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage.

The reference to recent papal decrees is, of course, too obvious to require comment.

Such are the restrictions upon the legislative competence of the statutory Parliament which it is proposed to set up in Ireland.

The financial arrangements are extraordinarily intricate. The Imperial Parliament will continue to tax the whole of the United Kingdom, but the Irish Parliament will have the power within its territorial limitations to reduce or discontinue any Imperial tax. It will also possess extensive fiscal powers of its own. It will have entire control of the Post Office and the Excise, and partial control over Customs. All taxes, however, whether imposed by the Imperial or by the Irish Parliament, are to be collected by Imperial authorities and paid into the Imperial Exchequer.[8] As regards Customs, the Irish Parliament may not impose a duty on any articles not dutiable under the schedule of the United Kingdom, but it may increase the amount of any duty by a sum not in excess of 10 per cent. on the yield. Within the same limit it may increase income-tax and estate duties, but will have no power to alter stamp duties, which are to remain uniform throughout the United Kingdom. Of any increase Ireland will get the advantage through the operation of what is to be known as 'The Transferred Sum'; and, conversely, any diminution or discontinuance will be effected at its own expense. For the whole of the Imperial taxes collected in Ireland will be returned to Ireland in 'The Transferred Sum,' with a substantial addition.

In 1886 Mr. Gladstone reckoned that Ireland was contributing 3,500,000*l.* a year to the Imperial revenue, and he fixed her future contribution on that basis. Before the 1893 Bill appeared, Ireland's contribution had sensibly diminished, and in the second

[8] It does not appear to have been noticed that this is a crafty device to solve the difficulty of Ulster, or rather to create a dilemma from which Ulster cannot escape.

edition of Home Rule it was deemed equitable that the sum to be henceforth contributed should be 2,250,000*l*. Twenty years later the tables are turned. Ireland, despite a marked increase in internal prosperity, has ceased to be an Imperial asset, and has become an Imperial liability. Consequently, Mr. Asquith has decreed that henceforward Ireland shall contribute nothing at all. On the contrary, she is to receive from Imperial sources a subsidy of 2,000,000*l*. a year at least. It is estimated that under existing arrangements Ireland receives from the Imperial Exchequer 1,500,000*l*. a year more than she pays into it. To this 'deficit' Mr. Asquith proposes to add an extra half-million, to give the New Ireland a fair financial start.

With nothing to rely upon but the published report of the Prime Minister's introductory statement, it is hazardous to enter upon any detailed examination of the financial proposals.[9] This much, however, may be said. It is obvious that the proposed financial arrangements will be and must be subjected to the closest scrutiny. They are, on the face of them, wholly incongruous with the underlying and permeating principle of the Bill. As regards legislation and administration Ireland is to be placed virtually in the position of a 'responsible' colony. It is true that there are certain restrictions upon the competence of the Legislature and the Executive which would be resented by a 'self-governing' dominion; but, speaking broadly, that is the position in which, should this Bill become law, Ireland will be placed. In two respects, however, she is to enjoy privileges which are denied to the greatest and most loyal of the Over-sea Dominions. One is as regards representation in the Imperial Parliament; the other is in regard to finance.

That the obligations created under the Land Purchase Acts should remain unaffected by the Bill is a point of obvious political expediency, not to say of political honour. It may be a violation of political logic; but it is better to violate logic than to imperil the validity of contracts or to play havoc with national credit. But why, if Ireland is to be entrusted with the responsibilities of self-government, she should be relieved of the charges incidental to the payment of her own old-age pensions and the working of a scheme of national insurance, it is not easy to understand. The sentimentalist may exhort us to err on the side of generosity, to make abundant reparation for past wrongs, and so forth. But it is not unimportant to remember that such reparation can be made, and such generosity exercised, only at the expense of the existing taxpayers of Great Britain; that the strain

[9] Neither Mr. Samuel's speech, despite its admiral lucidity, nor the Bill itself, as now published, add anything material.

imposed upon them is already severe, and may become intolerable; and that if a constitutional and financial readjustment is to be effected, the give must not be all on the one side and the take on the other. Responsibilities are inseparable from rights. If self-government is to be conceded as a 'right,' the 'right' can be enjoyed only at the cost of financial responsibility. But such truisms need not be laboured: the essential objection to the financial arrangements, considered from the point of view of the constitutional jurist, is that they are contradictory to the political principle on which the whole scheme is founded. Constitutional independence and financial dependence cannot permanently coexist. So long as Ireland remains in all respects an integral portion of the United Kingdom it may equitably claim to enjoy the financial advantage incidental to such a political connexion; if it prefers to sever, wholly or partially, that connexion, it must be prepared to shoulder its own financial burden.

That the severance is far from complete I am ready and anxious to admit; that the Asquith Constitution is not conceived consistently on the lines of Colonial self-government is one of the points on which I desire to insist; and I shall have something further to say as to the continued representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. But a word must first be interposed as to the position and powers of the Executive which the Bill proposes to set up.

Colonial self-government, as I have already pointed out, implies not merely virtual legislative independence, but also the existence of an Executive responsible to the local Legislature. This was a truth which only gradually dawned upon the intelligence of the home Government. The lack of a responsible Executive was one of the more obvious rocks upon which the 'Grattan Constitution' foundered in the last years of the eighteenth century. Under the constitutional arrangement of 1782 Ireland enjoyed complete legislative autonomy, but that autonomy was vitiated, if not cancelled, by the presence of corruption and by the absence of a responsible Executive. A similar defect brought to grief the system devised by Pitt in 1791 for the government of the two Canadas. Many causes—ecclesiastical, fiscal, racial—contributed to the discontent which blazed out into rebellion in 1837, but at the root of them was the constitutional problem: the difficulty of working representative institutions without an Executive responsible thereto. Lord Durham correctly diagnosed the disease, and in his famous Report prescribed the appropriate remedy. 'The Governor,' he wrote, 'should be instructed that he must carry on his government by heads of departments in whom the united Legislature shall repose confidence; and that he must look

for no support from home in any contest with the Legislature except on points involving strictly Imperial interests.' In a word, the Cabinet system was to be introduced into the Canadian Constitution. This was done, and the principle of Colonial 'self-government' was once for all established.

Mr. Asquith proposes, in similar fashion, to set up an Executive in Ireland responsible to the local Legislature. But the Executive is to be subject to precisely the same limitations as those imposed upon the Dublin Parliament. The Legislature and the Executive are to be coterminous in authority. On this point the Prime Minister is precise :

> I wish to make it perfectly clear that as far as the Executive in Ireland is concerned the area of its authority will be coextensive with the legislative power of the Parliament, neither greater nor less. Whatever matters are, for the time being, within the legislative competence of the Irish Parliament will be for administrative purposes within the ambit of the Irish Executive; what is outside will remain under the control and subject to the administration of the Imperial Executive.

The language is obviously chosen with meticulous accuracy, and the point indicated deserves the closest scrutiny.

Lord Durham, Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, the fathers of Colonial self-government, were frankly contemplating the imminence of Colonial independence. 'To ripen these communities [the Colonies] to the earliest possible maturity, social, political, commercial, to qualify them by all the appliances within the reach of the parent State for *present self-government and eventual independence*, is now the universally admitted aim of our Colonial policy.' (The italics are mine.) Thus wrote Mr. Arthur Mills in his *Colonial Constitutions* in 1856. No one who is acquainted with the facts will question the accuracy of his generalisation. 'Eventual independence' was regarded as the inevitable goal of the constitutional evolution of the greater Colonies. I shall be reminded that not one of them has reached it, or desired to reach it; and I shall be told that the timely concession of self-government, instead of precipitating separation, has averted all desire for it. Be it admitted. What is the inevitable inference? That the same concession to Ireland will produce the same results. The concession, however, is not the same, nor are the circumstances identical. Geography would vitiate the analogy, even if Mr. Asquith attempted to sustain it; but he does not. The nearest of the self-governing Colonies is roughly 3000 miles away : at the time when 'self-government' was conceded communication was cumbrous and infrequent. The home Government, in the 'forties, threw the reins on the back of the Colonial team and bade them find their own way home. They found it. Would they have found it if the concession had been less complete :

if the driver had remained upon the box and attempted by word or whip to guide when he could no longer control? Ireland is not a British Colony, and Asquithian 'Home Rule' is not 'self-government.' The stress laid upon the effective supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; its continued competence to legislate for Ireland; its power to 'nullify, amend or alter' Irish statutes; the numerous restrictions upon the competence of the Irish Parliament; the twofold veto—are these 'safeguards' real or are they sham? Are they intended to be effective, or are they mere window-dressing, put in for the delectation and delusion of the British electorate? Let me hasten to say that I believe them to represent a genuine intention on the part of the author of the Bill. But the nation is concerned not with probable intentions, but with inevitable results. If the safeguards and limitations are genuine and effective, they completely vitiate the scheme as a measure of 'self-government.' Would any 'responsible' Colony allow the Imperial Government to collect the taxes it imposed and pay them into the Imperial exchequer? Would a Colonial Parliament suffer for one instant such restrictions upon its competence as those which are enumerated in Mr. Asquith's Bill? If, on the other hand, the safeguards are illusory, will the British electorate even contemplate an experiment so rash and so dishonest?

There are many other points—notably the machinery for deciding whether any given statute of the Irish Legislature is or is not within its competence—the significance of which stands out even on a first impression; there is only one with which I have space to deal. The retention of the Irish members at Westminster is justified by Mr. Asquith on the ground that the House of Commons will continue to be 'the House of Commons of the United Kingdom.' My hope is that it may, and for that reason I welcome his illogical proposal. I admire also his ingenuity. Here is a crumb of comfort for the Federalist. There is no genuine Federalism in the structure of the Bill, but here at least is a semblance of the idea, and we may welcome signs of grace, even if they are exhibited at the expense of constitutional congruity.

It will, I hope, be apparent that in the foregoing pages no attempt has been made to discuss at large the political merits or defects of Home Rule in general. Had such been my intention it would have been inexcusable to omit all reference to one of the most important factors in the political problem—the attitude of the Ulster Protestants. In a scientific analysis of a proposed constitutional reconstruction the wishes of Ulster may be ignored. But the moment we pass from the academic discussion of constitutional details to the broad political issues the spectacle of Ulster, organised, determined and grim, must necessarily stand forth as a

dominating feature of the situation. No Minister, no Parliament, no electorate, will be able to ignore the resolute refusal of the Ulster Protestants to be forcibly sundered from the United Kingdom, and be handed over to another 'nation' with which they have neither racial nor religious nor economic affinity. We are bidden to make a fundamental change in the constitutional relations of the United Kingdom in deference to the 'persistent demand' of a minority which is numerically contemptible. But we are solemnly warned that to the minority of the minority no excessive consideration must be shown. 'We will not admit,' said the Prime Minister, 'the right of the minority of the people, and relatively a small minority, . . . to veto the verdict of the vast body of their countrymen.' Their countrymen are Englishmen and Scotchmen no less, even more, than Irishmen, and it has yet to be proved that the 'vast body of their countrymen' are wedded to the policy which Ulster emphatically repudiates. If minorities as such are to be condemned, is there any sufficient ground for attention to the demands of that minority of the electors of the United Kingdom who have persistently placed 'Home Rule' in the forefront of their political programme?

Never yet has the majority pronounced unequivocally in favour of this fundamental change of Constitution. Once, and once only, in 1886, has a specific proposal been submitted, fairly and squarely, to the deliberate judgment of the electors of the United Kingdom; and the response was unhesitating and decisive.

One point remains. It is clear that in the great constitutional struggle which is ahead of the people of this country the 'deliberate judgment of the civilised world' is to be again invoked, as it was invoked before. It cannot, therefore, be deemed impertinent to invite the attention of 'the civilised world' to a consideration which may possibly escape them. In no other great country except our own would it be legally or constitutionally possible to effect a change of this magnitude by the ordinary process of legislation. No great nation in the world is so completely defenceless as Great Britain against a constitutional revolution effected under the forms of law. I would respectfully ask those eminent American citizens who have been quick to express approval of the Bill now under consideration by the British House of Commons, how they would regard a proposal to amend fundamentally the Federal Constitution of the United States without putting in motion the elaborate and complicated machinery provided in the Constitution for that purpose? I would address a similar inquiry to our fellow citizens in the Australian Commonwealth; and I would repeat it, if necessary, to every competent jurist in Europe. There are many advantages in a Constitution

mostly unwritten and entirely flexible; but there are times when the corresponding disadvantages become painfully apparent. So long as there is a general acquiescence in the 'fundamentals' of the Constitution, the 'circumstantials' may be left to take care of themselves. No great and permanent injury is likely to be inflicted upon the body politic. It is otherwise when 'fundamentals' become the subject of acute political controversy. Cromwell recognised this truth when confronted by Parliaments which questioned the 'fundamentals' enshrined in the written Constitution of the Protectorate. And Cromwell found the solution of his difficulties in reluctant reliance upon the power of the sword. It was as general of the army rather than as Protector of the Commonwealth that he really controlled the destinies of England, Scotland and Ireland. Between the close of the seventeenth century and the dawn of the twentieth there was little disposition in this country to question 'fundamentals.' But the period of acquiescence appears to have passed. Questions are propounded to-day which go down to the very roots of our social and economic system, which shake the foundations upon which the whole political superstructure is built. Are we adequately equipped, in a constitutional sense, for answering these questions, and for effecting the fundamental changes which the answers may involve? It is not easy for a student of political institutions to answer these questions with a confident affirmative. This much at least cannot be gainsaid. There exists in this country no special machinery for constitutional revision. A Bill for prohibiting vivisection or for regulating the work-hours of shop-assistants necessitates the employment of precisely the same legislative machinery as a Bill for the abolition of the House of Lords or the House of Commons, or a Bill for the adjustment of the Constitutional relations of Great Britain and Ireland. Neither more nor less. The British Constitution entirely ignores comparative values in legislation. Its deficiences in this regard were brought into startling relief in the Session of 1911. The experience is to be repeated in 1912. This being so, it is more imperative that proposals so far-reaching as those contained in the third edition of Home Rule should be subjected to severe scrutiny. A closer acquaintance may possibly induce a more favourable judgment; but a first impression suggests that the Bill has been framed with extraordinary ingenuity and adroitness, and that the sails have been set to catch every breath of the wind of popularity. In the distribution of favours nobody has been left out. There is something for the thorough-going separatist, inspired by nationalist fervour; there is something for the timid devolutionist, anxious only to secure 'gas and water' Home Rule; something for the advocate

of Colonial self-government, and something for the well-meaning but muddle-headed federalist. But is not the dexterity of the Bill likely to prove its destruction? Is it not, in fact, an ingenious mosaic, cunningly compacted and curiously inlaid, a 'tesselated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white,' [10] but grotesquely lacking in consistency of principle, in unity of design, and coherence of construction?

J. A. R. Marriott.

[10] The image is Burke's.

THE THIRD EDITION OF HOME RULE

(II)

IRELAND'S ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

ONE of the most significant features of the Home Rule controversy is the energy with which the advocates of Home Rule are attempting to discredit the rapidly accumulating evidence that the Irish people are now progressing at a more rapid rate economically than the people of Great Britain. It is perhaps not unnatural that Home Rulers should take up such an attitude. In 1893 they or their predecessors attempted to force upon the people of the United Kingdom a scheme for the government of Ireland which would have brought Ireland to the verge of bankruptcy within ten years of its coming into operation. The Unionists secured the rejection of that measure, and as an alternative they substituted the policy of fostering the economic development of Ireland—first by land purchase, and later by generous agricultural and development grants. The constructive policy of the Unionist party has been completely justified by the result. Ireland is now more prosperous than she has ever been in her history, and the Irish people owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Unionists for having saved them from their political friends in 1893.

It may be doubted whether the average Englishman or Scotsman has the slightest conception of the extent to which Ireland has advanced in an economic sense within the past decade; and even a close student of Irish affairs, such as Mr. Erskine Childers may fairly claim to be, appears to be curiously ignorant of the change that is taking place in the relative position of the two countries. Mr. Childers, who challenges my statement[1] that the economic condition of the people of Ireland is improving at a more rapid rate than that of the people of Great Britain, has made a strange blunder in his criticism of my figures in overlooking the fact that there has been a wide divergence in the movement of population of Great Britain as compared with that of Ireland. Within the past decade the population of Great Britain increased to the extent of 10.3 per cent., while that of Ireland declined to the extent

[1] *Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1912, p. 651.

of 1.7 per cent., and in order to make a true comparison it is necessary to take the actual figures per head of population.

Taking first the gross assessments to Income tax. On p. 34 of the fifty-eighth number of the Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom Mr. Childers will find that between 1900 and 1910 the gross amount of Income brought under the review of the Inland Revenue Department in respect of England and Wales increased from 682,020,000*l.* to 877,888,000*l.*, a growth of 195,868,000*l.*, or 28.7 per cent.; but on a *per capita* basis the increase was only 14.7 per cent. Within the same period the Gross Assessment of Scotland advanced from 76,213,000*l.* to 93,020,000*l.*, an increase of 16,807,000*l.*, or 22 per cent.; but on a *per capita* basis Scotland's increase was only 12 per cent. The Gross Assessment of Ireland in 1900 was 33,501,000*l.*, and in 1910 it was 40,192,000*l.*, an increase of 6,691,000*l.*, or 20 per cent., which was equivalent on a *per capita* basis to 21 per cent. The gross assessments to Income tax therefore prove precisely what I stated—namely, that the welfare of the Irish people is improving more rapidly than that of the people of Great Britain.

With regard to the Irish trade returns, there is a gap between the official returns from 1826 to 1904; but it may be pointed out that in 1895 the late Sir Robert Giffen estimated the value of the exports at about 20,000,000*l.*, and that of the imports at about 25,000,000*l.*, making a total of only 45,000,000*l.*, or not much more than one-third of their present value, and if returns were available showing the growth of Irish trade since land purchase first began to exert its beneficial influence, it is not unreasonable to assume that they would show such an improvement in the volume of Ireland's external trade as I have suggested. But taking the short period of 1904-10, even Mr. Childers is constrained to admit that there was an actual increase of 26 per cent. in the value of the external trade of Ireland, as compared with an increase of 31.4 (not 30 per cent., as stated by Mr. Childers) in the external trade of the United Kingdom; and making the comparison on a true basis, namely, per head of population, it will be found that the increase in the value of Irish trade during the period of 1904-10 was 27.2 per cent., as compared with an increase of only 22.8 per cent. for the United Kingdom during that period.

But the statement that the economic condition of the Irish people is improving at a more rapid rate than that of the British people rests upon a broader foundation than Mr. Childers appears to have any conception of. In the Banking supplement to *The Economist* of the 21st of October, 1911, Mr. Childers will find that between 1901 and 1911 the deposits in the Joint Stock

Banks of England and Wales increased from 634,346,000*l.* to 796,800,000*l.*, a growth of 162,454,000*l.*, or 25.5 per cent.; the deposits of the Scotch Joint Stock Banks decreased from 107,347,000*l.* to 106,633,000*l.*, a diminution of 714,000*l.*, or .7 per cent.; while the deposits of the Irish Joint Stock Banks increased from 48,428,000*l.* to 65,418,000*l.*, an expansion of 16,990,000*l.*, or 35 per cent. On a *per capita* basis there was an increase in the case of the English and Welsh Banks of 13.4 per cent.; in the case of the Scotch Banks a decrease of 7 per cent.; and in the case of the Irish Banks an increase of 37 per cent.

Under the circumstances it is perhaps natural that Mr. Childers should regard the figures of increased trade and banking deposits as not altogether reliable indices of increased prosperity, so I would venture to direct his attention to the railway statistics. On pp. 319-321 of the Statistical Abstract already referred to, Mr. Childers will find that in 1896 the gross receipts of the railways of Great Britain amounted to 86,640,000*l.*, and in 1910 they amounted to 119,451,000*l.*, an increase of 32,811,000*l.*, or 37.8 per cent. During the same period the gross receipts of the Irish railways advanced from 3,478,000*l.* to 4,474,000*l.*, an increase of 996,000*l.*, or 28.6 per cent. But on a *per capita* basis the increase in the case of the railways of Great Britain was only 18.5 per cent., as compared with an increase of 34 per cent. on the Irish railways.

If Mr. Childers would prefer to apply another test he might possibly like to take the net capital value of property on which Estate duty was paid. Owing to the occasional inclusion of large estates it would perhaps give a misleading result to make a comparison on the basis of a single year. In order to overcome this difficulty the writer has taken the four years 1896-7 to 1899-1900, and compared them with the four years 1907-8 to 1910-11 (the figures are given on p. 41 of the Statistical Abstract already referred to). During the first-named period the average value in the case of England and Wales was 217,520,000*l.*, and in the last-named period the average was 237,505,000*l.*, showing an increase of 19,985,000*l.*, or 9.1 per cent. In the case of Scotland the average in the first-named period was 23,568,000*l.*, and in the last-named period 29,206,000*l.*, an increase of 5,638,000*l.*, or 24 per cent. In the case of Ireland the average amount for the first period was 12,190,000*l.*, and for the last period 13,248,000*l.*, showing an increase of 1,058,000*l.*, or 8.6 per cent. But, again, making the comparison of a *per capita* basis, it will be found that in the case of England and Wales there was a decrease of 3 per cent., in the case of Scotland an increase of 15 per cent., and in the case of Ireland an increase of 11 per cent.

The statistics as to the number of paupers in receipt of relief, and the statistics as to insolvency, afford further confirmation of the view that Ireland is progressing more rapidly than Great Britain, but it is not necessary to go into details on these two points. The question of population is the final point to which attention may be directed. As already stated, within the past decade the population of Great Britain increased to the extent of 10.3 per cent., while that of Ireland declined to the extent of 1.7 per cent. It may be pointed out, however, that the intercensal decrease in Ireland was by far the lowest ratio of decrease reported since 1851. The increase of population in Scotland was only 6.4 per cent., the lowest rate of increase reported for any intercensal period with the exception of 1851-61; and the intercensal increase of population in England was 10.5 per cent., which was by far the lowest ratio of increase recorded since 1821. It may be doubted whether it is generally known that the volume of emigration from Scotland is now nearly twice as large as that from Ireland. In 1911 about 61,000 persons emigrated from Scotland, whereas only 30,573 emigrated from Ireland, the ratios being 12.8 per 1000 for Scotland and 7 per 1000 for Ireland.

The evidence that the economic condition of the Irish people under the Union is now improving at a more rapid rate than that of the people of Great Britain is incontrovertible, and there is every reason to believe that the advocates of Home Rule, who are now so eager to deny this improvement, would be the first, if Home Rule were granted, to search Ireland from end to end for evidence of the wonderful economic advance, which they would then have no difficulty in discovering and no hesitation in ascribing to the adoption of their policy. There is, of course, still a great disparity, as I have taken care to point out, between the national wealth and income of the people of Great Britain and that of the Irish people; but if the economic ties which at present bind Ireland to Great Britain remain unbroken and the constructive policy of the past fifteen years be continued, there is every reason to believe that the Irish people will make up the greater part of this leeway within a period and in a manner which will astonish the economic world.

EDGAR CRAMMOND.

THE RULE OF FUNK

In the *Times* of the 16th of March I read the following announcement:

> Mr. Sherwell has given notice of an amendment to Mr. Ormsby Gore's resolution on Syndicalism in these terms: 'That this House, while expressing its strong disapproval of all forms of incitement to acts of violence in connexion with social or political propaganda, is of opinion that the interests of the State and of social order could best be secured by immediate consideration of the causes of the unrest now and lately prevailing among the industrial classes.'

Nothing apparently came of Mr. Ormsby Gore's resolution, beyond a phantasmal debate. With the thought underlying Mr. Sherwell's amendment I am in full sympathy. The great —the greatest—problem now before the world is the reorganisation of industry upon an ethical basis. But I confess to much astonishment that Mr. Sherwell, with his experience of the House of Commons, should have invited that assembly to discuss it. Consider what the House of Commons really is. No doubt it contains intellects of the first order, perfectly able to grasp and solve the highest questions of statecraft. But those are not the subjects which engage their attention. 'Party,' Mr. Balfour once told his fellow-legislators, 'is the very breath of our nostrils,' and party issues so absorb their energies that other topics receive unwilling and scant consideration. Even those among them who have the pre-eminence supply conclusive evidence that this is so. Thus Mr. Lloyd George, the holder of a very important office, and accounted, by some, a man of light and leading, informed the House the other day that 'Socialism is the policeman of Syndicalism.' The writer of an able article in the *Times*[1] observed, justly, that 'the remark, and the spirit of cheerful confidence it embodied, reveal a state of deep ignorance covered by a thin coating of treacherous knowledge, extremely dangerous at these times in a particularly active Minister.'

And if party leaders can so gravely misapprehend important public topics, what capacity for rationally dealing with them can be expected from the rank and file of the led? What, in

[1] An article entitled 'Syndicalism.' It appeared on the 25th of March.

fact, is the average member of Parliament but claptrap made flesh and dwelling among us as a legislator? Ignorant of history, of finance, of political philosophy, his intellectual equipment is a set of commonplaces, platitudes, shibboleths, which he has never tried to think out, and very likely could not if he tried. 'How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!' But it must be that sort of nonsense which bears the party imprimatur, or his place will soon know him no more. Sir Henry Maine has remarked that 'debates in the House of Commons may be constantly read which consisted wholly in the exchange of weak generalities and strong personalities.'[2] To this we may add that they are the hollowest pretence in the world, for it is perfectly well known that honourable members must not give expression to any conclusion at which they may arrive in opposition to the party ukase. 'I have heard many speeches in Parliament,' a veteran legislator observed, 'which changed my opinion, but never one which changed my vote.' 'Non cogito ergo sum' is the true account of the ordinary Parliamentary representative. If he once begins to think for himself, he is a doomed man. So was it with Mr. Belloc. So with Mr. Harold Cox, whom the University of Cambridge—or I suppose I should say the clerical electors of that seat of learning—rejected in favour of a gentleman doubtless full of mathematics but, politically considered, 'a simple vote.'[3]

And can it be otherwise when our system of party Government prevails? I do not see how. Let us look at the situation with eyes purged of cant. What is the real employment of the six hundred and odd gentlemen who assemble 'within those walls'? They are engaged in playing the party game—perhaps the most demoralising of all forms of gambling. The prize for which they are contending is office. It is a question of Ins or Outs. Carlyle puts it very well:

> A mighty question indeed! Who shall be Premier, and take in hand the 'rudder of government,' otherwise called the 'spigot of taxation'; shall it be the Honourable Felix Parvulus, or the Right Honourable Felicissimus Zero? By our electioneerings and Hansard debatings, and ever-enduring tempest of jargon that goes on everywhere, we manage to settle that; to have it declared, with no bloodshed, except insignificant blood from the nose in hustings-time, but with immense beershed and inkshed and explosion of nonsense, which darkens all the air, that the Right Honourable Zero is to be the man. That we firmly settle. Zero, all shivering with rapture and with terror, mounts into the high saddle; cramps himself on, with knees, heels, hands, and feet; and the horse gallops—whither it lists.

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[2] *Popular Government*, p. 108.

[3] I am indebted to Pope for the phrase:

> 'That from a patriot of distinguished note
> Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.'

That the Right Honourable Zero should attempt controlling the horse—alas, alas, he, sticking with beak and claws, is too happy if the horse will only gallop any whither, and not throw him. Measure, polity, plan or scheme of public good or evil, is not in the head of Felicissimus; except, if he could but devise it, some measure that would please his horse for the moment, and encourage him to go with softer paces, godward or devilward as it might be, and save Felicissimus's leather, which is fast wearing. This is what we call a Government in England.

Further: What is the means by which office is attained or retained? Bribery. Not of free and independent electors by small money doles; no—our virtuous legislators would blush at that, or, at all events, 'would blush to find it fame'; but bribery on a much larger scale, and by far more nefarious and detestable expedients. Consider the present Government, for example. I select it as an example because it is before our eyes, not because it is essentially different from former Governments, or worse—at all events, much worse—than some of them. The numerical strength of the Liberal party proper—if I may so speak—is inadequate to keep the Government in office. More votes are wanted, and they have to be paid for. There are two considerable groups in the House of Commons whose suffrages are on sale—one, the Home Rule party, whose price is the dismemberment of the Empire;[4] the other, the Labour party, whose price is the disintegration of society. And does the Government hesitate, in either case, to pay the price demanded? By no means. It is willing to pay that price, and more also, in order to remain for a time 'dressed in a little brief authority.' The late coal strike was bitterly resented by the Government as an unmannerly interruption of the party game. And Mr. Asquith's avowed object has been not to diagnose and to heal the disease in the body politic of which it is so grave a symptom; no, but merely to get it out of the way as quickly as possible.

[4] I found this statement upon Mr. Redmond's public declarations. Here are a few of them. At Kanturk, on the 17th of November 1895, he asserted: 'The consummation of all our hopes and aspirations is, in one word, to drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage, from our country.' He said at Cork, on the 24th of October 1901, that the aim of the Irish League was 'the national independence of Ireland.' At an Irish-American Convention, held in New York on the 21st of September 1907, he spoke on behalf of the following resolution: 'That, in supporting Home Rule for Ireland, we abandon no principle of Irish nationhood as laid down by the fathers in the Irish movement for independence, from Wolfe Tone and Emmet to Charles J. Kickham and Charles Stewart Parnell,' and in the course of his speech he said: 'I do not think I ever heard a more magnificent declaration of Irish national principles. The declaration puts, in the clearest way, the meaning and essence of this movement—it is no new movement: it is the movement for which Emmet died.' I am far from making it a matter of reproach to Mr. Redmond that he holds these views. I think I should hold them too if I were a Celtic Irishman. The Home Rule movement is the natural consequence, the merited punishment of England for centuries of cruel and cowardly oppression in Ireland. We have sown the wind; we are reaping the whirlwind.

And now I will venture, as a student, all my life, of history and political science, to make my modest contribution to the discussion invited by Mr. Sherwell, although, within the narrow limits of a Review article, I am necessarily restricted to outlines. The only knowledge which is worth having on this great question is causal knowledge. Indeed, to understand any political situation aright, we must understand how things have become what they are. The last century witnessed a great change in this nation. The ten or twelve millions of the population of the country in 1812 have become forty millions. They have ceased to be a pastoral and agricultural people, leading quiet and healthful rural lives—'fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes'—to become dwellers in fog-grimed slums, and profit-making machines—'hands' is the significant term commonly employed—in manufactories, on railways, in docks, in mines. The change has not been to their advantage physically. Has it been so morally or intellectually? The schoolmaster has been abroad. But what is the real worth of the so-called 'education' imparted by him? The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the Church Catechism had moulded the character of the English people—the Church Catechism with its teaching as to the great end of life, the right rule of life, the duty of truth and justice in all one's dealings, of respect for and obedience to the powers that be, as ordained of God. That teaching is now at a discount. I remember Mr. Ruskin observing that what has superseded it is a mere training in impudence. I think he might have added, and in discontent. It appears to me, indeed, that discontent is the special note of the working classes at the present day. And I do not wonder at it. The condition of vast numbers of them—for example, those employed in the sweated trades—is horrible, and a national disgrace. Moreover, the old orthodox political economy, by installing competition, working by supply and demand, as the all-sufficient principle in industrial relations, by proclaiming the supremacy of bodily appetites over moral motives, has arrayed capital and labour in two hostile camps. As I wrote in this Review last October,[5] 'The old charities and courtesies which once bound together the various members of the body politic have disappeared, and have been replaced by a state of universal war—bellum omnium contra omnes.' And the conception of the social organism, of the country's solidarity, has disappeared too. A century ago we were 'a nation still, the rulers and the ruled.' Then the notion of such a movement as the recent coal strike would have been unthinkable. Now the workers in each of the various branches of industry are bound together in a vast organisation, insisting

[5] In an article entitled 'The Philosophy of Strikes.'

at all costs on their rights and interests, real or supposed, and utterly indifferent to the rights and interests of the community at large, or, for the matter of that, of the workers in other industries. Do not let us suppose that this present coal strike—for it is still present with us—is an isolated phenomenon. No: it is the forerunner of fresh and worse industrial convulsions: for it is the outcome of an idea which has by no means had its full development. Let us see what that idea is.

To do that we must go back for rather more than a century. The idea of which we are in search was introduced into the world by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. He is the author of the doctrine of pseudo-democracy, of the autonomy of the individual. He postulates unrestricted liberty and boundless sovereignty for the abstract man who is the unit of his speculations, and whom he declares to be naturally good and reasonable. The doctrine of the absolute equivalence of men is of the essence of his teaching: and so is the dogma of the sufficiency of the individual in the order of thought and the order of action. He was gladly heard by all classes in France as a new evangelist, and the French Revolution was an attempt to realise his gospel at any cost of blood or crime. The conception of civil society adopted by the revolutionary legislators and underlying 'The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen' is a multitude of sovereign human units who—that is to say, the majority of whom—exercise their power through their mandatories. And in the will, or whim, of this numerical majority we are bidden to find the unique source of all rights. The essence of the revolutionary dogma is that only on equality, absolute and universal, can the public order be properly founded. Arrange that everybody shall count for one, and nobody for more than one, and by this distribution of political power, whatever be the moral, intellectual, or social condition of its depositories, you realise the perfect, the only legitimate form of the State.

Upon the causes which led to the enthusiastic reception of this doctrine in France it is impossible for me to dwell here. They are admirably expounded, as all the world knows, in the initial chapters of Taine's great work. It has been well said that an idea must become French before it can become European. And one effect of the French Revolution and its wars was to spread the doctrine of Rousseauan individualism throughout Europe. Napoleon's campaigns, bringing down in a common ruin the old-world polities, shook this idea into the air. He claimed that he embodied the Revolution: and so, in a sense, he did. The essence of Bonapartism is plebiscitary despotism, which rests upon the conception of the people as an aggregate

of isolated and unrelated atoms. Socialism, for the origin of which, let us remember, we go back to Rousseau,[6] is another issue of the same conception. It rests upon that doctrine of the unlimited power of the majority of sovereign human units so widely received and believed in France, and that country, in the judgment of a very clear-headed publicist, the late M. Scherer, is bound to make trial of Socialism. Nor, if we survey its history during the last two decades, would it probably be much worse off under a Socialistic *régime*. A French writer, whom I must reckon the profoundest student of men and society that France has seen of late years, observes :

> Since June 1889 the country has beheld ignoble possessors of ephemeral authority proscribe, in the name of Liberty, her dearest convictions: abominable politicians play upon universal suffrage as an instrument wherewith to seize power and to instal their lying mediocrity in the highest place. And the country has endured this universal suffrage, the most monstrous and the most iniquitous of tyrannies, for the force of numbers is the most brutal of forces.[7]

And the ethos of the revolutionary movement throughout Europe is just what it is in France. Look at Portugal, for example, the scene of its latest triumph : a look at the abominations there will be sufficient : 'guarda e passa.' Very few publicists have realised how widespread is the influence of the speculations of Rousseau. But certain it is that in every country those who denominate themselves the party of progress, although in most cases they have probably never read a line of him, spout his sophisms and vent his verbiage, which have become current coin.

In England, the advance of the Rousseauan idea has been slower than on the Continent of Europe. Perhaps it was not until about the year 1820 that it made itself much felt in this country. It found here a distribution of political power resting upon quite another conception than the numerical—resting, not upon counting heads, but upon the representation of classes, corporations, localities, interests, and, we may say, all the elements of national life. That system, as it then existed, undoubtedly required reform. The so-called Reform Bill of 1832

[6] Its germ is unquestionably in a well-known passage of Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*.

[7] I quote this passage from an article of M. Bourget's, but unfortunately I have mislaid the reference. I have, however, before me the original French, which I am the more glad to give as I feel how inadequate is my rendering of it : 'La France dès 1889 a vu d'ignobles maîtres d'un jour proscrire, au nom de la liberté, ses plus chères croyances : des politiciens abominables jouer du suffrage universel comme un instrument de règne, et installer leur médiocrité menteuse dans les plus hautes places. Elle l'a subi, ce suffrage universel, la plus monstreuse des tyrannies—car la force des nombres est la plus brutale des forces.'

did not reform, but overthrew it. The Duke of Wellington, 'rich in saving common sense'[8] beyond any man of that time, truly told the House of Lords that 'the principle of this measure was not reform': that the spirit animating it was 'the outcome of the French Revolution,' and that 'from the period of its adoption we shall date the downfall of the Constitution.' It was, in fact, the introduction into this country of political atomism, of a representation of mere numbers; and it was but the beginning of a series of similar statutes, all underlain by the Rousseauan principle, and each carrying that principle further. There were, indeed, wise and far-seeing men who sought to stay this disastrous movement, and who, for a brief time—but only for a brief time—checked it. Thus, Mr. Gladstone's Household Suffrage Bill of 1866 was opposed and defeated by the moderate section of the Liberal party led by Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke. That clear-headed thinker protested that one class should not be allowed to outvote all the other classes combined,[9] and predicted that the effect of the legislation to which he offered such strenuous opposition would be to convert the trade unions into political organisations, merely intent on gaining their own ends, in utter disregard of national interests. The event has shown that he was right. The trade unions originally devised, and for some time carried on, for the most righteous object of protecting working men against the atrocious tyranny of capital, gradually fell under the influence of demagogues, and, in the event, became the instruments of Socialistic agitators. I have dwelt upon that subject in a previous number of this Review, already referred to, and need not here repeat what I there said. The average working man is too ignorant—that is not his fault—to understand anything beyond the simplest matters touching him personally—and even these he often misunderstands. He is the natural prey of the charlatan who flatters his vanity, stimulates his passions, and makes of his very defects a qualification for power, assuring him—it is part of Rousseau's message to the world—that education is depravation, that the untutored children of nature are endowed with an instinct qualifying them to sway the rod of empire:

> You that woo the Voices, tell them old experience is a fool,
> Teach your flattered Kings that only they who cannot read can rule.

Such was the teaching of that demagogue *in excelsis* the late Mr. Gladstone, 'most incomparable master in the art of per-

[8] And in other still more valuable qualities: 'the last honest and perfectly brave man they had,' Carlyle judged; truly, as I think.

[9] Lord Acton has pungently remarked that 'the doctrine of equality means government by the poor and payment by the rich.' *Lectures on the French Revolution*, p. 300.

suading the multitude of the thing that is not,' and was embodied in his memorable demand, 'Are the classes ever right when they differ from the masses?' The answer of history to that question is 'Nearly always.' But of history Mr. Gladstone was almost as ignorant as the populace upon which he played. If there is one lesson written more legibly than another upon the annals of the world, it is that majorities are almost always wrong: that truth is the prerogative of minorities—nay, it may even be of a minority of one. That is the verdict of history. It holds good of all ages. It specially holds good of the times in which we live. John Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy*, is well warranted when he dwells upon 'the extreme unfitness at present of mankind in general, or of the labouring classes in particular, for any order of things which would make any considerable demand upon their intellect or virtue.' But it is on 'the labouring classes' that preponderating political power has been conferred. We have—or soon shall have—a Parliamentary electorate of eight millions. Of these, five millions will be manual labourers, whose votes, given—as they unquestionably will be—under the direction of Socialistic leaders, will dominate the one Chamber now left us. Sir Henry Maine has well characterised it as 'a type of government associated with terrible events—a single Assembly armed with full power over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure . . . a theoretically all-powerful Convention governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by obstruction, for which its rulers are always trying to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine.'[10] This has been the political progress of this country—often the theme of such proud boasting—since the Reform Act of 1832. Progress! But of what kind? Surely it is like that of the Gadarene swine: swift certainly, but conducting to the steep place and the engulfing deep.

We may say, then, of this recent strike, which has been the immediate occasion of my writing, that it is the issue of that theory of political society which, originally excogitated by Rousseau, has largely pervaded all European countries, and has transformed the English system of government. And it is notable how in recent years politicians in search of votes have set themselves to flatter and to fawn upon the masses, and, after the Gladstonian example, to sow discord between them and the classes. Surely a bad art, in which much proficiency has been exhibited of late by one of the King's Ministers, largely endowed with those predatory propensities which the nursery

[10] *Popular Government*, p. 125. Sir Henry Maine wrote prophetically. 'We are drifting towards a type,' the sentence begins. His prophecy has come true. We *have* so drifted.

rhyme attributes to the Welsh. The votes of the many have become of vast importance, and the price demanded for those votes, however exorbitant, has been paid without scruple. And thus it has come to pass that trade unions have been converted from harmless necessary organisations for the protection of their members into noxious conspiracies uncontrolled by the law. The chief means by which they exercised their beneficent functions was collective bargaining—the only means, it had been found, of combating and counteracting the tyranny of capital. But collective bargaining implies—necessarily implies—as its correlative, collective responsibility. Trade unions and their funds are, however, exempt by statute from all liability for breach of agreements or awards made between workmen and employers. A notion had grown up that they were exempt, too, from actions of tort : that their funds could not be made liable to compensate a person who had sustained injury by wrongful acts done by their agents. The decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case exploded this notion, and affirmed the liability of trade unions in the case indicated. The Royal Commission appointed in 1903 unanimously recommended that the law as laid down in the Taff Vale case should not be disturbed, and the Majority Report contains the following passage :

> There is no rule of law so elementary, so universal, or so indispensable as the rule that a wrongdoer should be made to redress his wrong. If trade unions were exempt from this liability they would be the only exception, and it would then be right that that exception should be removed. That vast and powerful institutions should be permanently licensed to apply the funds they possess to do wrong to others, and by that wrong inflict upon them damage, perhaps to the amount of many thousand pounds, and yet not be liable to make redress out of those funds, would be a state of things opposed to the very idea of law, order, and justice.

The Government, however, did not adopt this view. Many of their supporters had bought the votes of the miners at the previous General Election by promising to do all in their power to procure a change in the law as laid down in the Taff Vale case, and united with the Labour party in bringing pressure to bear (as the phrase is) upon the Government. Of course the Government yielded to that pressure. By some means which have not come to the light, the Front Opposition Bench in the Commons was squared, and resistance in the Lords was obviated, and so the Trades Disputes Act, 1906, contained the following astounding provisions :

> 1. An act done by a person in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute shall not be actionable on the ground only that it induces some other person to break a contract of employment.

2. An action against a trade union, whether of workmen or masters, or against any members or officials thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union, in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

It is difficult to imagine anything more utterly opposed to justice, common sense, or public policy than legislation such as this. To use the words quoted above from the Majority Report of the Royal Commission, it confers upon the powerful associations which the trade unions have now become, the power to apply with immunity the vast funds which they possess to do wrong to others. But that is not the whole of the surrender made to them by the Trades Disputes Act, 1906. One of the most sacred rights of man is the right to labour. It may properly be called a natural right, as being inherent in human personality; as being an essential part of that freedom which is an attribute of humanity. The trade unions claim to make void that right. They demand that a workman shall work only when and how they dictate. They apply brute force to support their dictation, assaulting and battering those who resist it. And this tyranny the Legislature virtually authorises by its sanction given in the Trades Disputes Act to what is hypocritically called 'peaceful picketing.' The phrase is a derision. It is a contradiction in terms. Armed with this weapon of immunity from civil liability and from the criminal law, the miners entered upon the coal strike in a position of overwhelming superiority. Their demand was virtually this: 'Concede what we ask, or we will starve the nation.' The King's Ministers, cowed by them, reminded me of the attitude of the ass in *Tristram Shandy*: 'Don't thrash me, but if you will you may.' They tried in vain the blandishments of appeals and conferences, and the main point of the strikers was conceded.[11] A formal engagement made by the Government with the mine-owners was brushed aside on the mendacious allegation of 'misunderstanding.'[12] And so a daring

[11] I must say that for my part I sympathise with the demand for a minimum wage—or rather a living wage—while detesting the means taken by trade unions to enforce it. I may observe that nothing has been done to secure a minimum wage to workers in the sweated trades, whose awful condition cries to Heaven for vengeance. *They* can bring no pressure to bear on the Government.

[12] In a letter which appeared in the *Times* of the 1st of April, Lord Newton writes: 'What occurred is as follows: The coal-owners approached the Government on Wednesday morning with a view to the insertion of a particular amendment in the House of Lords, and the Government undertook to meet their wishes, provided the consent of the miners' official representatives was obtained. That consent was obtained, and accordingly Lord Crewe announced his intention of moving it as an agreed amendment, indicating the exact wording of it in the course of his speech on the second reading. Later in the evening the miners' representatives (having apparently changed their minds) ordered the Govern-

conspiracy against the commonwealth, which in most civilised countries would have been put down in a few days, was crowned with success, or, in the words of Mr. Redmond—with an eye on the Labour votes—came to an end 'in a magnificent triumph for the working men of England.'

It is well to remember—indeed, it is most necessary—that the industrial unrest, as the phrase is, of which we have recently had so striking an exhibition, is almost universal throughout what we call the civilised world. Everywhere preponderating political power has fallen to the manual labourers; and everywhere they have fallen, more or less, under the sway of men who set before them Utopias for the most part quite unrealisable. Not long ago I chanced to converse with a French Socialist who has a reputation for eloquence—he was certainly very voluble—and I pressed him, as closely as courtesy would allow, to tell me what he really wanted. 'Eh bien,' he said at last, 'Je suis pour la république universelle, et pour l'égalité des hommes.' He acknowledged, indeed, that the universal republic was very far off, and that he was unable to conjecture how it would be organised, but he thought it would embody the ideas of Rossel regarding inheritance, the family and property.[13] However that might be, he was sure that the equality of men was the only true foundation of human society. I acknowledged that there is a fundamental equality in human nature which should find its corollary in the equality of all men before the law, and entreated him to tell me what other equality was possible. Physical and mental inequality he confessed as a fact, nor could he deny that this meant inequality in political value. I, for my part, admitted that every man is entitled to some share of political power, for the simple reason that he is a *person*, whose rational co-operation is necessary for his own development: but I urged that to say all men have a right to *some* share of political power is one thing; to say all men have a right to the *same* share is quite another. I ventured to urge that every man should count in the community for what he is really worth; that his mights (*mächte*) should be the measure of his rights; that to give every adult male the same share of political

ment to abandon the amendment, and Lord Crewe was compelled to make his humiliating statement. What misunderstanding is there in this? It is merely the repudiation of an engagement by the Government at the bidding of some members of the Labour party.'

[13] He was good enough to send me the following extract from some work of Rossel's—he did not specify what—in which those ideas are sufficiently indicated: 'Il y a dans la société une classe nombreuse, industrieuse, puissante parce qu'elle est groupée, à laquelle ne s'appliquent ni vos lois sur l'héritage, ni vos lois sur la famille, ni vos lois sur la propriété. Changez vos lois, ou cette classe essayera de se créer une société à elle, où il n'y aura ni famille, ni héritage, ni propriété.'

power is as unreasonable as to require all men to pay the same amount of taxation. To which he would by no means assent. The egalitarian doctrine was to him a first principle, sacred from discussion. To me it appears a false principle, and in the doctrine of the right divine (or shall I say the inherent right?—the word 'divine' might give offence in some quarters) of majorities, which rests upon it, I find the perennial source of political corruption and social unrest. I believe that Schiller spoke the words of truth and soberness when he wrote :

> What are mere numbers? Numbers are but nonsense ;
> Wisdom is never found save with the few :
> Votes should be rightly weighed, not only counted :
> Sooner or later must that State go under
> Where numbers rule and foolishness determines. [14]

It seems to me, then, that the best hope of Europe—it is a far-off hope—lies in the elimination of the central idea of the French Revolution, formulated by Rousseau's disciples as the first and fundamental proposition of *The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen.* Men are not born, and do not continue, equal in rights. They are born and continue unequal in mights, and therefore in rights, and consequently they are not entitled to equal shares of political power. John Stuart Mill has summed up the matter in six words : 'Equal voting is in principle wrong.' It is unjust. But justice is the foundation of the State : 'justitia fundamentum regni.' And justice is not a thing which can be manufactured by political machinery. You may decree injustice by a law, but it remains unjust. You may affirm the thing that is not, by ever so many Acts of Parliament, but you will not convert it into the thing that is. The false remains false in spite of the declamation of doctrinaires and the madness of the people. And it is a mere foundation of sand for the political edifice reared upon it. Rousseau himself discerned this truth clearly enough, and admirably expressed it : 'If the Legislature establishes a principle at variance with that which results from the nature of things, the State will never cease to be agitated till that principle is expelled and invincible Nature has resumed her sway.'

Commending to my readers this dictum of Rousseau—one of the illuminating flashes of genius which light up, from time to time, the black darkness of his sophisms—let us consider, in

[14] A poor translation, as I am well aware, of Schiller's majestic lines, but the best that will come to my pen at this moment :

> 'Was ist die Mehrheit? Mehrheit ist der Unsinn ;
> Verstand ist stets bei Wen'gen nur gewesen.
> Man soll die Stimmen wägen und nicht zählen :
> Der Staat muss untergeh'n, früh oder spät,
> Wo Mehrheit siegt und Unverstand entscheidet.'

conclusion, the immediate prospect before us, now that the coal strike is supposed to be over. The men have got what they struck for, a minimum wage—they have got it at the cost of indescribable suffering to hardworking fathers and devoted mothers and innocent little children; of a loss of thirty millions to the country—and of the shattered nerves of Mr. Asquith. To gain an end justifiable in itself, they have waged a fratricidal war against a nation and have cowed its Government into submission. It is a colossal scandal that a single industry should have had power to do this thing. History may well inquire whether a nation in which it could happen was sane: whether it was ruled by fools or cowards. And what is to prevent a recurrence of this state of things in the future? Certainly the Minimum Wage Act[15] will not prevent it. As certainly we cannot look to the Government for legislation to prevent it. The suggested Royal Commission is simply a device for the King's Ministers to avoid responsibility, and to save time for going on with their congenial occupation, majority mongering. There is absolutely no necessity for a Royal Commission on the subject. Remedies which might be quite effective are plainly discernible. If anything is perfectly clear it is that this huge strike is largely due to the legislation which has put trade unions above the law. And the first step to remedy the mischief is, as clearly, to undo that legislation. To render the funds of a trade union liable for any damage done by or through it, for breach of any agreement entered into by it and ratified by the Board of Trade, utterly to prohibit picketing, to require that the accounts of trade unions shall be audited by public officials and published, and to enact that every member of a union should have votes in proportion to his interest in its funds, are measures so obviously just and reasonable that merely to mention them should be enough. They would give a deathblow to the influence of Socialists and Syndicalists who now lead the poor, ignorant[16] workers captive at their will. And so they would retard that dissolution of the social organism which is the avowed end of those sectaries.[17] But, on the other hand, they

[15] I wonder how many of our legislators who passed this Act know that it redressed, after a fashion, an injustice of a century's standing. Until 1814 the justices were empowered by statute to establish a minimum wage between employers and employed. In that year capitalists, intent upon grinding the poor by applying ruthlessly the principle of competition working through supply and demand, pronounced all-sufficient by the Orthodox Political Economy, procured the abolition of this provision of the law, in spite of the opposition of the workers, with whom, it may be noted, Pitt strongly sympathised.

[16] I use the word advisedly. A friend of mine was talking to a miner, an intelligent man enough, who observed, 'Well, I don't know much about this Milleny wage business, but we've got to obey our leaders.'

[17] It is desirable to apprehend what Syndicalism and Socialism really are, where they differ, and in what they agree; otherwise we may fall into the

would assuredly lose the Government the support of the Labour party in Parliament and the overwhelming votes of trade unionists in many constituencies.[18] That is held to be a conclusive reason why the King's Ministers should not initiate or support them. Parliamentary Government, as it exists among us, means the complete subordination of national to party interests. Ministers are always hampered by the fear of losing votes. And so the action of the Government is paralysed in all departments of the State. The gravest questions—the questions which most nearly concern the most vital interests of the community—are shelved. 'Le peuple ne m'intéresse que lorsqu'il vote,' a French demagogue is reported to have said, in a moment of cynical candour. And it is at the cost of these voting animals, or rather of the nation at large, that the party game is played: the poor, long-suffering, stupid, stolid nation, which looks helplessly on and pays the piper—whose price, as in this matter of the recent coal strike, is sometimes heavy.

What, then, is the prospect before us? The trade unions are led, as they have been for the last fifteen years—led, yes, and skilfully organised—by men deficient indeed in economical knowledge, but of great force of character and untrammelled by scruples. The rank and file of the unions do not know what they want. But the leaders have a distinct apprehension of their own aims. The pamphlet of which the *Times* gave a full account on the 27th of February—*The Miners' Next Step*—is sufficiently enlightening. The strategy of the organisation

error of Mr. Lloyd George or, if that be possible, into a worse error. Mr. Snowden, who knows what he is talking about, is reported, in the *Times* of the 1st of April, to have said, 'Syndicalism is opposed to organisation and to the State: it is anarchy pure and simple, and the very opposite of Socialism.' No doubt this is so in theory; but, as Mr. Keir Hardie observed in a speech, reported in the same issue of the *Times*, 'When the Syndicalist said that every trade union should be merged into one union he was preaching the same theory as the Socialists. They differed with the Syndicalists when they said that the mines should belong to the miners and the railways to the railwaymen, and so on. That was a debatable point on which he need not enter. The final goal of the Syndicalist was not essentially different from that of the Socialist. He did not want the colliers to own the pits, or the factory workers the mills; he wanted the community as a whole to own them, so that they could be worked for the good of the community. He would oppose, to the utmost, any attempt to cause antagonism between Syndicalism and Socialism, as they were both trying to put some backbone and determination into the working classes. Both were equally anxious for the overthrow of the existing state of society, and the creation of a newer and better state in which there should be freedom in the widest and broadest sense of the term.' Syndicalism, then, is one thing, and Socialism another: but Socialism, through the trade unions which it commands, unites with Syndicalism in making war upon society—much to Mr. Keir Hardie's satisfaction.

[18] Of course it must always be remembered that it would be in the power of the majority of the electorate—the five millions of manual labourers—to reverse the suggested legislation, and, in the absence of the introduction of a rational system of representation, it cannot be doubted that they would do so.

which it proposes is set out with great frankness in four paragraphs, which are worth quoting :

> That the old policy of identity of interest between employer and employed be abolished and a policy of open hostility be installed.
>
> That for the purpose of giving greater strength to the lodges they be encouraged to join together to form joint committees and to hold joint meetings : these committees to have power to initiate and carry out the policy within their own area, unhampered by agent or executive council, so long as they act within their own financial resources. The lodges should, as far as possible, discard the old method of coming out on strike for any little minor grievance, and adopt the more scientific weapon of the irritation strike, by simply remaining at work, and so contrive by their general conduct to make the colliery unremunerative.
>
> That a continual agitation be carried on in favour of increasing the *minimum* wage and lessening the hours of labour until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits.
>
> That our objective be to build up an organisation that will ultimately take over the mining industry and carry it on in the interests of the workers.

The authorship of this pamphlet is, I believe, kept a secret, but there can be no doubt that the words which I have quoted are not the words of irresponsible men : they represent the views of a committee, a number of very influential men who, for all practical purposes, exercise a preponderating influence over the South Wales miners. And it is unquestionable that the leaders of many trade unions—avowed Socialists or Syndicalists—are animated by this conception of underhand war and ultimate pillage. It is equally unquestionable that the success of the organisers of the coal strike will hugely encourage others to follow their example. Nor can we even dismiss the Syndicalist notion of a general strike as a bad dream. It will probably come, though it may be long in coming. But what we have immediately to expect is a series of gigantic strikes, fraught with ruin to British industries, and fraught with intense suffering to manual labourers and to the poor generally ; for the war thus waged is not merely against capital, but incidentally against other branches of labour. That is the prospect before us. What is to prevent its being realised? I remember my old friend Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, on his return from India, saying to me, 'The real governing power in this country is Funk.' We must make an end of that governing power if there is not to be an end of England.

W. S. Lilly.

WHY SOME OF THE CLERGY WILL WELCOME DISESTABLISHMENT

THE protagonists of ecclesiastical strife have now descended into the political arena, and the 'modest stillness which becomes a man of peace' has given place to the 'blast of war blowing in our ears.' The drum ecclesiastic is being vigorously beaten to summon the Church's faithful liegemen once more to man the walls and to line the trenches in order to repel the renewed attack upon the Established Church in Wales. As one who in previous years has loyally responded to his leaders' call and has taken no little part in press and on platform on behalf of the Establishment, it may be of interest to some of his fellow-Churchmen to give his reasons for adopting a complete *volte face* on this question. Most of his friends are Churchmen, nearly all of whom view the Government's proposals with abhorrence and dismay. To defend and to advocate these appears to them incomprehensible, not to say treacherous. But there are many whose devotion to the Church cannot be questioned, who are convinced of the righteousness and the necessity of the present demand for Disestablishment made by 'a majority,' as Mr. Gladstone said (and how much truer his words are now), 'constitutionally, lawfully, peacefully and repeatedly returned to Parliament.'

So long as the State desires to maintain an established religion there is nothing to prevent the Church acquiescing, provided that the union between the two is not injurious (as it is here thought to be) to the well-being of either. But the question is entirely one for citizens, as citizens only, to decide. There is nothing unscriptural in an Establishment, since the Old Testament brings before us a theocratic state in which the civil and religious powers are closely associated. Nor is it wrong for the State to recognise and honour the Church, although the forms that the recognition should take may and do vary from time to time, and should rather be offered by the State than in any way demanded by the Church. Where would be the *amour propre* of our territorial forces if, in defiance of the nation's will, they objected to their disbandment? For the Church to

insist upon its Establishment is as invidious as for a man to demand salutation from one who is not disposed to make it, and savours of a lack of dignity and self-respect. If, therefore, Churchpeople contend for the maintenance of the union between Church and State, they should contend as citizens and not as Churchmen. But as religious liberty is now understood the State is bound to see that no religious organisation shall retain any privilege, so far as is practicable, that other religious bodies cannot share. The only reason that this country has now an established religion is an historic one. It was not only that identity of belief existed once between Church and nation, but that the Church at one time was co-extensive with the nation.

> In early times [wrote the late Professor Freeman] the Church was simply the nation looked at with reference to religion, just as the Army was the nation looked at for the purpose of warfare. . . . The ministers of the Church were national officers for one set of purposes, enjoying the rights . . . of national officers.

Even when in the sixteenth century religious differences became serious, it was long held

> that the Church and the nation ought to be one, and that dissent in religion was a thing to be put down by law as much as sedition in politics. It was held to be the duty of the civil power in each State to prescribe its own religion to its subjects. . . . And this is beyond doubt the original meaning of the Church being by law established.

Church defenders are fond of quoting Lord Mansfield and Speaker Onslow, who spoke of dissent as 'established.' But nearly every society must have certain relations with the State in which it finds itself, and may have certain privileges conceded to it. For instance, Nonconformists have, by statute law, their ministers exempted from serving certain civil offices, and their chapels registered and certified for worship and exempted from rates. But similar privileges are equally enjoyed by Churchmen and others. And in so far as these will be retained by the Church, in a constitution adopted by the Church and sanctioned by the State, the Act which will disestablish the Church will establish it again. For 'disestablishment' is concerned not with what is common to many societies, but with what is exceptional to one. Since the Toleration Act of 1689 about fifty Acts of Parliament have been passed removing certain exclusive privileges of the Church which in course of time had been allowed to develop. Disestablishment will but complete the process, so far as is practicable, and at the same time will remove the special control which the State has now, in Crown, Parliament, and Judicature, over the Church. There is no need to cite any

special statute [1] by which the Church was established. For as it was with the Gallican Church, prior to the French Revolution, so it has been with the English Church—Establishment is the result not of a determined legislative act, like the Napoleonic Concordat, but of an unconscious growth. To speak of the Church as 'established by law' before other religious societies arose would have been almost meaningless. The expression was found necessary for purposes of differentiation. Disestablishment will remove that monopoly of combined privilege and control which is not shared by other religious bodies. And so long ago as 1885 Gladstone detected 'a current almost throughout the civilised world, slowly setting in the direction of disestablishment.' To confuse the Church, as a religious body, with the Establishment, which means its peculiarly distinctive relation to the State, is very much as if one were to confuse a bird with the cage which imprisons it, or rather with the special privileges —food, attention, protection, etc.—which the encaged bird may enjoy—or deplore.

That both Church and State are weakened through Establishment few intelligent observers can fail to notice. Take the inability of the Establishment to reform or to adapt itself to its changing environment. When in 1895 the attack on the Welsh Establishment failed, there were many who believed that the Church was on the threshold of a great opportunity. It was the present writer's lot to join with two others in founding the Church Reform League.[2] We felt that there was no abuse within the Church which could not be removed without resorting to Disestablishment. For the next ten years the Unionists—the avowed friends of the Church—were in office. Did our bishops from their place of influence and power in the Lords produce any great scheme and press its acceptance upon their friends and allies in both Houses? Nothing worthy of the great Church of England, nor in any sense adequate to the situation, was even attempted. The old creaking wagon of the Church's system has been allowed to lumber along the same well-worn ruts, and the charge levelled against us at the time, that we enthusiastic Church Reformers were nothing more than Utopians of the Utopians, has been completely justified. There has been no relaxation in the attitude of stolid conservatism which has so long characterised our ecclesiastical authorities, who have therefore left the present external organisation and endowments of

[1] The Church, however, is established by the Acts of Supremacy (26 Henry VIII., and 1 Elizabeth) and the Act of Uniformity (2 & 3 Edward VI.).

[2] His sermon, preached at Over (August 1895), entitled 'Churchmen's Grievances,' which sought to explain its then programme, was the first publication of the League, which, however, was not formally inaugurated until the following November.

the Church at the mercy and caprice of an electorate which tests institutions not so much by their past history and venerable traditions as by their present utility and democratic sympathies. The Church, which was more or less fitted at the Reformation to meet the exigencies of a time made new by the Renaissance and the invention of printing, has not been adapted to meet the requirements of a time made new by a belief in evolution and the wonderful inventions of electricity and steam. It is absurd to suppose that this institution, if it is to be in perfect touch with Demos, can remain the same as it was in days before the educational and political enfranchisement of the people. To bring about a conception of religion consistent with sound reason and the newer knowledge to which we have attained, and at the same time satisfying the best religious instincts, is the noble work before us. But how very unsatisfactory are the ingenious compromises and mediæval survivals which are offered. The best minds long for a religious teaching which, while appealing to their heart and will, shall not do despite to their intellectual outlook upon life. But our authorities, with their cowardly opportunism, fearful of doing anything to jeopardise the Church as a State institution, show far more consideration for those bent on reaction than for the progressives who form the most promising feature in the Church's life.

Hence it is that the road now taken by very many of the English clergy is one which is more and more diverging from that in which the laity are walking. How many fine young minds go to our Universities with the intention of becoming ordinands who are repelled by our obsolete methods and cumbrous machinery, and, above all, by our narrow, stereotyped formulæ which tend to sterilise living thought? Are our leaders really content to stand and watch our women follow (as unless we alter our ways they most certainly will before long) their brothers in forsaking the assembling of themselves together? Religion has two functions to fulfil: to furnish some explanation of man's relation to and destiny in the Universe, and to offer practical guidance in life. If its explanation of the Universe and of the operating forces therein is being increasingly discredited by facts, its guidance of life must be weakened. One of two things must therefore happen. Either the whole Christian position must be re-stated, or the world will turn away from Christianity. But Christianity is too fine a stream to lose itself in the sands. Spiritual progress, with so millennial a past, is bound to continue. For the history of mankind is felt to be an ordered process which is tending to the realisation of a destiny as glorious as it is definite and unique. But, measured by its power to spiritualise our national character and to persuade our people to follow the

highest ideals, who can question the utter inability of our present ecclesiastical machinery? Is there a single department of our nation's life, apart from the Church itself, where the devout, orthodox Churchman, as such, whom the Establishment seeks to produce, is prominent? Whether we turn to our politics, our industry, our commerce, our literature, our science—above all, to our shame be it said, to our efforts to ameliorate the social and economic conditions of the masses—the same melancholy failure awaits us. While a respectable, conventional mediocrity is as a rule found in the Establishment, many of the finest and most heroic spirits of our time repudiate all allegiance to its claims, and have been largely reared outside its borders. If they give any passing thought at all to the deliberations which characterise our ordinary ecclesiastical gatherings and journals, it must be one of contempt as they watch Churchmen continually expounding principles they have not the courage to apply, while they wonder how such an occupation is not more generally demoralising than it even appears. For it should be remembered that in its attempt, in theory at least, to scale the greatest height the Establishment exhibits most of all that shameless contrast between what is proposed and what is done. And they know too, and lament, that its authorities, too often immersed in unprofitable deliberations concerning themes more or less outworn, give an enormous preference to those 'safe' spirits who cling to the threadbare clothing of the past, and who are too slow to move with the times in providing a fitter raiment for the noble ideal mankind has in Christ.

How conspicuous is the failure of the Establishment to grapple even with its own most flagrant abuses. The machinery for the removal of the mentally afflicted, the incompetent and indolent, and even evil-living clergy, is miserably inefficient. For at least two years before a recently deceased and deeply-respected bishop resigned he was quite incapable of managing his diocese, the work of which was undertaken by his capable suffragans, but at a cost of just one-tenth of the annual income of the see![3] If a diocese can thus be managed on so little, why is it necessary to provide the many thousands to those who will plead so eloquently on behalf of home and foreign Missions, and paint pathetic pictures of the poverty of the clergy? No men can work harder than our bishops. But how is it that they do not see that for many a large part of their work is rendered futile through their 'fatal

[3] For seven years the writer (whose experience in this matter is far from being exceptional) was incumbent of a Yorkshire parish. Neither the bishop, his suffragan, nor his archdeacon either officially visited it or even asked one question concerning it. Nor was the fact that he declined to continue the farce of filling up obsolete annual forms once commented upon by the authorities!

opulence'? And is 'the herd of deer,' are 'the miles of carpet,' the palaces, and the parks, to be clung to until the State effects what the constraining love of Christ for the struggling millions they have been called upon to oversee has been unable to effect?

What has been done to reform our cathedral chapters, which, to the derision of those who know much of their inner working, too often absorb enormous revenues to provide, with many noble exceptions, mere sinecures? The Parson's Freehold, a relic of feudalism, with its frequently mischievous principle of *J'y suis, j'y reste*, is in urgent need of modification. Nor has anything been done to deal with private patronage, with its usurpation of the rights of the congregation, which would have aroused the indignation of a St. James as he saw the 'man with a gold ring, in fine clothing,' choosing not only the best seat, but too often the indifferent pastor. The monstrous sale of advowsons still goes on. A grossly excessive number of societies, with their expensive organisations, show how badly husbanded, uneconomically disbursed, and inadequately distributed are the financial resources of the Church. The fifty churches of the City of London have between them a Sunday congregation which could easily go into two or three of them, and yet their total income is the equivalent of that of the Society for providing Additional Curates throughout the whole Church of England! The Dilapidations Act of 1871 is another scandal. A rector having occupied a benefice for a few years died, and his representatives were called upon to repair the chancel at a cost of 1400*l*. The widow of another incumbent, who had just before his death repaired his benefice, had to rebuild stables which the vicarage, it is admitted, would be better without. Such attempts at reform as have been made bear the usual hall-mark of the Establishment's half-heartedness and incompetency. The archbishops appoint a committee to deal with what has long been the utterly chaotic condition of the Church's finance, and do not allow it even to refer to the ancient endowments. As if the laity did not know that in the more equitable distribution of the funds already at the disposal of the Church, the key is to be found. As well leave out, as an archdeacon has recently said, all reference to a widow's assistance from her wealthy relatives when inquiring into her needs! It is such trifling which disgusts the average man. No, our authorities have allowed the golden opportunity to pass; they have proved once more the truth of the cynical motto *Episcopi Angliæ semper pavidi;* and upon them will rest the responsibility if the conditions have now arrived which will make posterity regard the Establishment as a phase which is

> Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were.

And if the two great contemporary tasks before Christendom are, to separate the transient from the permanent in religion, to differentiate the essentials of Christianity from the complicated non-essentials by which they have been so long overlaid and disfigured; and to evolve a social system for mankind which shall be a worthy embodiment of the true principles of the Christian faith; then the failure of the Establishment to fulfil the latter has been only equalled by its failure to grapple with the former. Depend upon it that the kindly toleration shown it as a picturesque survival and historic link with the past cannot much longer be extended to it as an absurd anachronism, or as an irritating obstacle in the path of social justice and humanitarian progress. Too many Anglican ecclesiastics are ready, for the sake of maintaining the Establishment, to sacrifice the most sacred principles for which the Church has her *raison d'être* and to ally themselves with the most reactionary, or at any rate the least progressive elements in the community. That great good has been done by the Church let us gladly and fully acknowledge. The benevolence of her clergy affords lucid proof that they are earnest and sincere, zealous and single-minded in their sacred calling. She has kept the Christian ideal before the nation, which has also been nobly served, especially in its poorest members, by a multitude of deeds of charity and mercy. The greatest pains, too, are generally taken to provide frequent occasions for reverent worship, and to attach all sorts and conditions to her many and various organisations. But all this splendid work has been largely neutralised by the ordinary churchman's terrible lack of sympathy with the great movements of humanitarian and social progress.[4] It was the attitude of the Church as a whole during the last two General Elections, when it is not too much to say that the hard-won liberties of our race were in considerable jeopardy, which made the writer vow that never again would he support the Establishment. It was amazing to see how the Church as a whole sided with the forces of rank, privilege and wealth, and of every selfish vested interest, in maintaining the absurd veto of the House of Lords upon the legislation approved by a huge majority of elected representatives of forty-five millions of our people; how it would rather the food of the poor were taxed instead of the unearned increment of the landed property of the rich; how it supports a policy—that, as a Conservative statesman has said,

[4] As evidence of this one need only read the political effusions—as obviously prejudiced as they are often ludicrously inane—of many a Parish Magazine. They go far to justify Clarendon's terrible indictment—which Bishop Creighton supported in terms only a little less drastic and sweeping—that 'the clergy understand the least and take the worst measure of human nature of all mankind that can write and read.'

of gambling with a nation's food—which the democracies of our Western civilisation are, for the most part, struggling to overthrow, and which the best economists of all our own political parties for a couple of generations have regarded (to use another Unionist's words) as the shameful exploitation of the many to enrich the few. There is no need to imply that this support was not given conscientiously. But such has been the blinding effect of the Establishment, around which privilege and property centre, and such has been the terrible mistake of our leaders in allowing themselves to be hitched to the chariots of reaction, through either a foolish short-sightedness or a craven mistrust of a democracy which was, and still is, ready to be its truest friend, that in its history since the time of Elizabeth, at least, it has so generally espoused the wrong cause in the nation's struggle for liberty and progress, that it would almost be a sufficient test to say that when any particular policy was supported by the clergy or Church party as a whole, the opposite policy was generally the right one. It is only natural that the main tendency of the Establishment—perhaps, too, of all organised religion—should be conservative. But the spirit of Christ, which above all things it was the duty of the Establishment to conserve, should have prevented the majority of its adherents being ranged, as history proves has been the undoubted case, on the side of political oppression and wrong. Rather should it have sought, as its Scriptural charter would have had it, to undo the heavy burden, to let the oppressed go free, and to see that they that are in need and necessity have—not doles, but right. The Bishop of Oxford has well described the work of the Church as 'wandering along the streets as a kind of salvage corps to pick up the diseased and the wounded when it was too late.'

That this indictment is only too true is easily proved. Some years ago the *Times*—a journal not unduly prejudiced against the Church—was forced to acknowledge that the Establishment

> was in favour of the alliance of Continental absolutists against constitutional government; it was against the amelioration of the criminal code . . .; it was in favour of hanging for almost any offence for which a man is now fined at the Assizes; it was in favour of the slave-trade, and afterwards of slavery; it was against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; it was against Catholic emancipation; it was against Parliamentary reform and municipal reform; it was against the commutation of tithe, although it has since had to acknowledge the Act as of great benefit; it was against the repeal of the corn laws and the navigation laws; it was against Free Trade generally; it was against all education beyond the simplest elements. . . . Indeed, it is hard to say what it has not been against in the way of improvement.

Such is the terrible indictment which our leading journal made against the National Church. Should not such a damning record

make churchmen pause, and consider whether the attitude which the vast majority of them take up towards the men and measures of to-day will not add to the Establishment's condemnation in the future? It is, however, probably easier for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots than for the Establishment to alter its political and social course.

> Nobody pretends [says Lord Morley] that the State Church alone is answerable for all the iniquities and follies of legislation and policy in which she has taken a leading part during these three centuries . . . What is true, and a very important truth, is that the State Church has never resisted or moderated these coarse, ferocious, intolerant, and obstructive political impulses in the nation; that, on the contrary, she has stimulated and encouraged them, and, where she could, has most unflinchingly turned them to her own profit.

When the national conscience was shocked at the employment of Chinese labour in South Africa, and the attending circumstances, the Archbishop of Canterbury condoned it as 'a regrettable necessity.' When, on the other hand, John Bull, in his 'jingo and mafficking fevers,' needed sobering and restraining, the professed heralds of the Gospel of love and goodwill towards men vied with the Yellow Press in inflaming his passions. How many of the clergy and the frequenters of our altars allow themselves to be swayed by a prejudiced and partisan Press, too often run in the interests of powerful and wealthy combines, and in their drawing-rooms to give vent to their vituperative scorn of statesmen whose names their descendants will probably emblazon among those who have done great things for their country. But of what use is it for Churchpeople to 'build the sepulchres of the prophets and garnish the tombs of the righteous' (one recalls the recent dedication of the Bunyan window in Westminster Abbey), while they continue to witness to themselves that they are the sons of them that slew the prophets?

What was, and still is, the attitude of the average comfortably-living church-goer towards the Insurance Act? Here we have a noble, far-reaching instrument, capable, too, of splendid development, for combating sickness and unemployment—those two dire evils that are ever darkening or threatening so many millions of our homes. Of course no reform ever worth carrying has been carried except in the teeth of clenched antagonisms, while every great social reformer must expect to

> Stand pilloried on infamy's high stage
> And bear the pelting scorn of half an age.

It was therefore anticipated that those apparently callous to misery and suffering, so long as party capital could be made,

would not hesitate to use unscrupulous misrepresentations and shameless suppressions to mystify and mislead. But amid this cynical campaign were our church workers and the more leisured of our churchpeople prominent in their desire to understand and promulgate the plain, unvarnished truth concerning this measure, which so profoundly affects the domestic and industrial welfare of the nation? Here, indeed, was an opportunity for the National Church to serve its day and generation! The Insurance Act, with the Old Age Pensions, comes as an enormous boon to our toiling masses whose health and happiness it will so greatly promote, and to very many of whom it will be 'as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' And yet too often the only comment heard was the parrot-cry of 'rushed, ill-considered legislation,' while the gloating was only too apparent in the hope that the doctor difficulty, or the mean 'Servant-tax' agitation, would succeed in bringing this beneficent measure tottering to the ground.

It seems almost as though a strong if somewhat sardonic sense of humour belongs to the power that has evolved such an institution as the Establishment (as distinct from the Church), seeing that it is ever bent on demonstrating to the world how *not* to realise the splendid ideals of Universal Peace and Brotherhood with which it has been entrusted. Dr. Gore (1st of February 1912) has told us how he has 'constantly sat down bewildered, before the blank and simply stupid refusal of the mass of churchpeople to recognise their social duties. What produces this great blindness of heart and mind?' Although the bishop said he had tortured his mind in trying to find an answer, surely part of it is to be found in the 'Established' position of the Church. When the writer was vicar of a large Lancashire parish, he found that he had two sets of people to lead and encourage—his own congregation on conventional lines, and a band of earnest social reformers who sat very loosely to any kind of religious organisation, and that the public spirit, zeal and earnestness shown for the betterment of the world was not in the former but in the latter, and that the two sets were almost mutually exclusive. He was, moreover, in occasional receipt of letters from young men in the mining and manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who lamented how little encouragement, in their desire to improve the social conditions of those among whom they lived, they received from the Church.

It is to free our nation from so terrible an incubus as the Establishment has proved itself to be—a national deadweight against nearly everything that makes for political freedom and social amelioration, while leaving the Church free to uplift the

high and humanising ideal which is hers, and to apply the redemptive graces at her command, that we would plead with the State to rid us once for all of our miserable fetters, our intellectual bondage, and our cramping influences. To pretend that Disestablishment means the national repudiation of God is, in the face of the indictment here brought, ridiculous. The Christian side of our political controversies has been largely championed by Nonconformists; while tested by its capacity to form a right judgment in all things pertaining to justice, liberty and brotherhood, the Establishment has proved itself an ignominious failure. To take only a recent illustration. While a Nonconformist preacher led and fostered the agitation against a disgraceful contemplated prize-fight, several priests of the Establishment publicly favoured it. To his great pain and disappointment the late Mr. Gladstone was compelled to acknowledge that the Establishment had 'gone lamentably wrong upon questions involving deeply the interests of truth, justice, and humanity.'

But here it may be not unreasonably asked, In what way will Disestablishment remedy this unfortunate condition of things? Well, let us acknowledge at once that Disestablishment will not work any immediate change for the better. It possesses, of course, no magical efficacy. It is even possible that a feeling of soreness and a sincere if mistaken sense of injustice may at first produce a somewhat paralysing tendency and a further accentuation of bitterness in our religious differences. But the better, higher life of the Church, freed from meretricious influences, would soon assert itself. Above all, the genuinely felt but harmfully operating necessity for allying herself with those unprogressive and reactionary forces (which seek to promote, as against the common weal, privilege and self-interest), in order to preserve her connexion with the State, would have, for ever, passed away; while the Church, liberated from so much which was hampering her activity and restricting her development, would not only brace herself anew to fulfil her noble mission and splendid destiny, but, in so doing, would also attract many an earnest spirit to her ranks, who at present, though one with her in aim, is too often repelled. In love with those high ideals, and those deeply tender associations which are so peculiarly hers, inspired by her long, romantic if chequered history, attracted by her stately ritual and pathetic liturgy, yes, moved even by pity for what was held to be due to persecution and unjustifiable injury, her present sons and daughters would find their loyalty and devotion quickened; while a number of able and earnest recruits who now join other organisations would probably rally to her ministry. And all this fresh life and vigour, all this renewed interest and deepened sympathy, would more than compensate her for any apparent loss of prestige

and for a certain temporary crippling of her resources. At the same time a first great obstacle towards the ultimate reunion of our English Christendom will have been removed, while our nation in its growing impatience of all that savours of privilege and pretentiousness will be more ready to welcome the old Faith as presented to them in the newer light and in the improved conditions.

The note which the two archbishops strike in their appeal to the nation is a curious one. Disestablishment, they say, will deprive the nation of its legal right to the spiritual ministrations of the Church. Is it not obvious that a very large section of the nation, by making voluntary provision for the spiritual ministrations they prefer, and another perhaps still larger section by ignoring such ministrations altogether, have no desire to make use of the provision which the law makes? And are we to suppose that any minister of religion, including the vast number of voluntary agents now found nearly everywhere, will no longer minister to one in need even when the law's sanction is removed? And of what value, after all, is the law's sanction in such cases? Spiritual things are only spiritually discerned and, to be of any value, must be spiritually and not legally administered.

If this article be a true statement concerning the Establishment, then few impartial and thoughtful observers who take a wide view of the general trend of human progress and social advance can fail to see that an Established religion is not in keeping with the *Zeitgeist*, and belongs to an age which we are quickly outgrowing. Every great intellectual ferment is followed by political and religious change; while none but a faithless pessimist can question that such a change will but be in the interests of a purer and nobler faith. Why then should not the Church as a whole recognise that the time has come when her relation to the State must be recast, both in the interest of her own spiritual liberty and progress and to vindicate the impartiality of the State towards its citizens of all faiths? Let the Church meet the changing circumstances by a voluntary act of sacrifice which would do more for her permanent welfare than an unwarrantable struggle, waged in, what cannot but appear to outsiders, the spirit of any worldly concern fighting for its own, to preserve endowments which are sure to be wrung from her sooner or later. A well-known Labour leader avowed to a friend of the writer that the masses had so far lost faith in the sincerity of the Church that only some great act of sacrifice on her part would lead them to treat her claim seriously. Are our leaders capable of inspiring the Church with this noble spirit? It would obviate the piecemeal treatment

of the Welsh Church which is complained of, and if the Church as a whole relinquished her present right to the tithe, the reasonableness and justice of which relinquishing the writer is prepared to show, the nation would most probably allow her to retain the rest of her ancient endowments, as well as her more recent benefactions, equitably administered, to reorganise an institution which was thus proving itself worthy, its unhappy past notwithstanding, of the moral and spiritual leadership of a great democracy. Thus the larger and richer life, based on better social and economic conditions, for which the great masses of our people are evidently and naturally struggling, would, by the Church's timely sympathy and effective aid, tend to become a deeper and a higher life as well.

And what eloquent testimony would thereby be borne to the truth and potency of her Master's great paradoxical saying, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.'

FRANCIS E. POWELL.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION

It is scarcely too much to say that to the average English reader modern German literature is as pathless a wilderness as Central Africa, or as the vanished Teuton forests were to all but the boldest among the Teutons themselves. Upon French literary ground we can manage to stumble along, at a pinch; but the German paths are too tangled, and the German soil too clogging for our exploring steps. It is not the difficulty of language alone which is the obstacle here, but likewise the quality of the fruit which we are expected to gather, and, naturally, also to enjoy.

Very high quality, in very many cases, but for all that, tough —exceedingly tough, and requiring a deal of mastication before yielding up its flavour. German thoroughness is, no doubt, an awe-inspiring quality; but when applied to the manufacturing of fiction it has its drawbacks. The nation of thinkers, even when not composing philosophical treatises, only requires the smallest provocation in order to start off in its favourite direction; and, whatever cause he has at heart, the typical German is apt to be so terribly in earnest about it, as at times to forget that he is supposed to be telling a story. The result, not infrequently, is to send the wearied reader, as with a rebound, back to the most frivolous French or the shallowest English story procurable.

And yet, to let the German fiction of the day slip quite beyond our ken does not seem desirable; the less so at a moment when the political situation is slowly resolving itself into a ring formed by the rest of the world around two combatants, who face each other, the one armed to the teeth—the other apparently still of opinion that he can manage without those arms. In fiction is reflected much of the momentary mood of a nation; and therefore I believe that a study of the newest German novels may have its uses.

The first thing to strike one is that, taken as a whole, they are virulently national, either sentimentally steeped in, or aggressively bristling with, that ideal of universal German brotherhood which for forty years past has been spinning its threads from north to south, gradually smothering the memory of that

'brother-war,' which is beginning to be looked back upon remorsefully, as upon a crime.

Impossible, of course, to make more than a very restricted selection among the flood of volumes which the last year or so has brought with it. Old names and new names, veterans and recruits, are here represented. It is superfluous to apologise for beginning with one of the latter. Has not *Place à la jeunesse!* long since become the order of the day?

In the foremost ranks of these 'new men' stands Rudolf Hans Bartsch, that Austrian artillery officer who has turned his sword into a pen, and doubtless finds the latter instrument about a hundred times more lucrative than the former. The very title of his latest work, *Das Deutsche Leid* (*German Sorrow*), is significant in the extreme. Inevitably we think of *Weltschmerz*, but are at fault here, inasmuch as this particular variety of *Weltschmerz* might more correctly be termed *Seeschmerz* (*Sea Sorrow*—not to be confounded with that other sort of 'Sea-sorrow' which affects only the baser portion of our being), since the theme of the novel, stripped of its trappings and somewhat brutally expressed, is the striving of the German nation—perhaps we might say of the German Empire?—to get a firm hold upon the Adriatic. Not all Bartsch's undoubtedly poetic vein, not all his rather exuberant flowers of speech, can hide this naked and quite prosaic fact. Listen to this:—

> Those few hundred thousands, that language and hatred stand between the German nation and thee, the object of her yearning, thou blue flame, thou classic brine upon whom sailed Odysseus, thou dreamer in the land of sun, *thou road to the empire of the world*: Adria!

That sounds pretty plain, does it not—even without the italics, which are mine?

For the information of the English reader let it here be remarked that the South of Styria has a pre-eminently Slav population, while it owes its culture and most of its towns to German settlers, who ruled supreme until that period of national awakening which, some fifty years back, swept across Europe. Shaken out of their lethargy, the Southern Slavs made the same discovery which elsewhere others were making—the discovery that they were a nation; and there followed the inevitable developments. The original possessors of the soil turned upon their masters, in whom they had come to see usurpers, and another of those fierce national struggles which tear the entrails and paralyse the force of the Austrian Empire has since been raging. It is in the name of culture and of their historic past that the Germans claim political power, while the Slavs do the same on the strength of previous possession. 'We were here

before you,' the one side says. 'But you were nothing without us!' replies the other. 'You have got no Past!' 'But we have a Future!' Thus the retorts fly backwards and forwards. In this case the bitterness of the national struggle is deepened by the fact that the dense mass of Slav population lies like a bar between the Germans and that 'Adria,' which we have just heard sung as the object of their yearning. It is the old story of the lion and the lamb. As Max Nordau somewhere says: It is impossible to blame the lion for wanting to eat the lamb, if he happens to be hungry; but it is equally impossible to blame the lamb for not wanting to be eaten. From a personal point of view each is completely in the right. Here the only doubt admissible concerns the rightful distribution of the *rôles*. Some people see a Teuton lion and a Slav lamb; while others—our author among them—very plainly behold a roaring Slav lion, and a much-wronged, spotlessly innocent lambkin, drooping beneath the burden of 'German Sorrow.'

This, then, is the subject of the tale, so far as it can be called a tale at all, and not an artistically disguised Pan-Germanic pamphlet. Bartsch himself designates it as 'a landscape romance,' a sub-title which it fully deserves, since, in the art of word-painting of a rather highly-coloured type, I doubt whether this author has a living rival. Of this more anon. Meanwhile, let us get to the story itself, or rather to the want of it, for, in the ordinary sense of the word, there is next to none to tell. Almost everything that happens, happens within the soul of Erasmus Georg Botzenhardt, a German of the dreamy, in contra-distinction to the practical, type, and whose mental and moral development we follow, step by step, from his fifth to past his fortieth year. Long before he has left school, and at an age when normally-constituted boys are busy with games and mischief, his soul is groaning under the weight of the 'German Sorrow,' and his mind sketching vague plans as to how to relieve it. Here is an example:—

> As children are apt to think in pictures . . . thus the troops of wild birds heading for the South with yearning cries, the evening sun . . . became for the boy symbols which he revered, almost superstitiously. . . . There began to burn in his soul unconquerable hunger for that land of vines, where he believed that he would feel nearer to Eternity and to its secrets. Everything drew him South. The most German, the most blessed and most unblessed, of all yearnings had awakened in him with strange force.
>
> Nothing that is said of the German nation is more wonderful than these two forces: the boundless, consuming need to reach God, and that wild, suicidal yearning which draws it towards the blue fire of the South.

Which blue fire, please remember, is in point of fact a blue water, by name 'Adriatic.' 'Suicidal' may sound extreme; yet

there is no saying whether future events will not yet justify the selection of this particular adjective.

Granted such preoccupations in the boy, it is no wonder that the doings of the man should suffer considerably from 'the pale cast of thought.' To achieve something 'big' is the dream of his life; but in considering how to set about it he wastes half of that same life. The line between the man of ideas and the man of action is finely drawn in the following dialogue. Georg —who is about twelve at the time—has repeated to a schoolfellow a saying that has impressed him:—

'Blessed are those who seek great things!'

The small Thoss flung his short, sturdy legs apart, and stood still. 'Yes, that is it,' he cried, raising his forefinger . . .

'And?' asked Georg.

'Our teacher says that everyone should have a motto. This shall be mine: "Blessed are those who *will* great things."'

'Who seek them,' corrected Georg.

'I prefer the *will*,' decided the resolute Thoss. 'You can keep to the *seek*, if you like.'

And, truly, the two versions fitted the two youngsters very well.

Side by side with his adventures of the soul Georg, inevitably, has adventures of the heart—a whole series of them. First, an idyll with a Slav peasant girl, exquisitely described; next a romantic attachment to a wonderful piece of both physical and mental delicacy, called Babette—whom he knows to be dying of consumption; then a mild affection for the excellent but unexciting woman who becomes his wife; finally, a wild passion for a mere child, twenty-five years his junior, who impulsively makes him a present of her heart. It is only after a hard struggle, and, as it were, by the skin of his teeth, that he saves himself from accepting it. But all these occurrences remain but accessory circumstances to the guiding idea of his life, and scarcely distract his attention from the problem of how to alleviate the 'German Sorrow.' Until he approaches middle age he has found no better way than the playing of German music—being German in this, too, that he is a born musician. The record of his youth is practically that of a wandering fiddler, flitting about the threatened province, and using his violin bow as one might use a match wherewith to kindle the flame of national feeling. He is close upon forty when an unlooked-for heritage puts him in the position of acquiring a piece of Styrian ground, and his unquiet spirit finds rest at last in the narrow but concrete task of Germanising at least one spot of the disputed land.

A crowd of characters accompany the hero upon his thorny road; but—in accordance with the usual Bartsch method—they are not so much individuals, as mouth-pieces of the author. They bear different names, belong to different sexes, and even

possess different qualities, but all, or nearly all, speak with the tongue of Rudolf Hans Bartsch. With the exception of the few Slavs who do no more than flit across the pages, they are all as profoundly convinced as he is himself of the superiority of the German race to all others. Not that Bartsch is naïve enough to say so plainly. Indeed, he is too much of an artist not to throw a few shadows into the picture, and even to let a few stray rays of light rest upon his antagonists. Thus, among a wilderness of chauvinistic Slav priests, he places one solitary example of tolerance and evangelical charity. He admits that the Slav peasants possess both minds and hearts, and really would be all right, if only they would not listen to anti-German agitators. In one passage he goes so far as to express his belief that even among educated Slavs some decent men may be found. But these concessions are so obviously made for the sake of being able to say 'See how impartial we are!' that they alter nothing about the trend of the book. In the choice of passages to illustrate this there is a veritable *embarras de richesses*, but the following must serve:

'Reconquest!' [cried Georg]. 'What sort of a reconquest is this, compared to the German invasion of a thousand years back? The German came with the Bible and the book of Nibelungen in his hand; with song, fiddle, harp, and hero's tale. But he also cleared forests, dried swamps, built castles and churches, fortified towns, and brought with him a great breath of relief, a higher existence—as a god might do! Like the Archangel Michael, who soared down from the skies to kill the dragon, he conquered this land. But this nation crawls upon us out of the depth of venomous envy, and strikes from below into our entrails!' etc., etc.

And again, this passage of a speech made to German hearers:

'Out of the wealth of the German soul let us bestow gifts upon our antagonists, and continue to bestow until they grow up to become our brothers. Let us open to them the wonders of our language, of our culture, so that the souls of their children, flowering richly and reconciled, should one day stand up in testimony against their fathers, who would have destroyed what is German. For each sorrow, for each injury and each shame which they inflict upon us we will answer with a German school; shall we not?'

This remains the supreme offence of the Slav: the rejection of German culture, and the preposterous ambition to develop his own. Now, although I do not think that any sane and unbiassed person has ever dreamt of underrating German culture, it may perhaps be permitted to doubt whether this is the right way to set about spreading it. Certainly it is not to this method that the English language owes its world-supremacy. Can it be an

insult to the German tongue to suggest that it can safely be trusted to take care of itself? In their doings the Styrian Germans—as well as Bartsch himself—seem to have calculated without one deep-rooted quality of human nature: the spirit of contradiction. If the German school were not so persistently crammed down the Slav throat, it is more than likely that, by this time, its manifold advantages would have done their own work. In German ears the unbroken panegyric sounds sweetly, no doubt; but we others, while reading on page after page about 'the German soul,' 'the German heart,' 'the German mind,' as well as of countless 'dear German faces,' and 'dear German eyes,' and 'dear German lips,' are apt to get somewhat restive, and to wonder whether the 'dear German arms and legs, and fingers and toes,' are not coming next.

What makes the book significant is that it is written, not by a German, but an Austrian subject. There comes a moment in the tale when Georg, disheartened by his failures and unable any longer to look on at the 'sufferings' of his people, resolves to emigrate to his 'real home.'

'Yes, endless longing—home-sickness for the German Empire overcame him!'

He is at Salzburg when this happens; and on the top of a high tower, while watching the cloud-banks to the South, he makes the following reflections:

'So lie darkness, battle, and heavy clouds over Austrian minds, while over there, in the holy German Empire, the heavens glow like the golden ground of a royal, Byzantine picture! There is the sun—there the great light flames and shines—there all is fair, free, and clear! Oh, thou home of my soul, thou land of my great poets, thou mighty empire—to thee do I belong!'

Next day Georg makes a sort of 'general repetition' of his emigration, by taking a walk to the Bavarian frontier, so as to get at least 'a mouthful of German air,' and press his foot upon the 'holy' soil. On the Austrian side he sees many things which displease him—even the trees, which are rare and scraggy. From time to time a cleanly looking village. 'Aha!' he comments, 'the German neighbourhood.' When crossing the bridge which marks the frontier he steps as people do in church. He would like best of all to throw himself on the ground and kiss it, but is deterred from this by the presence of a customs official sitting behind the blue-and-white barrier. On the other side of that magic line the world seems transformed. The very road appears to Georg about twice as broad as Austrian roads, and the trees which shade it twice as tall and luxuriant as Austrian trees.

To the young man it seemed as though only in a court-carriage with six nodding horses would it be suitable to drive into the land of might and greatness. Tears started to his eyes.

'Germany! Germany! My Empire!'

Thus writes—or rather, rhapsodises—a man who, until lately, still wore the Austrian uniform—a fact which, especially when viewed in the light of the enormous success achieved by the book, furnishes food for reflection.

In the event Georg recovers from his rapture sufficiently to recognise his duty towards his co-nationalists in the South, and therefore to renounce the 'home of his soul' and that land of freedom in which police regulations thrive so luxuriantly. It is some time after this that he settles in Styria, and sets about paving a little bit of the way which is to lead to the Adriatic.

It seems hardly fair to close this notice without saying more of the wonderful word-pictures already mentioned, and which shine like gorgeously flaming, or tenderly tinted, landscapes through all of this author's novels—Styrian landscapes, by preference. Bartsch is—to express it un-academically—'cracked upon' Styria. This first became apparent in his *Zwölf aus der Steiermark* (*Twelve Men from Styria*), but *Das Deutsche Leid* beats it in this respect. According to Bartsch, there is no spot on earth worth living on—not even the holy German Empire, apparently—but Southern Styria.

'Ah!' [cries his mouthpiece Georg, in one of his ecstasies], 'if all the sick hearts in the German Empire knew how we live here—here in the Styrian infinity! In troops they would come and settle in this world, blessed above all belief, teeming with restfulness, a fulfilment above fulfilments!'

And further on:

'Come all ye who are weary of the toils of the market-place, the noise of the cities, the vanity of society, and enter into the wonderful rest of these hills! Ye Germans, do not let this paradise of peace, this dreamland of home-sick hearts, this sunny, southern Styria be torn from you!'

All through the book the southern vineyards lie as a glowing background, the miniature windmills rattle in the breeze, scaring the birds from the ripening grapes, the earth smells good, while the winter storms roar almost audibly, and the summer sun shines well-nigh palpably upon a world of which not a charm escapes this seer's eyes.

Although the subject is not much in fashion nowadays, I should like to mention that the morals of this novel belong to what has sometimes been defined as 'farmyard morals.' The couples pair and unpair again as light-heartedly as the birds of the air; conjugal fidelity is, at best, indulgently smiled at, and

its opposite treated as an excellent joke. It is true that the hero himself ends by conquering an illegal passion; but that is only because all along he has been too busy with his soul to have much attention over for less-exalted things.

But for once farmyard morals have their uses, since they are responsible for a regular treat in the way of character-drawing. For the sake of Willibald Himmelmayer alone it is worth while swallowing the Germanic raptures. In the person of this delightfully irresponsible, perversely fascinating musical genius and *roué* the system of morals aforenamed finds its concentrated expression. It is thus that Bartsch first introduces him:

> For the taste of light-hearted people he was the very distillation of an artist; his existence and his life were, in a sort of way, the ether-like essence of well-being. It was like the foam of champagne; for no earthly weight could trouble this divine profligate.

Besides a passion for music, Himmelmayer has a passion for Nature, with whom he lives on a footing of personal intimacy, into which he is eagerly ready to introduce others. Hence his influence over Georg Botzenhardt.

> 'Master, dear Master' [the young man pleads in one of his moments of love-sickness]; 'lead me into your life, and let me forget the girl who consumes my blood like poison; weave your magic moods around me!'

Upon which Himmelmayer says: 'Hah! then let us get into the country!' and carries him off to a hill-top.

> So once more they started off through the autumnal world on the search for impressions—one of those pilgrimages in which nothings are of all-importance. The mirror-like qualities of a black forest-pool were enough cause for rejoicing, as was also the turquoise blue of the heavens which, from another point of view, the small bit of water reflected. . . . The world seemed as deserted, as though nothing more than asters, turnips, and shreds of mist remained upon the scrap-heap of the year; but, with a word of joy and gratitude, the light-hearted musician enriched impoverished Nature. He said, while pointing to the mill in the valley: 'Listen, Georg, to the merry, digestive work! "Into the sack! Into the sack!" That is the great return into ourselves—the internal reception of all God's gifts.'

Presently Himmelmayer whispers: 'Hark!' for, long before his companion, he has noted the rising of the wind.

> And as though soft, innumerable drums were beating, the patter of the horse-chestnuts began. The many, many loosened fruits bounded against the earth, and rolled deliciously for nine, ten, eleven seconds. The trees still stood expectant, before settling back into calm; only here and there, like the titter of some tender reminiscence, a single chestnut dropped on the hard earth. And there was again nothing but suggestion, and the deeply transparent, tepid, splendidly shining night.
>
> 'Heavens—that was beautiful!' said Georg in a whisper.

Himmelmayer, to whom such trifles of Nature were just as important and rejoiceful as to the youngster, purred like a satisfied tom-cat.

'Ah, yes, *der liebe Gott* and I often make these little arrangements. This one was quite successful, was it not?'

Himmelmayer is so completely devoid of moral sense that scrupulous persons can only enjoy his society with an uneasy conscience, and yet cannot quite escape enjoying it. He who feels nothing but shocked when the frivolous musician sets off on a foot-tour, in the company of Georg, in order to visit a whole collection of old sweethearts—he has one in about every second village—must indeed be inexorable; and any person who maintains his gravity while the incorrigible Don Juan is building up artistic dams in the cart-ruts in order to shake awake the sleepers on the top of hay-wagons, and thus enable him to pass in review the rustic beauties of the neighbourhood, must be of resisting constitution.

But he is not a Don Juan alone. The scene in which, having at last become conscious of vanished youth, he first sinks into despondency, then, rising above it, takes refuge at the piano, in order to give musical expression to the emotions convulsing him, lends a touch of grandeur to this extravagant figure.

It was splendid; and Himmelmayer smiled, entranced, through the roll and the purling of the harmonies. He was delivered. *The approach of age* was to be the title of his work; a wonderful symphony which gave tongue to his lamentations, his terrors, his accusations against God, his useless prayers, out of which, with growing triumph the solution rose higher and higher: Work—clear and serene work!

Needless to say that anybody called Himmelmayer must be as German as his surroundings; yet his ways are refreshingly un-German. 'Politics and the national question give me pains in my inside,' he once remarks to Georg. Not that he is indifferent to his own people, but that he is, in first line, an artist. He wears his nationality gaily, 'like a nosegay in his buttonhole.'

While making our way through *The German Sorrow*, we were sometimes tempted to wish that others among the characters would wear it in this fashion, which, on the whole, seems preferable to wielding it as a sledge-hammer.

To those politicians upon whose programme the severance between Austria and German interests figures conspicuously, *German Sorrow* will not prove very comforting reading.

Among other novels of the 'national' category there are several which would deserve a fuller notice than I am here able to give them. *Lieb Vaterland*, for instance, by Rudolf Stratz—

another significant title. The moral and upshot of this excellently written story is that there is no happiness in the world compared to that of being born a German—and in particular a Prussian subject, as Margarethe von Teufern, the daughter of a retired General, learns by bitter experience. Partly out of ambition, and partly out of *pique* towards Lieutenant Lünemann, to whom she has been rather hopelessly engaged for two years, she marries Karl Feddersen, an international millionaire, who, German by origin, is naturalised in Russia and domiciled at Paris. Lünemann has been offered a business post, which would enable him to marry his 'Grete' on the spot; but hearing that he will be expected to act against the interests of German financiers, refuses on patriotic grounds; whereupon 'Grete,' whose ideas are broader, gives him back his ring and accepts Feddersen. Her family are both dazzled and horrified by her choice. Much good advice is given. 'Our wishes accompany you, dearest Grete,' says her uncle at the betrothal supper. 'May you cultivate a piece of Germany on the banks of the Seine—spread a genuine Prussian spirit in the strange land!'

To which Grete very rationally remarks:

'What do you expect of me? After all, I can't run about Paris with a black-and-white-and-red flag in my hand!'

When questioned as to what he considers to be his nationality, Feddersen answers: 'Perhaps several. The barriers between nations are daily falling.'

They look at him uncomfortably. A man without a nationality! Worse still, a man with a German name, of German origin, and who has voluntarily renounced this supreme privilege!

'Remain German!' is the burden of the warning which the old General gives his daughter on the way.

In point of fact Grete never has been very German, but she gradually becomes it—in Paris, of all places in the world.

This takes time, of course. She first has to pass through the inevitable intoxication of money; and she even feels rather shocked at the extremely tactless reminiscences of '71 which the General sees fit to air on the occasion of his first visit to his daughter. Gradually she develops wants which money cannot supply. She asks her husband for sympathy and understanding, and he gives her cheques. She sings and reads to him, and he either falls asleep or else does sums in his head. He cannot imagine what ails her. Are not the wives of his brothers and co-partners quite satisfied with exactly this sort of life? Yes, but she has far deeper needs—needs of the soul; and this again because she is a German, whereas the others are only American and Russian.

It is on the occasion of her child's christening, and in answer

to a speech made by a fanatic Alsatian, that she rediscovers her nationality.

'I am the daughter of a Prussian General!' she proclaims; 'I forbid you to preach the *revanche* against my Fatherland—here, at my table!' Then, throwing back her head, and with challenging eyes: 'Try it if you will! March to the Rhine! You will soon come back with bleeding heads!'

To cut a long story short, the marriage is a failure; and, her boy being dead (nursed to death by French methods, in contra-distinction to German ones, which would, of course, have saved him), her husband, moreover, having furnished her with ample grounds for a divorce, Grete flies back to her own country, a prodigal daughter, beating her breast and loudly proclaiming that she has sinned against Heaven and against her Fatherland. The closing tableau shows the repentant Grete in the arms of the faithful Lünemann, and standing in the shadow of a gigantic Bismarck monument which, 'built of massive stone, as though for eternity, stands sentinel at the gates of the Empire' (the scene being Hamburg).

> The evening light lay around his mighty head. His eyes looked down upon the couple at his feet and, further on, towards final distances—blessing the German land.

It is safe to assert that, among those 'final distances' of Bismarckian dreams, there figures that same blue 'Adria' of which we have heard so much to-day.

I have said that the story is excellently written, and this not only because German chauvinism is here not paired with German heaviness, but also because the people are marvellously alive and the atmosphere convincingly real. Rarely has the *milieu* of financial Paris been better suggested, nor the all-devouring, all-paralysing effect of money been more vividly brought home. 'I am always afraid of mistaking him for his own money-safe in the corner,' says the General of his son-in-law; 'there is a confounded likeness between the two.' But although in time the human money-safe develops into something like a brute, one cannot quite suppress a sort of sneaking sympathy with the much-worried man of business, upon whom the 'needs of the soul' of his very superior German wife press so persistently.

I should have liked to do more than merely name Walter Bloem's *Das Eiserne Jahr* (*The Iron Year*), whose trenchantly vivid battle-pieces have been compared, not unjustly, to the painted ones of Vereschtschagin, but that a story of a very different type seems to call for more attention.

It is a woman's voice that speaks this time, and, in speaking, brings something like a discord into the chorus of glorification

Under the curious title of *Nach dem Dritten Kinde* (*After the Third Child*), Helene von Mühlau brings no less than an accusation against the Fatherland. 'From the diary of an officer's wife,' runs the sub-title; and it is behind the scenes of German military life that we are invited to throw a glance. It shows us a different picture indeed from its glittering front. That 'brilliant misery,' to which the uniform is so often but a mask, has, in Helene von Mühlau, found a new chronicler.

This is essentially a woman's story, and as poignant as only a woman's story can be.

Erich and Rose have married with the minimum of fortune demanded by the German Government. His subaltern pay barely suffices for daily needs, and leaves nothing over for the indispensable 'appearances.' The man himself is something of an egoist; but the record of Rose's married life is that of one of those small, daily martyrdoms which are reserved for women alone. Three children arrive in rapid succession—all girls. When for the fourth time she sees motherhood approaching, the unfortunate Rose, goaded by the half-insane dread of the announcement to be made to her husband, allows herself—without his knowledge—to be tempted to the commission of a criminal act. Blackmailed for months by a ruffian who has scented the secret, she finally sees herself forced to a confession, under the first impression of which Erich orders her from the house. In the end he comes to his senses, and the letter in which he sues for his wife's forgiveness is worth quoting in part. For its better understanding it must be explained that, after having, for years, vainly striven to attain either an appointment in the colonies or a civilian post at home, Erich has at last made up his mind to accept an American offer:

'The longer and the deeper I reflect upon all that you have done, the more unbounded does my gratitude to you become, and at the same time my anger against—how shall I say it? . . . against our Fatherland, which does not give us bread for ourselves and for our three children.

It has cost me a hard struggle before I said to myself: "In Germany and in German colonies we go to meet our ruin!"

I *wanted* to believe in my Fatherland, Rose—I *wanted* to remain German! But it is an impossibility!

If nothing else would have helped to persuade me, that which you have done—which you believed yourself bound to do—would have dispersed my last doubts. . . . Is it not terrible that the wife of a Prussian officer should be driven to such a step, should be forced to seek relief from material want in such a fashion? . . .

Our protectorates do not offer the required field. The population which in the best case they could accommodate would be supplemented at home within a few weeks.

And thus a man, who, like me, has wife and children to support . . . is virtually reduced to look for a living elsewhere. Here in Germany an

officer who, pressed by necessity, wishes to change his profession, meets only distrust and closed doors. . . .

That goal which, within our Fatherland, we strove for in vain, we hope to reach out there, and to secure for our children a future free of that want which could not have failed to be their lot in Germany.' . . .

As the sting of the wasp lies in its tail, so the point of the book lies in this concluding letter, and the point of the letter, again, is clearly the burning need of more colonies—and, consequently, of more ships—though these are not so much as mentioned.

So, after all, this woman's story ends with a very man-like argument.

I have space left only for a single specimen of another sort of novel, a sort in which the national trumpet is not blown, and occupied with a theme which stands far above nationalities. *Die Beiden Hänse*—for which the English equivalent might be *The Two Jacks*—reads like the final conclusion of one whose outlook has grown wider, whose views have mellowed with the climbing of the steps of life. The disciples of Ernst Haeckl and Co. will perhaps retort that it is not Peter Rosegger's views that have mellowed, but his brain that has softened. Indeed, it is not clear what else they could say. This is a point the settling of which can safely be left to the reader.

Not that this can be called a controversial novel. Dogmas are ignored. Never is there any attempt at reconciling Revelation and Science. Indeed, I can fancy readers of the superficial sort getting half through *Die Beiden Hänse* before they discover that they are not reading a panegyric of Free-thought, joined to the inevitable attack upon the Catholic Church. More attentive or more acute people will have had their doubts from the first. The very virulence of the speeches made by a certain learned professor will have aroused their suspicions. The real inveterate enemies of religion are apt to be more subtle than that. Presently upon even the superficial reader it will have begun to dawn that the subtlety, this time, is all on the other side. To the plentiful abuse poured upon religion by the majority of the characters, no refutation is made. The one person who might have been expected to 'answer back' never attempts to defend his theories, but simply *lives* them, with the result that the reader lays down the book, impressed, for the moment at least, by the *débâcle* of materialism at the hands of simple-minded faith.

The story itself is enthralling beyond the average.

The two heroes of the tale are two youths whom an identity of name—both answering to that of Johann Schmied—has turned first to antagonists, and then into fast friends. Hans is short

for Johann; thenceforward they become known as 'Die beiden Hänse.'

Hans the elder is tall, supple, light-hearted to the verge of flippancy; Hans the younger, short, round-faced, cheerful, though the reverse of talkative. At the opening of the story both have just terminated their 'secondary' studies. The moment for choosing a profession has come. A fateful discussion upon this point takes place in an Alpine hay-loft—for our heroes are celebrating their exit from school by a mountain tour, and are held prisoners by a premature snow-storm, in the company of a mysterious elderly tourist, who presently discloses himself as Professor Weisspandtner, one of the lights of the medical world. Questioned by the friendly old gentleman as to their choice of profession, Big Hans replies that there is no hurry about that—he must first take a look round; while Little Hans stolidly announces that he means to become a priest. Upon the Professor the word has the proverbial effect of the red rag upon the bull. He lets loose a harangue, of which the following is a fragment:

'Every profession can bear the light of truth better than that of the priest. If he is true as man and thinker, he becomes a scandal to so-called pious souls, and the Church shakes him off. You, my young friends, have looked into the life of the mind. . . . Science has taught you the hollowness of Religion and the coming triumph of *Truth*. And now you would go back into the narrow, dark cell, will have to tell others what you do not know yourselves—assure them of things which you do not believe—*cannot* believe, since no one can tear out his own brain! Become a priest, indeed! Have you found no friend to tell you what that means?'

To which Big Hans makes the flippant retort:—

'To believe or not to believe, that wouldn't trouble me; all I want is a chicken in my cooking-pot.'

'Wretch!' laughed Little Hans, who took this for a joke.

The Professor goes on to extol his ideal of Truth:

'What our senses cannot prove has no existence . . . the recognition of this fact is what we call Truth—the real Truth, you understand—not the imaginary Truth of the rhapsodist.'

Little Hans here asked:

'Why is so great a difference made between real and imaginary truth? Is not the imaginary truth real too—firstly because it *is*, and secondly because it has results?'

'Dear me, how clever Hanserl has become!' called out the elder student.

'Listen to me,' said the little one, growing vivacious beyond his habit; 'among all my schoolfellows I had the least pocket-money, and yet you called me "Lucky Hans." That was because I imagined myself in possession of all the good things which the others could buy, and imagined them

much more beautiful than they really were. Thus I always was "Lucky Hans." How, then, can something that is not real have such great results?'

In reply the Professor kindly enlightens him regarding the influence of digestion upon imagination, and explains further that the only Science which in his eyes deserves the name of such is the study of the human body. The words 'good' and 'bad'—so he teaches—express only different chemical consistencies of the blood; and the stomach is the workshop of all action, whether mental or physical. 'The world's history, gentlemen, is brewed in the stomach.'

In this conversation the key-note of the book is struck: the struggle between the two sorts of truth—the material and the ideal.

As a result Big Hans resolves to study medicine, while Little Hans, smilingly unmoved by the Professor's arguments, remains true to his priestly vocation.

Next day their roads part—for good. Only three times in life will they meet again.

Soon Hans the elder is sitting at the feet of Professor Weisspandtner, who has taken a fancy to the gay, light-hearted youth. Already the student has become a welcome guest in the Professor's family circle, and presently begins to wonder which of his two daughters he would like best to marry, only to come to the conclusion that he would rather not marry either. Malcha, the elder, the depressed possessor of a million in her own right, is anything but exhilarating company, while Evelana, the younger, is one of those brilliant, modern minxes who know everything about everything—in their own belief, anyway—and whose form of flirtation is scientific arguments with young men—the more indelicate the theme the better, of course—the defeated antagonist being comforted by generously dispensed favours. As she happens to be very pretty, the antagonists are naturally not so stupid as ever to remain victorious.

One day Hans meets her fluttering down the steps of the *clinique*, smiling, glowing, lively as an escaped butterfly. 'Comrade!' she cried, with arms spread wide, 'to-day you can have a kiss!' He accepts the offer, and she flutters on, wreathed in girlish laughter.

The causes of her jubilation? The corpse of a dragoon whom, under the eyes of the medical authorities, she had just successfully dissected; and the compliments showered on the performance.

But although neither of the sisters hits off Hans's taste, he is, nevertheless, resolved to make his choice between them, since of course a money-marriage is one of the conditions of that worldly success which, according to the Professor, is the one

thing worth aiming at. A man's only duty is towards his own social existence—so he has been taught; such things as pity, love, self-sacrifice, are but degenerate excrescences of culture, and have got to be healed, if humanity is to remain robust.

Acting upon these principles, Hans selects the elder Fräulein Weisspandtner, as being the better-dowered of the two, and on the day on which he takes his degree is solemnly betrothed to her.

But his heart is heavy in the midst of his triumph. In the Siebensterngasse, where he lodges, there is a certain brown-haired, gentle-eyed Lieserl, whose budding charms he has watched unfold. In unguarded moments he has indulged in dreams; but for matrimonial purposes she is, of course, not to be thought of; and for others—the mother is far too vigilant.

It is on the evening of his betrothal that Hans realises what Lieserl has become to him. From the festive board at which his double victory is being celebrated amid the popping of many corks, some power draws him irresistibly to the Siebensterngasse. His visit is ostensibly meant for Lieserl's sick mother; but his patient is asleep, and the unprotected girl, who knows nothing of his engagement, succumbs to his wine-heated passion.

In the next chapter we find the new-made doctor established in a handsome suite of apartments and waiting for his first patient. Here it is that, after a long pause, a sign of life reaches him from his old schoolfellow. Once only in the interval have the two namesakes met; it was during their first holidays, when Big Hans had noted, to his pain, that Little Hans remained as bigoted as ever, and attempts an appeal to his reason.

'Do you know, Hans,' he said regretfully, 'I am sorry for you? Do you not shudder at this bottomless hypocrisy? The stupid peasants know no better; but you! you with your straightforward mind, your education! You can't want to go on playing this comedy?'

The little one made no reply, and they continued along the dark, deserted road.

. . . Then he noticed that the theologian was softly sobbing. Instantly pity seized him. 'He is crying over his own misfortune!' he thought, and continued with fresh vigour: 'Hans, see here, I know you, and I know that Truth is your highest ideal. I have never caught you in a lie. . . . Truth, too, is that which I mean to live for when I am my own master. Have you never reflected, my friend, how great a thing Truth is? And have you ever asked yourself seriously what Truth is?'

The little theologian was silent.

'Have you really never asked yourself?'

Little Hans spoke not a word.

Thus they had walked on in the dark night. Now they reached a wood, where, under high trees, there stood an object, high and narrow, barely visible. Little Hans stood still. He took a box from his pocket and struck a match. In the circle of light a way-side pillar was disclosed—in a niche

the figure of the risen Christ, above it the roughly painted words: 'I am the Truth. He who believes in me shall be saved.'

That much was seen; then the little flame went out, and it was darker than before.

That had been three years ago. Now Hans holds in his hands an invitation of his friend to be present at his *Primiz*—the first Mass he is to read. Grimly Big Hans accepts—for the village in question is the very one at which he has engaged himself to hold a rationalist lecture. Lately he has joined a society called 'Progress,' whose chief task is to 'enlighten' the peasant mind. What an excellent opportunity for crossing arms with his retrogressive friend!

But matters take an unlooked-for turn. The thick-skulled peasants, always suspicious of the 'town-folk,' attempt to storm the lecture-room, which Hans, rather than preach to empty benches, has seen fit to fill with disciples of 'Progress,' telegraphically summoned; and only the personal interference of the new-made priest saves himself and his friends from extremely rough usage. It is thanks to Little Hans's influence that Big Hans is able to reel off his arguments to an audience to whom they are anything but new. This speech, so far as the noise outside let it be audible, started from Darwin's theory of descent, went on to natural selection, and ended with Nietzsche's 'Masterman.'

One single rustic hearer was present, who sat there as devoutly as though he were in church. A cow-herd. He told his family afterwards that the whole thing had not been so very sinful after all. The gentleman had spoken about the elections, and about cattle-breeding, but in so fine a language that you couldn't well get at the sense of it.

With rage in his heart, Hans returns to the capital and to his *fiancée*. Also to Lieserl. But not for long. Her mother is dead, which has removed the only obstacle to his sinful passion. One day a small packet is brought to him, and out of it fall the few trifling gifts he has given her—and a scrap of paper, bearing the words: 'Farewell. May God forgive you!—Elizabeth.'

She has discovered his engagement, and this is her reply to it. Hans hurries to the Siebensterngasse, and finds her flown.

Presently he is invited to take part in the dissection of a 'Donau Nixe,' the students' flippant nickname for a drowned woman. Hans has lately been dreaming of drowned women, and shudderingly questions his comrade:

'A murder?'

'No, evidently suicide.'

'Have you seen her?'

'Yes; she hasn't been bathing for long.'

'Have you seen her yourself?'

'Yes, I tell you!'

'Is she old?'

'Since when do old women go into the water?' laughed the other. 'Unluckily it is always the young ones.'

'Her height?' jerked out Hans.

'Oh, about middle, I think.'

'Any special marks?'

'Oh, bother this shop talk! I noticed only the beautiful hair.'

'Brown?'

'Maybe. It was wet, you see, and therefore dark.'

'Brown, then?'

'Oh, I have no objection to its being brown. You can look at her yourself, if she interests you.'

Hans, goaded as though by scorpions, goes back to the Siebensterngasse. Surely she will be back by this time. But the lodging is deserted. He drives at full gallop to the *clinique*. The anatomical section is locked up. And then begins the night—the long, terrible night, of which he spends a part pacing the shores of the Danube, and another part laughing at his own fears.

It is during this night that, amid pangs indescribable, his soul is born. The phases of the process are noted with the hand of a master.

Why should she be dead, after all? Why just she? Are not people daily fished out of the Danube? . . . He lay down in his clothes. . . . Pity, compassion—stupid weaknesses. And pity with the dead, who do not suffer! It was good to remember that. Strange that his legs should tremble. It had grown quiet all around. And now he slumbered. Of fair days of childhood he dreamed—for a few minutes only. Then she stretched towards him. From the bier which stood close to the bed she stretched a stiff, clay-cold hand. Upon his head she laid it, and stroked over his hair—with a stiff, clay-cold hand. He started up. What was this? The beat of his heart echoed in his temples. . . . 'Does she want to mock me all my life long? Has she done it, perhaps, in order to torture me?—No, Elizabeth, if you had really loved me you would not have done this.—So she *is* lying in the anatomical chamber. And you, Hans Schmied, have gone far'—thus he apostrophised himself; 'of others you demand everything, but you will neither give nor suffer anything. Never again was she to come to light, so that nothing should disturb your voluptuous life. . . . No breath of remorse should trouble the seducer, the betrayer who has destroyed her happiness, strangled her young life.'

When the grey morning looked in by the windows Hans had touched the depths of self-contempt. Beyond this point a man cannot go. Now he waited only for the truth; he must see her with his own eyes; and then . . .'

He goes to the *clinique*, but with a loaded revolver in his pocket.

'We have kept the nymph for you,' said his colleague of yesterday, 'since you seem to take an interest in her.'

Hans searched with his eyes. There, on the table by the window, lay the muffled object. He went straight towards it. With convulsed fingers

he took hold of the grey linen, to strip it from the shape beneath. 'Who lifts this veil shall see Truth!' A quick movement, and the body lay bare before him.

'Is it—is it this one?' he asked, panting.

'The one I told you of yesterday.'

Hans looked round the room and again at the body. The terrific strain relaxed. He fell upon a wooden chair, uttering a long-drawn sound. . . . The students exchanged startled glances. That is the way madmen laugh. They bent over him—then he raised his head, grinning with amazement, the eyes wide and empty, and spoke into the empty air: 'It is not she!'

After a short but sharp illness Hans recovers his health, but not his plan of life; that lies shattered at his feet. The theories, of course, are all right in themselves, but unfortunately he is not the man to put them into practice, his will being corroded by the canker of Pity. He breaks off his engagement and sets off in search of his lost mistress. He searches in town and country, he searches for years, but Lieserl has vanished beyond his ken. Sometimes, in moments of desolation, his spirit yearns towards his old schoolfellow, the only friend he has ever had. What has become of Little Hans? Big Hans scarcely knows. All that has reached him is a report of a conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities, and of the young priest's banishment to a so-called punitive post. An affair with a housekeeper, it is said: quite an ordinary occurrence.

Six years have passed when Hans finds himself once more climbing his native Alps, in the company of an eccentric Yankee, who doses himself with mountains as with medicine, but likes to have medical assistance at hand. And now it is that, reaching a bleak, stony spot, where a wretched little wooden church stands among half-a-dozen hovels, Hans finds himself face to face both with his lost sweetheart and his lost friend. This mountain pilgrimage is Little Hans's exile, and Lieserl is the housekeeper who has been the cause of the banishment, while the fair-haired boy who gambols by her side is the doctor's own abandoned son.

Wild jealousy seizes upon him. Although, from his schoolfellow's own lips, he hears the story of how he had picked up the fainting woman, literally upon the high-road, and incurred disfavour by his refusal to turn her and her child out of doors; although in face of Little Hans's candid eyes—as candid as in their old school-days—and of his straightforward: 'Nothing wrong has happened—be sure of that!' suspicions droop, yet Big Hans feels too profoundly guilty to be able to believe in such innocence. His heart is torn between bitterness and pity; for Little Hans's face is neither so round nor so rosy as it used to be, and his husky voice tells the medical man that he is doomed, and that the icy blasts of this exposed spot are hastening the doom.

When at last Hans gains speech with his old love, it is no gentle-eyed Lieserl who confronts him, but a stern-faced Elizabeth, with a hard line about her mouth and something like hate in her eyes. In answer to his passionate appeal he hears terrible truths. She will have none of this tardy atonement; nor will she, for his sake, desert the man who, without any claims of the flesh, has fulfilled towards their child those fatherly duties which he himself has so shamefully neglected—the man whom she reveres as a saint.

> Then Elizabeth straightened herself. 'So you think that I will go away with you—now? That I will abandon the only man who has ever sacrificed himself for us—leave him alone—and ill? Anyone who could think that——' She could not get the hard word to cross her lips.

Hans turns away, cowed at last by her merciless hardness, and Elizabeth, having watched him out of sight, falls sobbing upon a stone.

Before night a snowstorm sweeps over the mountains, and the household anxiously await the return of the young priest, who is scouring the neighbourhood, in search of struggling wayfarers. He returns after dark, with his cloak frozen on to his jacket; and five days later Hans and Elizabeth are kneeling, one on each side of his bed. 'If only I had not to miss my service!' he moans; then looks from one to the other: 'Be sensible—because of the boy!'

> Then softly he drew her hand on to his breast and then his. 'Stay by me. Say a prayer. After all, to die'—he paused, struggling for breath, 'to die is also a service.'
>
> That much could be heard. Then convulsively he drew the two hands closer, and breathed heavily, and breathed painfully, and breathed no more. It was the end.
>
> And when it was over, and Hans and Elizabeth awoke from their stupor, they found that upon his motionless breast, their two hands lay clasped.

I do not think that any reader of *Die Beiden Hänse* will consider that the name of Peter Rosegger, though old of sound, has cause to hide itself before the most brilliant of new names. In the midst of the desert of pessimism in which we wander nowadays, it is something to find an observer of life who does not despair of human nature.

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THE THEOLOGY OF MILTON

THE influence of Milton, through his writings in prose and poetry, upon Christian theological belief in England and in the English-speaking world is one of the strangest paradoxes in literary history. For he was almost the last person who might have been expected to control or direct the thought of Christians within, as well as without, the Church of England. He was estranged by wide differences of belief and practice from the great body of his Christian fellow-countrymen. He was neither a Churchman nor an Episcopalian. What were his views of Episcopal Government is only too well known from his treatise *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, from his *Reason of Church-government urged against Prelaty*, and from his *Animadversions upon the Remonstrants' Defence against Smectymnuus*. It is true indeed, as this article will, I hope, show, that Milton was not always consistent in his theological or ecclesiastical position. But his treatise *Of Christian Doctrine* is sufficient evidence of the conclusions to which he was gradually led upon the main articles of the Christian Faith. He was not an orthodox Trinitarian in his doctrine relating either to the Second or to the Third Person of the Sacred Trinity. He was not a believer in the independent life of the soul apart from the body, or in the life of the soul at all between death and resurrection. In his estimate of matter he came at times perilously near to Pantheism. He decisively rejected infant baptism; he was opposed on principle to Liturgies and all set forms of prayer. He was an advocate of divorce, and in certain circumstances of polygamy. He was an anti-Sabbatarian, and at the last he was almost an alien from the rules and practices of Christianity. Toland says of him: 'In the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect among Christians; he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their peculiar rites in his family.' It is not altogether easy to define Milton's theological or ecclesiastical position; but he seems to have drifted surely, if slowly, away from orthodox or established Christianity into a Christian belief and habit of his own. Masson, speaking of his heterodoxy, says: 'His drift may have begun about 1643, when he changed his temporary

Presbyterianism or semi-Presbyterianism in Church-government for Independency or Congregationalism, breaking off from the Presbyterians and associating himself rather with the freer Independent and miscellaneous sects in the interest of his special Divorce controversy.'[1]

Yet Milton, in spite of his theological errors or eccentricities, has by his writings produced a strong and lasting, if not altogether happy, effect upon the mind of English-speaking Christendom. It is he more than anyone else who is responsible for the literal acceptance of the early narratives in the Book of Genesis. The story of the Garden of Eden is so lightly touched by the author of Genesis, and lends itself so easily to allegorical interpretation, that its literal accuracy was never a recognised part of the Christian Creed until after the Reformation, and, indeed, until after the publication of *Paradise Lost*. Fathers of the Church such as Clement of Alexandria, and still more Origen in the East, or even Ambrose, Augustine, and to some extent Jerome, in the West, were content to look upon the early chapters of Genesis as embodying spiritual truth under the guise of allegory or poetry. But to Milton and to the reformed Christian bodies in England after him, not only the Fall of man in itself, but the incidents and accidents of the Fall, the garden, the serpent as the tempter, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the apple as the fatal fruit of the tree, were actual prosaic verities. It is Milton too who has stamped the character of Satan with a certain moral dignity which finds no warrant in the Bible. Above all, it is he who has instilled into Christian hearts and minds the widely spread, if partly latent, Arian, or semi-Arian, conception of our Lord's Personality. Wherever Christians, or at least English Christians, in the last two or three centuries have consciously or unconsciously regarded the Second Person of the Trinity as a Being, however exalted in Himself, yet distinct from and inferior to the First Person, they have probably been influenced by the teaching of Milton in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, if not in his more explicit treatise *Of Christian Doctrine*.

It is probable that no part of Milton's religious or theological teaching has achieved so little practical result in Christendom, or at least among orthodox Christians, as his theory of the relation between man and wife in Holy Matrimony.

He put forward his strange views not only in the treatise entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, of which the first edition was published in 1643, but also in *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*, published in 1644, in *Tetrachordon Expositions upon the Foure Chiefe Places in Scripture*

[1] *Life of John Milton*, vol. vi. p. 839.

which treat of Marriage or Nullities of Marriage, and in *Colasterion, a reply to a nameless answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, published in 1644-5.

The principle of *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* is expressed in its full original title, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce: Restor'd to the good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, and other Mistakes, to the true meaning of Scripture in the Law and Gospel compar'd. Wherin also are set down the bad consequences of abolishing or condemning of Sin, that which the Law of God allowes, and Christ abolisht not.* The treatise was addressed 'to the Parlament of England with the Assembly'; and, curiously enough in view of its subject, it is the treatise which contains the memorable words 'Let not England forget her precedence of teaching the nations how to live.' Still more curious is a chronological fact connected with *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. It seems from the date, as marked upon the first edition in the British Museum, that *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* was published in August 1643. But it was in May 1643 that Milton married his first wife, Mary Powell. Milton tnen was, and perhaps, owing to his strange lack of humour, it may be said that he could have been, the only person who ever apparently devoted his honeymoon to writing a treatise in favour of divorce.

A single extract from *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* will show what was his general line of argument. It lay in his contention that divorce was essential to human happiness; that it was expressly sanctioned in the Old Testament, and nowhere prohibited by Christ or His apostles in the New.

> O perversnes! that the Law should be made more provident of peacemaking then the Gospell! that the Gospel should be put to beg a most necessary help of mercy from the Law, but must not have it: and that to grind in the mill of an undelighted and servil copulation, must be the only forc't work of a Christian mariage, oft times with such a yokefellow, from whom both love and peace, both nature and Religion mourns to be separated. I cannot therefore be so diffident, as not securely to conclude, that he who can receive nothing of the most important helps in mariage, being thereby disinabl'd to returne that duty which is his, with a cleare and hearty countenance; and thus continues to grieve whom he would not, and is no less griev'd, that man ought even for loves sake and peace to move Divorce upon good and liberall conditions to the divorc't. And it is a lesse breach of wedlock to part with wife and quiet consent betimes, then still to soile and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadnesse and perpetuall distemper; for it is not the outward continuing of marriage that keepes whole that cov'nant, but whosoever does most according to peace and love, whether in marriage or in divorce, he it is that breaks marriage least; it being so often written, that *Love onely is the fullfilling of every Commandement.* [2]

[2] *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, ch. vi.

But Milton was favourable to polygamy as well as to divorce, and he was favourable to it on much the same grounds. In the chief or only passage of his writings where he argues for polygamous unions, the treatise *Of Christian Doctrine*, Chapter X., it is by the examples of the patriarchs and kings in the Old Testament, and by the absence of any direct sentence against polygamy in the New Testament, that he tries to justify a system so abhorrent not only to the moral law, but to the moral sentiment, of all Christian nations.

The early narratives of Genesis, however they may be interpreted, are characterised by a striking literary reserve. The Garden of Eden itself, the serpent, the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the relation of the first man to his wife, their temptation and their expulsion from the Garden, are all more or less veiled in the shadow of mystery. But Milton has painted the story of man's Fall and of the agents or instruments in his Fall with vivid and almost lurid colours.

Thus the tempter is represented not only as a serpent but as a serpent with all his attributes of form and nature in high relief. Milton describes him as follows :

> So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
> In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve
> Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
> Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
> Circular base of rising folds, that tour'd
> Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head
> Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
> With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
> Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
> Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
> And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
> Lovelier.[3]

Or again :

> Oft he bowd
> His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
> Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
> His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
> The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
> Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
> Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
> His fraudulent temptation thus began.[4]

Similarly Milton paints the tree of knowledge of good and evil, so that it becomes almost visible to the spectator's eye. He says :

> I chanc'd
> A goodly tree farr distant to behold
> Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,

[3] *Paradise Lost*, ix. 494-505.

[4] *Paradise Lost*, ix. 524-531.

Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a favourie odour blow'n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unsuck't of Lamb or Kid, that tend their play.
To satisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.' [5]

The belief, which has been so generally accepted in the Christian Church, that the forbidden fruit was the apple, is owing chiefly to Milton, if not to him alone.

It is not necessary to quote the famous lines in which the first parents of mankind are represented as driven out of Paradise; but the graphic literalness of the verses serves to make Paradise or the Garden of Eden itself a reality which, when once it has been felt, is never forgotten.

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitarie way.[6]

The Christian world owes to Milton its conception of the Angelic Hosts, whether spirits of good or of evil, as ranged on the side of God or of His rebel enemy Satan. Let me cite his descriptions of Belial as typifying the supremely evil, and of Abdiel as typifying the supremely good, spirit:

On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.[7]

Or again:

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;

[5] *Paradise Lost*, ix. 575-588. [6] *Paradise Lost*, xii. 641-649.
[7] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 108-117.

Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single.[8]

But among the spirits of evil Satan himself stands pre-eminent. It is Milton's art which has invested the character of Satan with so striking a dignity that, in spite of his treason against the Almighty, he has commanded something of sympathy and even of respect from many Christians. It was remarked by Shakespeare, and after him by Sir John Suckling, that 'the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.' But the Satan of Milton is more than a gentleman; he is a stern, indomitable, majestic figure. The reason or excuse for so telling a delineation of one who is the Prince of the Powers of Evil may perhaps be that *Paradise Lost* was originally intended not to be an epic, but a dramatic poem. It will be enough to cite the following passages descriptive of Satan's temper:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me.[9]

Or:

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despare.[10]

Or again:

Farewell happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

[8] *Paradise Lost*, v. 896-903.
[9] *Paradise Lost*, i. 105-111.
[10] *Paradise Lost*, i. 180-191.

> What matter where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be, all but less then hee
> Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
> We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
> Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
> Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
> To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
> Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.[11]

But the interest of Milton's theological creed as affecting his writings, especially *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, lies principally in his strong inclination to the Arian or semi-Arian conception of Our Lord's personality. It is not necessary to discuss the varying phases of the theology which owes its birth and its name to Arius, the presbyter of Alexandria. Gibbon, whose insight into the *minutiæ* of Christian doctrine was as remarkable as his indifference to them all, defines the Arian position in the following words:

> The Son, by whom all things were made, had been begotten before all worlds, and the longest of the astronomical periods could be compared only as a fleeting moment to the extent of his duration; yet this duration is not infinite, and there had been a time which preceded the ineffable generation of the Logos. On this only-begotten Son the Almighty Father had transfused his ample spirit, and impressed the effulgence of his glory. Visible image of invisible perfection, he saw, at an immeasurable distance beneath his feet, the thrones of the brightest archangels; yet he shone only with a reflected light, and, like the sons of the Roman emperors who were invested with the titles of Cæsar or Augustus, he governed the universe in obedience to the will of his Father and Monarch.[12]

The Council of Nicaea A.D. 325, in the original form of the Creed now called Nicene, declared itself emphatically against Arianism. But the battle of the diphthong, as it has been caustically termed, or the controversy between the watchwords *Homoousion* and *Homoiousion*, was rather declared than decided by the Council of Nicaea. Arianism continued to flourish, and, indeed, to triumph, afterwards. The contemporaneous Councils of Seleucia in the East and of Ariminum in the West, A.D. 359, brought the Eastern and the Western worlds alike under the predominant influence of the Arian Creed. It was after the Council of Ariminum that Jerome wrote his memorable sentence 'Ingemuit totus orbis et Arianum se esse miratus est.'[13] The Council of Constantinople A.D. 381 dealt the death-blow to the prevalence of Arianism in the Roman Empire. But at a later date the invaders of the Empire still maintained the Arian theology. The Goths, whose great leaders Alaric, Genseric, and Theodoric have written their names in letters of blood upon

[11] *Paradise Lost*, i. 249-263.
[12] *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. iii. ch. xxi. p. 54.
[13] *Dialog. c. Lucifer*, p. 191.

Christian history, were Arians from the time of the famous Bishop Ulphilas, the translator of the Bible; the Lombards remained Arians up to the end of the sixth century, the reign of their Queen Theolinda; the Visi-Goths in Spain remained Arians until the reign of King Recared; nor was it until the Council of Toledo A.D. 589 that the clause 'Filioque,' or 'et a Filio,' was inserted in the Nicene Creed as a definite witness to the renunciation of Arianism in Spain.

Arianism is often set in opposition to Unitarianism; and, if the opposition, as it is generally stated, may be said to hold good, Milton was always rather an Arian than a Unitarian. To quote Masson's language about him:

> In opposition to those who contend for the merely human nature of Christ he maintains the doctrine of the two natures of Christ, holding that no name short of The-Anthropos or God-Man adequately describes the Christ who walked and suffered on our earth.[14]

But Unitarianism, as represented in the writings of Faustus Socinus, who is generally regarded as the author of Unitarian theology, went far beyond the meagre Unitarianism which has been advocated by some, although not perhaps the most illustrious, of his followers. Faustus Socinus held, it is true, that Jesus Christ was not pre-existent before His birth into the world, and that He neither stood nor stands in an eternal divine relation to God as His Father. But Faustus Socinus held also that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary by the operation of the Holy Spirit, that He came upon earth as God's commissioner to reveal God's law, that He exercised miraculous powers, that not only did He die, but on the third day after His death He rose from the grave, that His resurrection and His subsequent ascension were the attestations of His unique mission, that since His ascension He sits at God's right hand, and that He will one day return to the earth as the Judge of the living and the dead.

It is evident that such a Creed as this approximates to the Arian theology. History perhaps presents no stranger incident than the failure of Arianism after its brief and wide success. For the Arian conception of Christ's personality has commended itself to Christians of such high intellectuality and profound spirituality as Milton himself, Sir Isaac Newton, Locke and Samuel Clarke. Even John Stuart Mill, in the third of his posthumous essays, while decisively rejecting the divinity of Jesus Christ, could look with some appreciation upon an Arian or semi-Arian doctrine in regard to Christ's Personality.

There is little doubt that Milton, who in his early life was apparently an orthodox Christian, gradually lapsed into the

[14] *Life of John Milton*, vol. vi. p. 832.

acceptance of an Arian theology, and, indeed, towards the end of his life became almost a Unitarian after the model of Faustus Socinus. It is true that he always claimed the right of using as his own the language of the Trinitarian Creeds, but he interpreted the Creeds in an Arian and even in a Socinian sense. To quote one passage only; in his treatise *Of True Religion, heresy, schism, toleration and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*, a treatise published so late in his life as A.D. 1673, the year before his death, he writes as follows:

> The Arian and Socinian are charged to dispute against the Trinity; yet they affirm to believe the Father, Son and Holy Ghost according to Scripture and the Apostolic Creed. As for the terms Trinity, Tri-unity, Coessentiality, Tripersonality and the like, they reject them as scholastic notions not to be found in Scripture.

It is interesting to trace the development of Milton's theology. His *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, although it was written in 1629, was first printed in 1645. In that ode he asserts the orthodox view of our Lord's divinity. The following passages are conclusive:

> This is the Month, and this the happy morn
> Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
> Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
> Our great Redemption from above did bring;
>
> That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
> And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
> Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,
> To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
> He laid aside; and here with us to be,
> Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
> And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

Or again:

> Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
> Afford a Present to the Infant God?

Similarly the hymn within the ode contains such lines as these relating to the Infant Christ:

> Nature in awe to him
> Had doff't her gawdy trim,
> With her great Master so to sympathise:

and

> Confounded that her Maker's eyes
> Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

and

> Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
> Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

It is evident that Milton remained in this orthodox state of mind as late as 1641, when he published his treatise *Of Reforma-*

tion Touching Church Discipline in England, for that treatise contains the sublime prayer addressed to the Sacred Trinity: 'Thou therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, the parent of angels and men; next thee, I implore, Omnipotent King Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting love, and thou the Third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things, the one Tripersonal Godhead.'

Johnson must have been thinking of Milton's earlier writings in poetry and prose when he said of him in the *Lives of the Poets* that he appears not only 'to have had full conviction of the truth of Christianity and to have regarded the Holy Scriptures with the profoundest veneration,' but 'to have been untainted by an heretical peculiarity of opinion.'

Paradise Lost was published in 1667; *Paradise Regained* in 1671. In these two famous poems the development of Milton's theological creed is easily traced.

In *Paradise Lost* he regards the Son not as co-equal or co-eternal with the Father, but as a created Being, although created in an infinite past, upon whom the Father had conferred an unspeakable measure of His own divine glory. It is impossible to quote the many passages exhibiting this creed, but the following are enough to indicate what his view of our Lord's Personality then was:

> Now had the Almighty Father from above,
> From the pure Empyrean where he sits
> High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
> His own works and their works at once to view:
> About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
> Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
> Beatitude past utterance; on his right
> The radiant image of his Glory sat,
> His onely Son; [15]

and again:

> Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
> All Heav'n and in the blessed Spirits elect
> Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
> Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
> Most glorious, in him all his Father shown
> Substantially express'd, and in his face
> Divine compassion visibly appeered,
> Love without end, and without measure Grace.[16]

So the Father addresses the Son in such language as this:

> O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
> Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
> My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

[15] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 56.

[16] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 135-142.

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed: [17]

Elsewhere He says:

Into Thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.[18]

With this address corresponds the descriptive passage:

To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almightie Acts,
With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, and him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid-heaven, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.[19]

Even more clearly is the relation of the Son to the Father described in the words:

But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.[20]

or immediately afterwards:

So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, and the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd. [21]

The energy of the Son in creation is clearly defined in the following passage:

Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, and to their Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscured.[22]

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[17] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 168.
[18] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 703-709.
[19] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 882-892.
[20] *Paradise Lost*, x. 55-57.
[21] *Paradise Lost*, x. 63-67.
[22] *Paradise Lost*, v. 833-841.

Yet there are passages in which the subordination of the Son to the Father is clearly stated. For instance :

> Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
> Son in whose face invisible is beheld
> Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
> And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
> Second Omnipotence.[23]

The creation or birth of the Son Himself in time appears from the following passage, where the Father speaks :

> Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
> Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
> Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
> *This day I have begot* whom I declare
> My onely Son, and on this Holy Hill
> Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
> At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
> And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
> All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.[24]

For here ' this day '—*i.e.* the day on which the Son was begotten —clearly follows the creation of the angelic hierarchy.

There is an approach to the Christology of *Paradise Regained* in the lines :

> Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
> Equal to God, and equally enjoying
> Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
> A World from utter loss, and hast been found
> *By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,*
> Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
> Far more than great or High; because in thee
> Love hath abounded more then Glory Abounds,
> Therefore *thy Humiliation shall exalt*
> *With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;*
> Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
> Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
> Anointed universal King; all Power
> I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
> Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
> Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
> All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
> In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.[25]

For it seems that when Milton wrote *Paradise Regained* he conceived of the Son, not so much as a superhuman or divine Being, but as a man exalted by his human merit to a pre-eminent participation in the divine glory. The following passages prove the latest stage of Milton's Arianism :

> On him baptiz'd
> Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove

[23] *Paradise Lost*, vi. 680-684. [24] *Paradise Lost*, v. 600-608.
[25] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 305-322.

The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav'n pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd.[26]

Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Fathers glory shone.[27]

So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easie steps: girded with snaky wiles
Where he might likliest find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God.[28]

He now shall know I can produce a man
Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz'd.[29]

That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate vertue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.[30]

If he be Man by Mothers side at least,
With more than humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.[31]

Elsewhere the tempter says:

Opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.[32]

It is evident that in *Paradise Regained* Milton does not shrink from speaking of our Lord as man. He can even go so far as to write:

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.[33]

[26] *Paradise Regained*, i. 29-37.
[27] *Paradise Regained*, i. 91-93.
[28] *Paradise Regained*, i. 119-122.
[29] *Paradise Regained*, i. 150-155.
[30] *Paradise Regained*, i. 163-167.
[31] *Paradise Regained*, ii. 136-139.
[32] *Paradise Regained*, iv. 531-540.
[33] *Paradise Regained*, iv. 499-501.

He does not indeed deny our Lord the title 'Son of God'; but it is part of his theology that that title does not imply essential divinity. He expresses himself as follows:

> To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
> Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
> Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
> If I to try whether in higher sort
> Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
> What both from Men and Angels I receive.[34]

> Till at the Ford of Jordan whither all
> Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
> Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
> Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
> Henceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
> And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
> In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
> The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
> The Son of God I also am, or was,
> And if I was, I am; relation stands;
> All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
> In some respect far higher so declar'd.[35]

Theological opinion is naturally more or less veiled in poetry; and many readers of *Paradise Lost* and even of *Paradise Regained* have, like Johnson, failed to realise the Arianism of Milton's theological position. Whether Coleridge was or was not justified in his dictum that 'John Milton himself is in every line of *Paradise Lost*,' Milton's theology admittedly lies hidden there. But it is from his treatise *Of Christian Doctrine* that his actual creed is most plainly ascertainable. The history of that treatise is remarkable. Milton himself entrusted the MS. to his friend Daniel Skinner. After Milton's death, Skinner under compulsion surrendered the MS. to the Government. It lay hid in the State Paper Office until 1823, when it was discovered by Lemon. The treatise, of which the full Latin title is 'J Miltoni Angli de Doctrina Christiana libri duo posthumi,' was translated and edited in 1825 by Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. It was the discovery of this treatise which gave occasion to Macaulay's celebrated essay on Milton.

The following passage represents perhaps the highest point of orthodoxy in Milton's conception of our Lord's Personality:

> With regard to Christ's divine nature, the reader is referred to what was proved in a former chapter concerning the Son of God; and from whence it follows that he by whom all things were made both in heaven and earth, even the angels themselves, he who in the beginning was the Word, and God with God, and although not supreme, yet the first born of every

[34] *Paradise Regained*, iv. 195-200. [35] *Paradise Regained*, iv. 510-521.

creature, must necessarily have existed previous to his incarnation, whatever subtleties may have been invented to evade this conclusion by those who contend for the merely human nature of Christ.[36]

But elsewhere he reduces his conception of that Personality to a lower level. Thus he writes :

Certain however it is, whatever some of the moderns may allege to the contrary, that the Son existed in the beginning under the name of the Logos or Word, and was the first of the whole creation, by whom afterwards all other things were made both in heaven and earth.[37]

With this passage may be compared the following :

That the Son is God, is a truth which I am far from denying but they will in vain attempt to prove from this passage (1 Timothy, III. 19) that he is the supreme God and one with the Father.[38]

And again :

The Kingly function of Christ is that whereby being made King by God the Father, he governs and preserves, chiefly by an inward law and spiritual power, the Church which he has purchased for himself, and conquers and subdues its enemies.[39]

The pre-existence of the Son before His human birth, and His generation before all created things, are doctrines far from being equivalent to a belief in the Son's essential Divinity.

Milton expresses himself clearly in the words :

He (the Son) is called the own Son of God merely because he had no other Father besides God, whence he himself said that God was his Father, John 18. for to Adam God stood less in the relation to Father than of Creator, having only formed him from the dust of the earth, whereas he was properly the Father of the Son made of his own substance. Yet it does not follow from hence that the Son is co-essential with the Father, for then the title of Son would be least of all applicable to him since he who is properly the Son is not coeval with the Father, much less the same numerical essence, otherwise the Father and the Son would be one person.[40]

And again :

Thus the Son was begotten of the Father in consequence of his decree, and therefore within the limits of time, for the decree itself must have been anterior to the execution of the decree, as is sufficiently clear from the insertion of the word 'to-day.' Nor can I discover on what passage of Scripture the assertors of the eternal generation of the Son ground their opinion.[41]

Milton is fond of arguing from certain passages of the Bible that the ascription of the title 'God' to the Son is far from connoting the Son's equality with the Father. Thus, in reply

[36] *Christian Doctrine*, ch. 14, Sumner's Translation.
[37] *Ibid.* ch. 5. [38] *Ibid.* ch. 15. [39] *Ibid.* ch. 5.
[40] *Ibid.* ch. 5. [41] *Ibid.* ch. 5.

to persons who argue that Christ is called God in the Bible, he says :

> There would have been no occasion for the supporters of these opinions to have offered such violence to reason, nay even to such plain scriptural evidence, if they had only considered God's own words addressed to kings and princes, Psal. lxxxii. 6. 'I have said, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High'; or those of Christ himself, John X. 35. 'if he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken. . .'; or those of St. Paul, 1 Cor. VIII. 5, 6. 'for though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or earth, (for there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things;' etc., or lastly of St. Peter II. 1, 4. 'that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature,' which applies much more than the title of gods in the sense in which that title is applied to kings; though no one would conclude from this expression that the saints were co-essential with God.[42]

Similarly he makes use of the following strange criticism upon a memorable passage of St. John's Gospel :

> Another passage is the speech of Thomas, John XX. 28. 'My Lord and my God.' He must have an immoderate share of credulity who attempts to elicit a new confession of faith, unknown to the rest of the disciples, from this abrupt exclamation of the apostle, who invokes in his surprise not only Christ his own Lord, but the God of his ancestors, namely, God the Father;—as if he had said, Lord! what do I see—what do I hear—what do I handle with my hands? He whom Thomas is supposed to call God in this passage, had acknowledged respecting himself not long before, v. 17. 'I ascend unto my God and your God.' Now the God of God cannot be essentially one with him whose God he is.[43]

Masson's estimate of Milton's theology in regard to the nature of Jesus Christ may be taken as a not unfair representation :

> The Son of God, as he [Milton] concludes from an examination of all the relevant Scripture texts, did not exist from all eternity, is not coeval or co-essential or co-equal with the Father, but came into existence by the will of the Father to be the next being in His universe to Himself, the firstborn and best-beloved, the Logos or Word, through whom all creation should take its beginning. But though thus inferior to the supreme Godhead the Son is in a certain grand sense Divine. We are to believe that God imparted to His Son as much as He pleased of the Divine nature, nay of the Divine substance itself, care being taken not to confound the substance with the whole essence.[44]

It may be worth while to quote one instance of Milton's teaching as regards the Third Person of the Trinity :

> Lest however we should be altogether ignorant who or what the Holy Spirit is, although Scripture nowhere teaches us in express terms, it may

[42] *Christian Doctrine*, ch. 5. [43] *Ibid.* ch. 5, iv. p. 110.
[44] *Life of John Milton*, vol. vi. p. 824.

be collected from the passages quoted above, that the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as he is a minister of God, and therefore a creature, was created or produced of the substance of God, not by a natural necessity but by the free-will of the agent, probably before the foundations of the world were laid, but later than the Son, and far inferior to him.

There is however sufficient reason for placing the name as well as the nature of the Son above that of the Holy Spirit in the discussion of topics relative to the Deity; inasmuch as the brightness of the glory of God, and the express image of his person, are said to have been impressed on the one, and not on the other.[45]

Milton held, then, the superiority of the Son to all created beings, and among them to the Holy Spirit, but His inferiority to the Father. He held that the Son, being pre-existent, chose to become incarnate by a sublime act of self-humiliation, and, being incarnate, by his voluntary submission to the Divine Will in death as in life achieved the redemption of mankind. Between the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained* the theological difference is that in the one Jesus Christ is regarded more as a transcendent Being who condescended to assume human nature, and in the other more as a human being exalted by a sublime and unique personal virtue to a special assimilation with the Godhead.

But whether the one view or the other be predominant in Milton's writings, they are alike, although in different degrees, unmistakable departures from the orthodox Creed. Yet that a poet and a thinker so deeply Christian in the whole mood and temper of his moral and spiritual nature as Milton should have lapsed into heresy, and in spite of his heresy should have been, and should still be, studied, admired, and in greater or less degree followed by the Christian world, is a lesson, which the Church may still lay to heart, in religious tolerance. The Creeds of the Church are serious and logical attempts of the human intellect to express Divine realities far surpassing the scope and range of that intellect itself. It may be that history is a warning against theological definitions. For every such definition, if it is closely scrutinised, reveals its inadequacy. Jesus Christ is called the Son of God; but human sonship implies both posteriority and inferiority; yet these ideas are both excluded from His Sonship. Arianism, even in the high form which distinguishes it from Unitarianism, falls sadly short indeed of the Christian orthodox Creed. Yet to repudiate it as wholly un-Christian would be to surrender the strength which Milton, and others like him, have afforded by their doctrine and example to the truth of Christianity. For amidst all varieties of faith and thought touching the nature of Christ's Personality, there remains the allegiance of devout and

[45] *Christian Doctrine*, ch. 6.

holy souls to Him who alone has spoken upon earth in the accents of heaven, who stood and shall ever stand in a unique relation to His Father, and who reveals with incomparable authority, as the only Son of God, the spiritual and eternal verities by which alone the sin-stricken children of earth in their weakness and their sorrow are most powerfully enabled to live holy lives and to die peaceful deaths.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

INDIA AND THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON IMPERIAL TRADE

On the 16th of June 1911 the Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia submitted to the Imperial Conference—Mr. Asquith being in the chair—the following resolution of which his Government had given notice :

> That this Conference, recognising the importance of promoting fuller development of commercial intercourse within the Empire, strongly urges that every effort should be made to bring about co-operation in commercial relations and matters of mutual interest.
>
> That it is advisable, in the interests both of the United Kingdom and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, that efforts in favour of British manufactured goods and British shipping should be supported as far as practicable.

After the insults about 'banging and bolting the door' with which the British Radical Government had met the unanimous proposals of the Dominions for Imperial Preference in the Imperial Conference of 1907—after the incessant taunts of the British Radical party, particularly galling to the sensitive and high-minded statesmen of the Colonial democracies, as to the proposals of the Dominions being based, not on Imperial patriotism, but on their own interests regardless of British needs—and after the elaborate preparations and 'ground-baiting' of the Liberal Government, with the view of shunting this very question of Preference at the Conference—it argued no little courage and tenacity, as well as conspicuous magnanimity, on the part of the Australians that they should have dared to submit this Preferential resolution to the Conference at all.

But Mr. Fisher—able and conscientious patriot though he be—was no match for the wily politicians who were his adversaries. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt affected to accept the resolution with unction—provided the Conference would accept 'a slight explanatory amendment'! And the 'slight explanatory amendment' explained away all reference to Preferential trading—explained away India and the Crown Colonies and Dependencies, that obviously came within the scope of the original resolution—and restricted the work of this much-vaunted and costly Commission to the investigation of such local details as are already known

to us in such books as the *Canada Year-book* and the *Australian Year-book*, retaining only the inestimable advantage that it may serve as an excuse for shunting the question of Imperial Preference for the next three years!

Mr. Harcourt was good enough to explain frankly, in the House of Commons on the 3rd of April, the artful pretence by which he and Mr. Asquith persuaded the Colonial Premiers at the Conference to assent to the stultification of their own wishes and opinions in this respect. He said:

> The exclusion of the fiscal question from the terms of reference was agreed to by the whole Conference. It was quite clear from the discussion that it would be just as inconvenient and disagreeable to the Dominions to have a report of the Commission pressing Free Trade on them as it would be unpleasant to his Majesty's Government to have a report pressing a policy in which they, as a Government, did not believe.

This seems rather thin. Mr. Harcourt would have us believe that the Dominion Premiers were so devoted to the cause of Imperial Preference that they feared to expose it to the rude criticism of the proposed Royal Commission! I may admit, in passing, that they might have had some fair cause for such an absurd fear if they could have foreseen the gross and outrageous way in which Mr. Asquith's Government have 'loaded the dice' by packing this Commission with some of the most extreme Cobdenites they could find, as I shall presently show. But the Premiers could not have anticipated such a flagrant abuse of the Royal Prerogative; and, as a matter of fact, a careful study of the proceedings of the Conference impresses one with the idea that the Premiers, in politely yielding to their hosts on this one great and cardinal point, were really out-manœuvred by them. They all expressed themselves as entirely in agreement with the original Australian resolution—as undoubtedly they were, for the object at which it aimed was the very one which they had been deputed by their respective Dominions to press. And yet they were ultimately cajoled into passing the following, which was little better than a derisory shadow of the original resolution:

> That his Majesty should be approached with a view to the appointment of a Royal Commission representing the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland, with a view of investigating and reporting upon the natural resources of each part of the Empire represented at this Conference, the development attained and attainable, and the facilities for production, manufacture, and distribution; the trade of each part with the others and with the outside world, the food and raw material requirements of each and the resources thereof available; to what extent, if any, the trade between each of the different parts has been affected by existing legislation in each, either beneficially or otherwise; and by what methods consistent with the existing fiscal policy of each part the trade of each part with the others may be improved and extended.

It should be remembered, in fairness to those who agreed to this resolution, that most of the old stalwarts of the Conference—including such men as Mr. Deakin, Sir Starr Jameson, Mr. Moor, Sir R. Bond, Sir William Lyne and Sir Thomas Smartt—were, for one reason or another, absent from the Conference of 1911, and their places were either vacant or occupied by new and comparatively inexperienced men; and in the case of some of those who remained, it may fairly be admitted that, while their opinions and convictions remained as firm as ever, their position in respect to the point on which they were in such direct conflict with the eager prepossessions and prejudices of their hosts was a peculiar and awkward one. I need not labour the point. It is obvious, for instance, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Brodeur, while retaining to the full their old and convinced belief in Imperial Preference, would honourably find some difficulty in offering to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt the same uncompromising resistance as of old, seeing that they had received such strong support from the latter in their own alternative policy of American Reciprocity. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt had thrown overboard their Free-Trade principles, and supported American Reciprocity with Canada, though bitterly opposing British Reciprocity—and this fact obviously made Sir Wilfrid Laurier's position a little awkward. General Botha, too, and his colleagues from the South African Union, had never adopted the strong Colonial views of such men as Mr. Hofmeyr and Sir Starr Jameson, and were, very naturally and properly, reluctant to oppose openly the Radical Government at Westminster.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that, at the moment of the Conference of 1911, Canada had not given that striking lead to the Empire that she gave three months later in tones that thrilled the whole world—nor could it have been confidently predicted at that moment that, within less than twelve months, a long and unbroken series of by-elections in the United Kingdom itself would prove that the cause of Imperial Preference now only awaits a General Election.

But however this may be, the terms of the resolution which the diplomatic skill of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt imposed on the Imperial Conference of 1911 have enabled the Government to set up a bogus Royal Commission on Imperial Trade, with a reference which not only excludes from its investigations the main point at issue, the question of Imperial Preference, but also, by an unobserved side-wind, altogether shuts out India, Ceylon, the West Indies, and the other Crown Colonies, Protectorates and Dependencies from the scope of its inquiries—thereby excluding very nearly half the trade between the United Kingdom and the British Possessions beyond the Seas, and much more than half the total trade of those Possessions!

For the Blue-book of *Papers Laid before the Conference* (Cd. 5746-1) shows that the exports from the United Kingdom to the included Dominions are of an annual value of seventy-six millions sterling, while those to the excluded Possessions are of an annual value of seventy-one millions, and the imports to the United Kingdom in the former case are ninety-six millions sterling, and in the latter case seventy-four millions. The total external trade of India alone is of the annual value of 246 millions sterling—far greater than that of any other part of the Empire except the United Kingdom—the nearest approaches to it being 140 millions sterling for Canada and 114 millions for Australia. Mr. Page Croft, M.P., in his admirable little book *The Path of Empire*, has shown that India purchases from the Mother Country 13,000,000*l.* per annum more than any foreign country—more than Belgium and Holland and Denmark and Japan put together—and that in this way she gives far more employment to British working-men than any other country in the world.

And, further, the circumstances of India are such as to give infinitely greater promise of future expansion of industry and commerce than almost any other land on the face of the globe. She possesses a rapidly increasing population, numbered last year at 315,000,000, who, taken in the aggregate, are more progressive in regard to their standards of civilisation and comfort than almost any, perhaps more sober and thrifty and docile, and certainly not less intelligent than any, with captains of industry and leaders of commerce of the greatest ability and enterprise. With an area greater than all Europe excluding Russia, she possesses every variety of climate and soil, and produces in vast abundance almost every commodity that is useful to man, either as food or as raw material for his industries. She has immense unworked stores of coal and iron and gold, and every other useful or precious mineral, with resources in forests and water-power almost unrivalled. She has vast areas of uncultivated fertile wheat-land, only awaiting the irrigation-canal and the plough; and other resources practically illimitable. Mr. Webb, C.I.E., the able chairman of the Karachi Chamber of Commerce, gives a good summary of some of these resources:

> We bring before our mind's eye the 109,000 square miles—an area practically as large as Italy—devoted solely to the production of rice; then 50,000 square miles—equal to all England—producing millets (*jowari* and *bajra*); next the 31,000 square miles (say the whole of Portugal) under wheat; the 16,000 square miles (the equivalent of Denmark) given up to the cultivation of cotton; the 4700 square miles under jute; the 4400 square miles under sugar-cane; and so on. Then we recall the many millions sterling that India can command by the sale of these valuable products, and by the disposal of her surplus oil-seeds, her tea and coffee, her hides and skins, her lac, indigo and spices, to make no mention of wool, silk, timber, tobacco, and a host of minor commodities everywhere in strong demand. Nor must

we forget that she possesses coal and iron in abundance—9,735,010 tons of the former were raised in 1906, whilst the manufacture of the latter is now receiving attention by the brains of some of her most distinguished sons. Gold, too, she possesses in handsome quantities—over 322 lakhs of rupees' worth being unearthed in 1906-7. Further, many of her resources are being developed with an energy and success that cannot fail to extort a tribute of admiration even from experienced England. Jute manufactures to the value of over 10,000,000*l.* sterling were exported in 1906-7, whilst nearly 14,000,000*l.* have been already invested in cotton mills, the annual yield of which is now of substantial proportions.

These are the circumstances of the particular State of the British Empire which—together with Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, the West Indies, and other Crown Colonies, Protectorates and Dependencies—has been deliberately, by the strategy of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt, excluded from all participation in the attentions or inquiries of this precious 'Imperial' Trade Commission! On Wednesday, the 10th of April, in answer to questions in the House of Commons, Mr. Harcourt stated that:

> The intention of the Conference was well known to the Prime Minister and myself, who were members of it, and WE have drafted, in consultation and concurrence with all the Dominions, the Reference, which follows as closely as possible the terms of the resolution of the Imperial Conference.

On the same occasion Mr. Harcourt made a statement regarding the *personnel* of the Royal Commission, to which I shall return presently; and he read the following final form of the reference that was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the strategy of Mr. Asquith and himself, in which, it will be observed, not only is 'fiscal policy' to be sacred from the intrusion of the Commission (to which the Premiers had consented for fear of being forcibly made Cobdenites!), but the Commission is also strictly prohibited from making any impertinent inquiries as to whether the trade of any part of the Empire 'has been or is being affected, beneficially or otherwise, by'—any 'fiscal laws'! Could Cobdenite obscurantism and dread of the light of truth and free inquiry have a more lurid illustration than this? Here is the masterpiece of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt *in extenso*:

> To inquire into and report upon the natural resources of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the Colony of Newfoundland; and, further, to report upon the development of such resources, whether attained or attainable; upon the facilities which exist or may be created for the production, manufacture, and distribution of all articles of commerce in those parts of the Empire; upon the requirements of each such part and of the United Kingdom in the matter of food and raw materials, and the available sources of such; upon the trade of each such part of the Empire with the other parts, with the United Kingdom, and with the rest of the world; upon the extent, if any, to which the mutual trade of the several parts of the Empire has been or is being affected beneficially or otherwise

by the laws now in force, other than fiscal laws; and, generally, to suggest any methods, consistent always with the existing fiscal policy of each part of the Empire, by which the trade of each part with the others and with the United Kingdom might be improved and extended.

From the wording of this reference it is clear that the minds of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt, when drafting it, were obsessed by that wild and unreasoning panic that the mere whisper of the words 'fiscal policy' seems to suggest to Cobdenites, ever since the result of the Canadian elections and the report of Lord Balfour's Commission on the trade between Canada and the West Indies have shown which way the wind is blowing. It is doubtless felt that in the terms of reference of Lord Balfour's Commission far too much scope had been given for honest conviction. It had been thought sufficient for the sacred cause of Cobdenism, in the case of the Canada-West Indies Commission, if an advanced Cobdenite were appointed chairman—but it happened that the chairman was not only an advanced Cobdenite, but also a Scottish gentleman of the highest character and position, and not merely a party politician 'on the make.' And the result was disastrous to Cobdenism; for the report, now being happily acted on to the immense advantage both of Canada and of the West Indies, was solid for Imperial Preference between those countries. So Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt are evidently determined, when instructing this great 'Imperial' Trade Commission, to leave no loopholes for conscience or convictions—the dangerous question must be tabooed altogether.

Further, in the nomination of at least three out of the six British Commissioners, the selection has obviously been ruled primarily by the same considerations.

It is true that Mr. Harcourt, when announcing the names of those on whom the choice of the Government has fallen for this duty—which ought to be one of higher responsibility than almost any that has ever been imposed on a Royal Commissioner—unctuously declared that they had 'deliberately excluded all members of the House of Commons in order to exclude any possible question of party politics'!

A more audacious or hypocritical claim has probably never been made in Parliament. Lord Inchcape, the distinguished President of the Commission, is a most able and experienced gentleman, a great representative of Indian shipping, a director of the Suez Canal and other important companies, and the negotiator of a Treaty with China in 1902 that was much disliked in India. But his chief fame rests on the fact that in 1907 he was chosen by the Radical Government to be the 'representative' of India in the Imperial Conference of that year, with the idea—as Lord Reay publicly announced at a meeting of the East India Association shortly before the appointment was made—that as

an advanced Cobdenite he would prove 'a hard nut for the Colonial Premiers to crack' (*sic*) in the matter of Imperial Preference; and when it was subsequently pointed out in the House of Commons that Lord Inchcape, then Sir James Mackay, was about the most unsuitable person in the world to 'represent' India, seeing that every known politician of Indian birth is a Protectionist and nearly every Anglo-Indian is a Tariff Reformer, the Government evaded the difficulty by declaring categorically that Sir James had not professed to 'represent' anyone but the Secretary of State for India! However that may be, there is no doubt whatever that his supposed 'representation' of India had carried weight with those who were unacquainted with the true facts of the case.

Then, again, two other very eminent members of the Com mission—Sir Edgar Vincent and Mr. Tom Garnett—are chiefly known for their extreme hostility to Indian views on fiscal questions. Sir Edgar Vincent is a prominent Cobden Club pamphleteer. He has been twice defeated as a Cobdenite in Parliamentary contests—once at Exeter as a Unionist Free Trader, and once in Essex as a Radical Free Trader. But some of his writings published by the Cobden Club have obtained a wide circulation by the aid of that powerful organisation, and he has spoken and written with especial vehemence against Indian Imperial Preference. And Mr. Tom Garnett, in 1895, as the Chairman of the 'Joint Committee of Employers and Operatives on the Indian Cotton Duties,' was the leader of the powerful and successful agitation that forced on Sir Henry Fowler (afterwards Lord Wolverhampton) and Lord George Hamilton the existing fiscal system in India, that imposes import duties on Lancashire cotton-goods, as well as the hated excise duties on the products of Indian cotton-mills.

But, when all this is well understood, some innocent-minded folk may still ask: 'Why should Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt be so desperately anxious to exclude India from the purview of the Commission? They cannot be altogether ignorant of the infinite importance of the Indian trade, not merely to Lancashire and South-West Scotland, but also to every industrial and commercial centre in the United Kingdom. If we supinely allow that trade to slip from our hands—and already immense inroads are being made upon it by the protected and subsidised traders of Japan and Germany and the other Protectionist foreigners—not only will Lancashire and Cheshire and Lanarkshire be ruined, but Yorkshire and the Midlands and all our manufacturing districts will suffer to almost an equal extent. Is all this nothing to the Asquith Ministry?' And the answer is, that all this is as nothing, when compared with the danger of Tariff Reform—which is absolutely

assured as soon as ever the *nuances* of the Indian trade are understood by the industrial communities of the North.

The Government have awakened to the fact that India is destined to be the pivot of Tariff Reform. Long ago they admitted that every known statesman and economist of Indian birth is ardently Protectionist, and denounces so-called 'Free Trade' as the ruin of every Indian industry, and they have discovered that, with the enlarged councils and the other reforms of Lord Morley, it is impossible much longer, with even that small pretence at decency which satisfies modern Radicalism, to impose on India their obsolete Cobdenite bigotry. On the other hand, they are well aware that no British House of Commons will ever allow them to concede to India the right of protecting Indian industries against Britain, for that would be not only a most unfriendly act towards the Mother Country, but would undoubtedly produce widespread starvation in Lancashire and the cotton districts, and fatally injure almost every British industry. Some extreme Radicals, like Sir Henry Cotton and Mr. Lees-Smith, M.P., have not hesitated to commit themselves to the absurdity of advocating Protection for India with Free Trade for Britain; but the majority of those Liberals who have any knowledge of or authority on Indian matters, such as Lord Morley, Lord Crewe, and Mr. Montagu, M.P., are well aware of the absolute impossibility of such a policy. And, on the other hand, they see that the vast bulk of Anglo-Indian opinion—headed by such experienced men as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon, Lord Minto, Lord Ampthill, all ex-Viceroys, and numerous retired Indian officials—holds that Imperial Preference, fostering both British and Indian industries, and removing the causes of friction between them, is the reasonable and just solution of the Indian fiscal problem. Some solution is urgently demanded, and the Government know full well that it cannot be long delayed, now that every single Indian member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, appointed under Lord Morley's Act, insists upon it. More than two years ago the late Sir Edward Fitzgerald Law—the famous Indian Finance Minister who signed Lord Curzon's despatch on Preferential Tariffs, and wrote the elaborate minute on which it was founded—in the preface of a little book (dedicated to Mr. Chamberlain) advocating Imperial Preference for India, while he admitted it was too much for India to expect absolute fiscal freedom, declared that:

> If she fights for it, she will obtain some measure of that freedom which to-day is denied to her by all the protectionist countries of the world. These countries are delighted to accept from India, free of duty, those raw products which either fail altogether within their own territories, or are produced in insufficient quantities for their requirements; but whilst accepting such articles as raw jute, raw hides, oil-seeds, and uncleaned rice free of duty, they levy prohibitory import duties on India's jute manu-

factures, tanned hides, oils, and cleaned rice. They thus achieve their object of maintaining a cheap supply of raw materials for their own industries, whilst successfully obstructing industrial development in India. It is their natural desire to keep the peoples of India in the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water for their manufacturers. Ought such a situation to be tolerated when we hold the remedy in our own hands? Can we expect the people of India to accept it with equanimity? Do we not, by our present attitude, justify the Swadeshi movement, and wilfully add fuel to the flame of political unrest?

Mr. Bonar Law, in an illuminating speech on the whole question of Indian Imperial Preference, delivered before the East India Association in the Caxton Hall, on the 5th of May 1907, after noting the immense stimulus that Indian Preference would afford to our own British industries, declared plainly his strong conviction that, ' of all the parts of the British Empire, the one which will benefit the most, and benefit most rapidly, will be the British Indian Empire.'

And it was also Mr. Bonar Law who, in his numerous Lancashire speeches on this question, clearly explained the two great and cardinal reasons why the Cobdenite system of so-called Free Trade has utterly failed in India, and has now become impossible there. The first reason is that Cobdenism has hopelessly strangled all the nascent industries of the country—and the reawakened national life of India under Lord Morley's reforms will not stand this any longer. And the second reason is that Cobdenism renders absolutely necessary in India that odious and inquisitorial system of excise duties on the products of Indian mills and factories, which is more detested by the people than any other form of taxation.

To see that Mr. Bonar Law is absolutely right, it is only needful to understand what this excise system really means—a system that is unknown in any other country in the world, that we should not dare to impose on any one of our self-governing Colonies, and that our own British manufacturers and operatives would spurn with the greatest indignation.

When it was imposed in 1895 by Lord Elgin, at the bidding of Mr. Tom Garnett and his friends, it was absolutely necessary because of the laws of Free Trade, for the following reasons :

(1) Indian finance cannot possibly do without import and export duties. For, as the present Finance Minister explained two years ago, when imposing import duties on the cigarettes manufactured by Bristol and Liverpool working-men, the only alternatives under Free Trade are to impose increased taxation on the pinches of salt and the miserable little patches of paddy-land of the poor *raiyat*.

(2) But the Draconian law of the Cobden Club—laughed at by all the rest of the world, but a stern reality for India—is, that you must not put a tax on the goods of the protected and subsidised

Japanese or Germans, or on your own monopolies sold to them, unless you at the same time put an equivalent tax on both British and Indian goods.

(3) So, as the Indian revenues need, *inter alia*, duty on the imports of foreign cotton goods of 3½ per cent. *ad valorem*, Free Trade insists that the same 3½ per cent. shall be charged not only on the imports of all Lancashire and Scottish cotton goods, but also as an excise duty on the products of the Indian cotton-mills.

Now, consider how this excise duty works. Every cotton-factory in the country is liable to be overhauled by the underlings of the Government, to have its premises searched, its books examined, its operatives molested. Every Indian cotton-factory is compelled to submit monthly returns, showing :

(1) Every ounce of cotton yarn spun.

(2) A description of the ' count ' of yarn spun.

(3) Every yard of cloth woven.

(4) A description of every variety of cloth woven.

(5) Details of bleached, or dyed, or printed cloths, if any.

And within fifteen days of the close of each month the factories have to pay the excise duty on the cloth made in the previous month, whether sold or not !

The abuses that must arise under such a system are obvious. Can even the most bureaucratic Radical imagine such a system at work in Lancashire or Lanarkshire? Would Mr. Harcourt dare to propose such a system to Canada or Australia, to countervail their much higher customs duties? But if not, what becomes of our vaunted ' trusteeship ' of India?

The Radical says to India, ' If you want to get rid of your excise duty on Indian cotton, take off your duties on imported cottons—including those on the dumped Japanese cotton hosiery that has already killed the Bombay manufacture.' Yes, but what about the loss to Indian revenue?

The Tariff Reformer, on the other hand, says to India, ' You reasonably object to this odious tax—abolish both the import duty on Lancashire and other British cottons and the excise duty on Indian cottons, and recoup your revenues by moderate duties on all the imported manufactures of the protected and subsidised foreigner, and on the exports to those foreign countries of such Indian monopolies as raw jute and lac—and, in return for your remission of the duties on British manufactures, the United Kingdom and the other States of the British Empire will give your produce and your manufactures, such as gunny-bags and so forth, a substantial preference in every British port.'

As a matter of fact, a moderate duty on the export of raw jute to countries outside the British Empire would at once produce a revenue sufficient to recoup the Indian Exchequer for every rupee on the loss occasioned by the remission of all taxation on British

imports and Indian cottons. As jute is an absolute monopoly, and enormously cheaper than any competing fibre, and as Germany and America and other manufacturing countries must have the raw materials for their flourishing industries, such a duty would not seriously affect the foreign consumption, while it would immensely strengthen and stimulate both the Calcutta and the Dundee jute industry.

Similarly, a moderate duty on the imports into India of foreign cotton and woollen goods and other manufactures, with complete freedom for British and Indian goods, would strengthen the British and Indian industries—while the remission of all taxation on British and Indian cottons (the chief sources of supply) would instantly cheapen the clothing of every one of the 315,000,000 of the Indian peoples.

Radicals sometimes advance the futile objection that Indian Protectionists would not be satisfied with the modified protection of Imperial Preference—but surely, the half-loaf of Preference is better than the no-bread of Cobdenism? And as to the extremely foolish bogey of foreign retaliation, Lord Inchcape's chief argument at the Imperial Conference of 1907, this is what the great Indian Finance Minister, Sir Edward Fitzgerald Law, said of that:

> I am aware that many who have not studied the details of Indian trade fear that if India adopted a policy of retaliation her foreign customers would refuse to receive her exported produce, and that India would consequently suffer severely in her all-important export trade; but, if the position be examined in detail, it will be found that India has a practical monopoly of production of certain important raw materials, and that as regards many others, where she has not a monopoly, her production forms such a large percentage of the whole that its exclusion from any market must necessarily enhance prices in that market in a manner most prejudicial to local industrial interests. It must be recognised that the countries which have built up important industries, on the basis of a cheap supply of raw material, cannot afford to see those industries threatened with a failure of that supply.

With such overwhelming advantages for India, and for the Indian trade with the rest of the Empire, that are offered by Imperial Preference, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Harcourt so dexterously evaded any impartial inquiry into the subject. And on the 16th of April Mr. Harcourt, replying to questions in the House, refused to hold out any hope of a subsidiary commission to deal with India and the Crown Colonies and Protectorates. But the interests thus obscured and neglected are so immense that they cannot long be suppressed, even by the most skilful Parliamentary legerdemain.

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

THE TREATMENT OF FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN

THE feeble-minded, as defined by the Royal College of Physicians, are 'persons who may be capable of earning a living under favourable circumstances, but are incapable from mental defect existing from birth, or from an early age, (*a*) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; (*b*) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence.' They are not to be confounded with imbeciles and idiots, though they may easily sink into the ranks of these. We can all recall examples: the 'innocent' of the village, the child who is growing up 'not quite all there,' the gentle, foolish girl who is 'not quite like other people.' The following points have also been emphasised: that a really feeble-minded child will always remain feeble-minded; that feeble-mindedness is hereditary.

From results collected by the Royal Commission on the care and control of the feeble-minded, which issued its report in 1908, it is estimated that there were in England and Wales in the previous year 149,628 mentally defective persons, other than certified lunatics; and of these, 66,509 were urgently in need of institutional care. Harmless in themselves, such persons become a source of weakness to the country, a danger to which we are only becoming fully alive as it threatens to grow almost unmanageable. The mentally deficient are peculiarly sensitive to sexual influences; evidence collected affords ample proof of their rather abnormal fertility and of the almost invariable degeneracy of their offspring. In one case, the descendants of a feeble-minded woman have been traced, showing a line of forty-eight persons, every one of whom is of deficient intellect or has alcoholic tendencies. In one workhouse sixteen feeble-minded women gave birth to 116 children. A woman was recently brought to a Home who had had eighteen children, sixteen of whom had died; the remaining two were imbecile. Another defective woman is instanced as having one apparently normal child, one who is a violent epileptic and two who are criminals—another manifestation of the same disease. The normal child and one criminal have no children. One son has five, all criminal like himself; the

epileptic acounts for four imbecile and three criminal children; and such examples could be multiplied *ad nauseam*.

In one gaol alone, moreover, 600 mental defectives passed through in a year. Seventeen cases had at least forty convictions each, while three had 102 and another 94, yet not one of these could be classed as detainable. The Royal Commission gives such figures as the following: From 45,000 to 50,000 of the school-children of the country, from one-fourth to one-fifth of all the inmates in workhouses, one-tenth of the prisoners, about one-half of the girls in Rescue Homes, one-tenth of the tramps all over the country, and two-thirds of the inmates of Homes for Inebriates, are mentally defective. During four years the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children dealt with 1113 cases in which either the parents or the children were of weak intellect.

Present conditions involve untold suffering to these unhappy beings. The greater number are quite unable to earn a living, and drag on a miserable existence, involved in poverty and disease, the butt and sport of the town or village, often ill-treated and punished, starved and beaten, for faults which are beyond their own control. Their criminality is generally owing to their having no strength of will to resist temptation; their idleness may be ascribed to inability to work steadily without skilled supervision. Yet practically no classified provision, no provision at all on any adequate scale, is made by the State for this large body of dependent persons. Feeble-minded children who commit lawless actions cannot be sent to any ordinary Industrial School: as soon as their mental condition is discovered the school refuses to keep them. The deficient child offender coming from a poor home is sent back to that home, to knock about the streets, to fall further into crime, to be the cat's-paw of every sharp and unscrupulous companion he may come across, and often to undergo long terms of imprisonment as the only way magistrates can devise for dealing with him.

Dr. Tredgold, in a paper read at the Manchester Poor Law Conference, says:

> Those who are fortunate enough to have means are kept by their relatives. For those who are not so fortunate the State does not provide any definite system of care. It makes no effort to supply the favourable conditions under which these people might earn a living. It simply looks on, furnishes neither protection nor control, and allows them to prey upon it. It is no matter for surprise to find that in a very short time the youth or the young woman is in the prison or the Rescue Home. But there is no power to detain them in these institutions—they are very soon at large again, and the process goes on indefinitely. During their whole lives they are bandied from pillar to post, and it is no exaggeration to say that the existence of many of them is a continuous round of prison, workhouse, Rescue Home, and street.

The girls are in and out of the Maternity Wards year after year, without anyone having power to detain them, and it is not uncommon to find working-men taking half-witted girls to wife.

Mental deficiency, in short, stands high among the causes of destitution and crime. It has been a repeated subject of legislation, and the principle, as a principle, will hardly be questioned, that a state of things exists which calls upon the State to subordinate individual liberty to national interests, and to exercise the function of parent and guardian towards those who have no one to take them in charge.

There was a time when the ducking-stool was the only remedy which suggested itself for the half-witted woman, and when the 'softy' and the 'innocent' shared in the treatment meted out to the insane. By degrees other ideas have established themselves, and now the main principle laid down in dealing with this class is that their circumstances shall be in every case improved.

The causes that have chiefly contributed to make them what they are lay a heavy responsibility upon England. We look back to the past, down a long vista of generations of workers, in our agricultural districts, in our mining country, in our manufacturing towns, enfeebled by unwholesome surroundings and crippled by grinding conditions. 'In all her catalogue of achievement,' says Mr. George Peel in a recent book, 'England has neglected her own breed of men.' Her wage-earners in the last century were unable for many years, even with the most careful management, to procure the necessaries of healthy life. Their offspring grew up under-nourished, poorly clothed, degenerate in physique; they had families prone to early deterioration, and the extreme point was reached in those members who fell below the normal in mental capacity.

The fact that their numbers are rising and that they are becoming a grave and progressive danger to the country has, in all its urgent significance, been taken to heart at last.

The Prime Minister, speaking on the 20th of November, said that the care and control of the feeble-minded was occupying the serious attention of himself and his colleagues, and he earnestly hoped it would be possible to deal with it at an early date. Since then we learn that Mr. McKenna intends to bring in a Bill this session for dealing with the situation, and it seems the moment for examining the present position and for considering various proposals.

We are bound not only to keep the feeble-minded alive, but we are bound to do our best for them If, as seems scarcely to be doubted, it will be judged fair in the future to deprive them of liberty, we must see that they are made happy, and it is a task that will entail lifelong care, for it is urged even more

strongly by those who have the fullest knowledge of them, that, whenever possible, detention should begin from early years, when they are easily restrained and do not feel the loss of freedom. As we have said, these defective members of society usually belong to a poor class, and are apt to be the outcome of generations of want, vice, and alcoholism; numbers of them are illegitimate, and even when they have families who are kindly disposed towards them, they are a dead-weight upon these relatives, who are totally unable to provide the proper care and control needed for training them, and who are hampered and economically hindered by their presence.

As children, their effect upon other children in a small home where all live at close quarters cannot but be a bad one, and those parents who are fondest of their deficient children are often anxious and harassed at the thought of their future, and express their misgivings in such words as 'Who will care for them when I am gone?' On the other hand, when such children are trained and taught a trade in an institution, it is not at all uncommon for the parents to take them home as soon as they become profitable, and sometimes even to overwork them, disregarding the almost universal experience that their work only remains really effective when carried out under the supervision to which they have grown accustomed. Girls who are admitted to maternity wards are often determined to go out. Kindly officials may plead, lady visitors may offer every argument that can induce towards honest and respectable living; but they have just sense enough to know they can go if they like, and, if they are at work, they are capable of arguing that they can work outside and have the money they earn for themselves.

The destitute feeble-minded of any age come under the jurisdiction of the Poor Law authorities, who are compelled to provide accommodation for them; but even if these had the power to detain them personally, it does not follow that the workhouse is the proper place for them. It cannot provide the sort of training they require, and their services are utilised as children's nurses, or in other ways for which they are wholly unfit. More especially is the workhouse the wrong place for the children. In the evidence given before the Royal Commission it was stated that feeble-minded children were often placed among the imbeciles and that there was no place where they could be trained. One witness said:

> A recent visit paid to workhouses showed imbeciles, idiots, and slightly feeble-minded living in wards together; all ages from fourteen to ninety. Hardly any attempt was made to teach or occupy the children; the accommodation was cheerless, and the life idle and dreary. Six of the children had formerly been in special schools. Five of them had greatly deteriorated,

probably through lack of training and association with imbeciles. A girl of fourteen, who had made considerable progress at the special school, was associated with a roomful of low-type imbecile women.

In fact, one of the gravest charges brought by the Royal Commission was the want of classification in the workhouses by Boards of Guardians.

Yet the Guardians have not been indifferent: in many cases the problem has been constantly before the Boards, and of late years some of these have made efforts to use the power they possess to combine, in order to provide special institutions. Conferences have been held at many centres, where the need for some such experiment has been almost unanimously admitted, where one member after another has deplored the waste of money and pains, on account of the children being allowed at sixteen to return to normal life, and where the establishment of additional special institutions and colonies, which should provide continuous care and treatment from childhood onwards, has been advocated.

Oldham Board has a special school in which small classes and qualified teachers are obligatory, and in which great stress is laid on the teaching of manual occupations. Out of seventy-seven children who have attended for periods varying from six months to ten years, four have been removed as normal and forty are working, or making themselves of use at home; but here, again, the children, after sixteen, are subject to no organised control, and deteriorate when removed from the influence of the school. Yorkshire has just come to the determination to establish a Village Community, in which children under the age of thirteen can be received, chosen from the high-grade imbecile and the feeble-minded, who can be trained to lead a simple country life, working in house, farm, and garden, and earning at least a part of their living. It is hoped that they will become so accustomed to their surroundings and so fond of their life that when the age-limit is reached there will be no desire to leave.

Boards have combined with good effect in the Manchester and Birmingham districts, and important conferences have been held all over England, when Homes of Industry and Farm Colonies have been advocated. A suggestion which has found considerable favour is that one workhouse should be set apart in each district for the reception of all classes of the mentally deficient, but, pending proposed legislation, there has on the whole been little positive action taken.

By the Elementary Education Act of 1899, local authorities are empowered to provide special schools for the children in their district who are unfit for work in the normal elementary schools of the country. This Act is, unfortunately, permissive, not compulsory, and, owing principally to the cost involved, few districts

have adopted it, and only a little over one-fourth of the mentally defective children in England and Wales are being dealt with by the Education authorities. These schools are of necessity costly; they involve special tuition, expensive equipment for various kinds of manual work, yet the Imperial Exchequer only bears a quarter of the cost.

These special schools [says Mr. Joseph Hudson, writing in the *Municipal Journal* for February 1912] have proved beyond a doubt that in the majority of cases the mentally defective can be trained to perform much useful and remunerative work. But they have done something more. They have shown how difficult it is to distinguish at a comparatively early age between true mental defect and retarded development—between mental defect due to want of proper care or nourishment or to accidental circumstances, which may therefore be remediable, and defect which is inherent, and therefore probably irremediable and transmissible. They have shown also, and this is very important, that some 40 per cent. of the pupils, although sufficiently mentally defective to require special school treatment, and in some cases apparently hopeless, brighten so much and develop such technical skill and become so sensible and self-supporting, that it would be nothing short of a crime to deprive them of their liberty.

Altogether, Local Education Committees have provided 150 special schools under the Act. These afford accommodation for about 8000 mentally defective children, and London accounts for eighty-nine schools, providing for 6485 children. In 1897 London Guardians were empowered to hand over the mentally defective children dependent on them to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and these were provided for in small Homes established within easy reach of special schools. By 1901 some of the children had reached the age of sixteen. It was felt it would be cruel to send them back to the workhouse, and further resolutions empowered the authorities to continue to keep them.

In 1903 an order was made to detain them till twenty-one, and it was considered necessary to provide colonies to which they could be drafted. At the present time some 400 are so detained, of whom about half are children, and many more are awaiting admission.

Guardians of the Poor, all over the country, have power to avail themselves of voluntary Homes, and about sixty Boards have done so, paying 10*s*. or 12*s*. a week for a child's keep. The establishment of voluntary institutions dealing with the class in question has developed very remarkably of late years, and the feeble-minded have derived real benefit from the philanthropic effort that goes hand in hand with public help and which ought to hold a position of increasing importance in the future. As long ago as 1887, the Metropolitan Society for Befriending Young Servants laid the foundation for this sort of help, by starting a special school for troublesome, helpless, and mentally defective

girls. In 1890 the Council of the Charity Organisation Society took into consideration the special needs of these hitherto neglected people. The following year saw four Homes opened by private philanthropy, and in 1895 the representatives of these Homes, widely scattered as they were, combined with others interested in the question to found the National Association for the Feeble-minded, which has been incessant in its propagandist and educational efforts, was mainly instrumental in securing the appointment of the Royal Commission, and has continually urged the case of this helpless class on public authorities. The question of permanent care has long been recognised as an essential factor of the many Societies under voluntary management which have gathered round the Association. To all intents and purposes it is carried out in the majority of the Training Homes, when it is proved that the inmates can never do battle with the world; and wherever the individual is caught in early childhood and his happiness is studied, there is comparatively little knowledge of the outer world to unsettle, and the idea of leaving the Home seldom suggests itself, unless instilled by outside influence.

It is not, however, only the wish to profit by the power of the feeble-minded to earn that leads parents to take out their children. When these are taken charge of by the Poor Law it constitutes the parents paupers, though they may not be in receipt of any other relief, and till this stigma is removed it will be a bar to securing the custody of many of the children. The Education Authority contributes a grant of 4*l.* a head for schooling, and this, of course, does not disfranchise those parents who are able to pay for their children's support. The money paid by Guardians is not sufficient to finance the voluntary Homes, which depend largely on charitable subscriptions, and are also helped by the inmates' labour.

With the wider interest awakened and the proposals for legislation, a tendency at once arises to enlarge institutions and to mass the dependent together, with the idea that it is easier, more thorough, and more economical to deal with them on a large scale. The recommendation that one workhouse in each district should be reserved for all the imbecile, idiot, and feeble-minded persons of that district, by a combination of Boards of Guardians in neighbouring counties, seems a popular one, and the Local Government Board has issued an Order by which the small Homes of the Metropolitan Asylums Board are to be broken up, and the feeble-minded now under the control of the Children's Committee are to be transferred to a large asylum.

The main institution for the reception of imbeciles and idiots belonging to the London authorities is Darenth Asylum, in Kent. In a huge aggregation of buildings, standing high upon the

hills, in a bleak but healthy situation, upwards of 1900 improvable and unimprovable imbeciles are now confined. About 400 of these are unimprovable—that is to say, are creatures living a death-in-life existence; many of them mere inanimate sacks of flesh, content, like animals, as long as they are warm and well fed. It is proposed to remove the whole of these (who do not now mix in any way with the improvable class) to a lunatic asylum, and to fill their place by the feeble-minded, who, in their turn, are to be shut off from the remaining imbeciles, and to receive the same careful training and supervision as in the small Homes.

Where adults are in question, there is no objection to be made to this arrangement. Their fate is decided; they are never likely to be any better, and, with all that can be done with them in large colonies, they become not only in some measure self-supporting, but are as happy as it is possible to make them.

Those who have never seen one of these great colonies can hardly form an idea of the busy, cheerful round of life which can be planned even for the imbecile. The visitor passes from one workshop to another—airy, well-arranged buildings, filled with busy, interested workers. The carpenter, the tinman, the basket-maker, the printer, the laundress, the sewing-machinist, all turn out their work excellently well, are proud of it, and healthily tired when it is over. Men who are suited to agricultural employment work upon the farm which lies round the asylum. They feed pigs and chickens, look after sheep, manage the dairy, work in the gardens. There is no question but that they love and enjoy their work, and hang like children on the words of praise or blame of their teachers and overseers, who show boundless tact and patience in developing and encouraging their efforts. Everything that kindness can do is done, and great and beneficent gifts are exerted on their behalf. The life is varied by dances, magic-lanterns, shopping expeditions, cricket and football matches, and, unless they are tempted away by relations who become alive to the good work they can do, there is little difficulty in retaining a hold upon them. The same sort of arrangements will probably come into force in the proposed district asylums, which can be made far happier places than the workhouses.

But it is when we turn to the children, when we learn that from three years of age, onwards, these are also to be massed in large colonies, that we doubt the wisdom of applying the same treatment to them. Defective children of the type in question are not so very unlike other children, except that they are slower in development, and for the most part of weaker physique, more fretful, needing more tender care and coaxing.

While they are small, or even till they are grown up, it is difficult to decide what their mental status will be. Among doctors who have studied them most carefully, there are those who challenge the assertion 'Once a feeble-minded, always a feeble-minded,' and who contend that it is not rare to find cases in which, after defectivity has been established by the most exhaustive scientific tests, the children have been restored, and the cells developed the absence of which constituted disease.

It is acknowledged that the line which divides the highest grade of the defective from the normal is an exceedingly fine one, and that many cases exist in which privation and cruelty have contributed to make a child appear wanting. The mind recoils from the possibility of placing even one child among the half-witted for the whole of its life, if it is capable of entire recovery; nor would we willingly place little, feeble-minded, frail-bodied children, who need loving care even more than other children, in institutions which can never be quite like a home, and where it is hardly possible that they should be given the individual study which is their best chance. If all these children are to be placed in batches of forty in an enlarged Darenth, to grow larger still as time goes on, even though they are divided from improvable imbeciles, many of them must needs be associated with those much below them in intelligence. The dividing line between the lowest and the imbecile is a very faint one, too, and among the forty there will be many who are not very distinguishable from the imbecile and the idiot of the better class. It is well known that these children benefit in a marked way by mixing with those who are on a higher mental level, and that they deteriorate correspondingly when their companions are of lower grade. It will be almost impossible, even by making large and expensive alterations, to prevent all association—in chapel, in school, in lecture hall—between the two classes of children, and the arrangement by which they come under the care of the same medical man and attendants as imbeciles and idiots, is bound to lower the standard of mentality by which they are judged.

Some disappointment has been expressed as to results obtained by the small Homes of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which are now about to be suppressed. Very much was expected of these small Homes, and in the reaction they are now spoken of as failures. It is true that, as might have been predicted, they have failed to turn out children up to the normal standard, yet it is difficult to see why shortcomings should not be rectified, and impossible not to prefer them to the institution. The small house looking into the street or the garden, with little rooms and a bright kitchen, where girls or boys can help with the

house-work, and where individuality has a good deal of play, is the best substitute for the little, shabby homes to which the children's thoughts and affections often cling. The shops to which they can run errands, the neighbours who ask them out to tea, offer a much more human environment than long corridors with processions forming up, and vast wards, gaily decorated, but where toys are put away because the children break them and no one has time to teach them not to do so. A lady Guardian speaks of a little girl of feeble mind, who had been for some months in one of these great caravanserai, saying that she was so changed as to be quite a different child. She used to be a bright, smiling child, and now had a dull, fixed look, and no one could get a smile out of her; and she adds, she had had a favourite toy which had been taken away from her 'because they did not have these little toys.'

The Homes of the Metropolitan Asylums Board have suffered from various causes: they have been too tightly tied up with red tape. Their superintendents are not given a free hand. The matron has not sufficient liberty in providing occupations and amusements for her charges. Not a single sixpence may be spent without a form filled up and an order received, and it is astonishing that a scheme carried out on these lines should attract persons of the devotion and resource it has done. Another drawback is want of sufficient classification. There is no doubt that this lies at the root of a great deal of want of success, and that need exists for more thorough winnowing, especially if compulsory detention is to be resorted to. A mistake is made, too, in special schools and Homes, in insisting on brain-work. It is nothing short of cruel to torment these children with learning in the ordinary sense; whereas they are remarkable for manual dexterity, and to this they had better be allowed to devote all their powers.

It is, perhaps, too late to urge the retention of the small Homes, but there remain the voluntary Homes, which might be utilised in preference to large institutions, and which could be encouraged, multiplied, even financed. It will cost enormously to enlarge existing asylums, and the State might very well support smaller Homes instead, which have been proved to be more economical.

How happily the Education Authorities and those of the Poor Law may work together with voluntary institutions [says a writer to the *Spectator*] has been shown by the Lancashire and Cheshire Society, which some fourteen years ago was founded with the express purpose of calling public attention to the need for permanent provision for those who could not take care of themselves, and were, by the hereditary nature of their defect, a menace to the stability of the nation and a source of immediate danger to those about them. Its first Home was opened eleven years ago,

when fifteen little boys were taken into its care. The intention of the founders was to carry their principles into action and convince the public of the possibility of detaining and making happy for life all who might become their wards. Acting on the ascertained fact that the feeble-minded are commonly without any power of self-direction, they determined to admit young children to a school which should be conducted under the Board of Education, and since these children would inevitably be guided by someone, to make sure that they were guided entirely by those who could protect them from evil. . . . The outcome of the experiment has been surprisingly what was hoped for. The Society, which was incorporated under the Board of Trade, now owns about 120 acres of land. It has six residential houses, providing accommodation for children, adolescents, and adults of both sexes. There is a school-house with 180 school-places, two sets of farm buildings, cottages, a laundry, and several large glass-houses. . . . Some 285 children have been admitted since the first house was opened: of these 233 are now in residence. Seventy-six of them are over the age of sixteen. More than twenty young men and about the same number of young women are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three. Some of them are very low-grade cases; nevertheless there is only one of these grown-up children who is not usefully employed. The men and boys work on the land, in farm and garden; the young women in the house and laundry, where they are doing excellently well. The pecuniary success of the work on the land is remarkable. There has never been any loss; now there is, year by year, a very substantial profit!

The writer goes on to speak of the grief it has been to see children, brought up safely, persuaded to go away by unscrupulous parents. 'The children never *want* to go; there are no runaways, though it would be impossible to prevent the young men from walking off if they chose to do so.' About fifteen trained cases have been lost, and while, had the law given assistance, they might have been happy for life in their contented retirement, they have become waifs and strays, to become, probably in every case, the parents of other waifs and strays. And the writer urges further that it does not seem reasonable that the workers for a society such as this, which is saving the rates out of all proportion to its outlay, should be constantly hampered for want of money.

Space does not allow of a detailed description of the varieties of these voluntary Homes. There are several Farm Colonies: self-contained villages which provide special instruction, and in which boys and girls learn to make boots or clothing, baskets, rugs, to do printing, carpentering, household and agricultural work, and to do it creditably and well. There are also small Homes for children of both sexes, from which drafts can be made to the larger settlements. The small Homes are conspicuously free from the institutional flavour. They are not isolated from the outer world. The writer visited one a few weeks ago, which is only divided by a low fence from a high-road along which traffic of all kinds passes. Of the twenty-five

boys it contains, many are allowed to walk in small parties to church and to the villages round, and can be trusted to behave well, without supervision. A band of Scouts has been formed, and, with their energetic Scout-master, the boys go all over the country. For boys who are debarred from free intercourse with their fellows, and whose sensitive minds are keenly alive to the fact that they are not like other boys, the value of this scouting is very great. The uniform, the successive portions of which they earn by good conduct; the drill, the learning and practice of Scout-law; the notions of honour and trustworthiness conveyed to minds hazy on such points; the long days in the country, cooking and fending for themselves—all tend to develop self-respect and self-help. In summer they go into camp, and this is perhaps the happiest event of their lives. An older boy, who was about to be transferred to 'a colony,' spoke with pride of going to work on 'a farm,' with no suspicion of its exceptional character. In those Homes which are devoted to the care of mothers with first infants, unlike the workhouses, no difficulty is found in retaining the inmates. They are made happy and kept safe. The children, also, can be kept till their mental condition is ascertained, and though they may seem quite normal at ten, it is not for twice that number of years that a safe opinion can be formed.

Self-respect? Self-control? It has been found possible by training to instil these qualities, and to send the boys and girls who have acquired them, under proper safeguards, to earn their living in the world. In the neighbourhood of certain of the Homes the young men are employed as day-labourers by the farmers, and bring their wages back punctually. Young women become good servants under kind and patient mistresses, and have been awarded grants for years of faithful service.

It must be remembered, in contradistinction to the usual dictum of the responsibility of parents, that *we want to persuade parents to entrust their feeble-minded children to systematic care.* If the trained child can at best become self-controlled and self-respecting, and at least can be rendered docile and partly self-supporting, the same child left to the care of needy and injudicious relations will almost certainly become a danger to the community. To assure ourselves of this, we need only visit the special schools, in which the state of half-witted children, who come from and go back to their homes in the outer world, is often sad and shocking, and defies the efforts of the handicapped teachers. The difference between the daft, dirty, neglected children who are received at the Homes and the cheerful, controlled beings they become in the course of a few months, is nothing short of astonishing. They are more open to sug-

gestion than normal children, less capable of collusion, and have a simple vanity and pleasure in their surroundings which makes them easy to manage. Homes for non-pauper feeble-minded are required as urgently as for paupers, but in order to persuade parents to take advantage of them the Homes themselves must be rendered attractive. Many poor parents are devotedly attached to their deficient children, and often do them as much harm by pampering and over-indulgence as by neglect. Such parents can be more easily persuaded to entrust them to a small Home than to the huge institution, and the children, in more homely and more accessible surroundings, are less liable to be cut off from the pleasures of family affection. It is well known that poor parents have a horror of asylums and, partly owing to the past reputation of these, partly to the knowledge that large numbers of imbeciles and idiots will still be housed in them, many will strain every nerve to prevent their little ones from entering them, while there is no difficulty in getting them to make use of the voluntary Homes, which are always full to overflowing. We wish to secure the power of detention, but, in order to make the public agree to any system of incarceration, it is important that the Homes should in no sense be, or have the appearance of being, prisons or asylums in the usual sense.

An order has lately been issued by the Local Government Board which has some connexion with this point of compulsory detention, and which is more far-reaching than at first appears. Rescinding the order of 1897, which established the Homes under the Metropolitan Asylums Board, it facilitates the transfer of defective children to asylums. They are to be admitted at any age, under twenty-one, *uncertified*, on the recommendation of the medical advisers of Boards of Guardians. No revisory examination is compulsory at twenty-one, or any other time, and they may be kept in the asylum as long as the authorities choose. Any presumably weak-minded child, incapable of maintaining itself by work, may be sent to any asylum by any Board of Guardians. Boards will have every temptation to transfer the burden of weak-minded and often troublesome children to the care of an all-embracing institution. Their medical advisers are not mental experts, and are often so ill-paid that it is doubtful if the best skill would be available. On the other hand, the authorities of the great asylum, thoroughly imbued with the love of organisation, and utilising to the full the excellent manual powers of the feeble-minded, are not, we submit, in the best position to discriminate as to the powers latent in young children. When these are massed with only slightly lower intellects, and live the routine life that is inevitable, the delicate brain in an

incredibly short time takes the wrong turn. Children coming under this order may have been improvable, almost to a normal type; but no safeguard exists that they will not be engulfed for the rest of their lives in these huge, unexplored aggregations of defective humanity: lost sight of—it being to the interest of no one to seek for them.

It is no secret that among medical men a strong opinion has arisen in favour of sterilisation. It is hardly necessary to discuss a course which does not at present come within the range of practical politics and which would certainly meet with considerable, perhaps insurmountable, opposition. At the same time, it is evident that a sufficiently wide scheme of care would obviate the need for such drastic methods, while it is difficult to help a misgiving that, if self-interest no longer entered into our calculations, one of the incentives for dealing generously with the mentally defective would be removed, and they might suffer from its loss.

We may sum up certain conclusions:

That no feeble-minded delinquents should in future be condemned to imprisonment as criminals.

That the time has come when it is imperative to legislate for detaining and making due provision for all such mental defectives as cannot be satisfactorily controlled by their friends.

That feeble-minded adults can be satisfactorily dealt with in large colonies.

That children should be placed on a different footing. That they should be classified and re-classified, the lower grades being kept together till such time as they can be sent to the adult colonies, but that the best class, the substratum, should be carefully collated, housed in moderate numbers, and given special treatment; and in proportion as they answer to training, should, as they grow older, be passed on to special colonies or adult Homes, where their lives can be spent among companions of the same sort of mental calibre as themselves.

That the Government should utilise more liberally and assist and encourage the formation of small associations.

It remains to be seen whether the Government will do more than appoint authorities, and whether the feeble-minded will be brought under the care of the Lunacy Commissioners or the Board of Education, or whether, in view of the large numbers it is proposed to add, a new Central Authority may not be constituted to deal with all classes of the mentally deficient.

The task which confronts the nation is a huge one, but it is far more likely to be successfully carried out if varied methods are adopted, than if the attempt is made to sweep the whole mass of feeble-minded humanity into one channel. The re-

modelled workhouses will gather feeble-minded adults into their net in every district. The children will be better served by village groups, with houses, holding not more than twenty-five inmates each, built round their own school, and by a variety of small Homes, which will give power to draw for organisation and inspection upon the vast reserves of voluntary service which, if the State would only believe it, it still has at its call.

Our instincts of self-preservation warn us that we *must* check this canker that is poisoning the roots of our social life, but it may be borne in mind that the task will not be an increasing, but a diminishing one. The more thoroughly it is taken in hand, the smaller will be the numbers concerned in each succeeding generation. About 4000 of these children are born every year in England. Every birth that can be prevented is something subtracted from the great burden of incapacity which we are preparing as the heritage of those who come after us.

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS FOR EDUCATION

EDUCATION has hitherto for the most part been treated as having no physiological basis, and only an empiric psychology; the time seems to have arrived when an attempt should be made to bring it into line with other arts, since unscientific methods mean waste of material and energy, and the material wasted is that of which the nation should be built. As the development of the muscles and other organs of our bodies depends on the kind of physical culture they receive, so also does the development of our psychical or mental powers depend on the systematic training, or education, which the living substance of our brains receives. Included in this living matter there are elements whose function it is to receive and to become impressed by energy derived from the outer world and from the movements of our limbs and bodies; these impressions are reproduced when these charged elements are re-excited by appropriate stimuli. Action of this kind is well known and is included in the term Memory. In addition to these mnemic elements the human brain contains a large mass of living matter whose function it is to transform the energy derived from our sensations and ideas into psychical force, that is, into thoughts and into intellectual processes which act on certain motor cerebral centres and become manifest in the movements of our limbs, or, it may be, in silent or articulate language. Lastly, the function of other parts of the human brain-substance is to elaborate those hereditary instinctive and primitive emotional tones of feeling which, to a large extent, form our personal character and that of the race or society to which we belong.[1]

[1] *The Psychology of Education*, by J. Welton, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Leeds, pp. 7, 40, 70. Throughout the following pages the term personal character is employed to signify those hereditary instinctive and emotional processes which, it is conceived, form the substratum of our *actions*, and to a large extent rule our whole life. (See International Scientific Series, vol. xcvii. p. 2.) These primitive emotions include among others anger, hate, fear, joy, sorrow, disgust, etc. To these instinctive hereditary processes Mr. Edmond G. A. Holmes would add from his experience of child-life the following—communicative, dramatic, artistic, æsthetic, inquisitive, and constructive instincts. *What is and what might be*, by Edmond G. A. Holmes, late Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools, pp. 165-188.

Our subject may be treated in two sections : in the first place, the explanation of the nature and the development of that form of living matter the orderly working of which is necessary for the manifestation of our instinctive and emotional faculties; and the consideration how far this kind of matter can be influenced by education. We shall then proceed to show that thoughts and reasoning powers result from work performed by elements of our central nervous system, whose development depends on the culture they receive, especially during childhood.

In the first place, however, it is necessary to refer to memory, without which neither mental nor emotional tones of feeling could have come into operation; it is not confined to elements of the nervous system, but appears to be common to all forms of living matter—in fact, to constitute one of its fundamental properties.

Professor F. Darwin, when referring to the nature of the memory-like character of movements made by the leaves of sleeping plants, states that if plants of this kind are placed in a dark room after they have gone to sleep at night they will be found next day in the diurnal position, and they again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes on.[2] These plants normally drop their leaves at the stimulus of darkness, and raise them at the stimulus of light. But here, as we see the leaves rising and falling in the absence of the accustomed stimulation, these movements must result from the internal 'physiological' conditions which habitually accompany them.

The possession of memory is indicated by the fact that the result of the stimulation of light on the living substance of the leaves of these plants was not momentary in its effect, but left a trace of its action which regulated the subsequent movement of the leaves; not only does the living matter of these plants retain impressions it has received from former stimuli, but it is in consequence of the action of these impressions that its subsequent movements are effected.

The movements of many of the simplest forms of animal and vegetable beings indicate the possession of memory. An amœba, for instance, consists of a minute particle of protoplasm, which has been seen to seize a smaller amœba : the latter escaped from its grasp, but was pursued and re-captured. In Professor Jenning's opinion, these movements of the amœba indicate a power on the part of its living substance to act on former experience, or by the aid of its memory. Another of these unicellular beings, known as the stentor, possesses vibrating hair-like processes which encircle the opening leading into its body cavity; these processes move in such a way as to direct

[2] Presidential Address of the British Association for the year 1908.

particles of food floating in the surrounding water into the stentor's body-cavity, or, by a reversed movement, to push objectionable materials away from this opening. This power of choice involves the use of memory, a fact which is confirmed by an experiment made by Professor Jennings on a stentor, in which he subjected this being to the influence of a stream of water containing grains of carmine. The stentor did not at first react, or move away from the stimulus or impact on its body-substance of the carmine particles; but after a time it bent its body first to one and then to the other side, as if to avoid the shock caused by the grains of carmine. After this mode of treatment had been repeated several times, the stentor at once responded to the stimulus, reversing its ciliary movement, and finally contracting into its tube. The important thing to note is, that after several repetitions of the above treatment, the stentor 'contracted directly the stream of carmine came in contact with its body.' We refer such a movement as this, in the case of the higher animals, to the result of 'memory, association, habit, and learning.'

Mnemic and purposive elements appear to be distributed throughout the living substance of the bodies of unicellular organisms; in the lowest class of multicellular beings we find that these elements have separated into structures, each of which possesses the power to do a particular thing, and to work in a particular way. This separation of living elements into definite forms appears to result from the action of the environment. Thus we conceive that the mode of energy we call light, by its action on those elements of living substance which possess a special aptitude for receiving such stimuli, has gradually produced coloured structures such as those known as eye-spots, which are common in unicellular beings; from these simple structures the complex eyes of the higher animals have gradually been evolved. In the same way energy derived from contact or touch has in the course of time effected molecular changes in certain of the living elements of the simplest form of multicellular beings, and has moulded these elements into 'receptors' of this mode of energy, or into tactile sense-organs with their system of nerve cells and fibres.[3] For example, a network of nerve-cells and fibres exists in polyps beneath their outer or skin layer of cells. These nerve-cells consist of small nucleated masses of protoplasm from which fibres extend in all directions, like wires from a central telegraph station. There are on the surface of the polyp's body upstanding protoplasmic processes adapted to receive the impact of energy from the outer world, and to conduct such stimuli to the mnemic and purposive

[3] *International Scientific Series*, vol. xcv. pp. 108, 113.

elements of a subjacent nerve-cell, thus setting free some of its working energy, which becomes manifest in the movement of a contractile muscle-cell or fibre under the control of this particular form of energy. A structural arrangement of this kind constitutes the simplest form of what is called a tactile sense-organ, with its corresponding nervous and muscular system. By a sense-organ, therefore, we mean an arrangement of elements adapted to receive, sift, and transmit energy derived from various sources to corresponding nerve-cells; this energy is transmuted into nerve-force by the constituent elements of the nerve-cell, and is conducted to muscular structures, producing definite movements of the animal's body. These movements are, as a rule, purposive, that is, they tend to promote the well-being of the organism. The brain of higher animals, including human beings so far as our subject is concerned, consists of a vastly complex arrangement of nerve-cells and fibres. The living substance of these cells consists of elements adapted by their molecular arrangement and motion to transform physical forms of energy into specific modes of nerve-force, which becomes manifest in mnemic, purposive, psychical, motor, or other kinds of work. The whole of these cells are brought into relation with one another by means of their communicating fibres. Energy discharged by the living matter of a nerve-cell passes along those nerve-fibres which, from constant use, have become highly tuned as conductors of that special form of energy which controls the action of certain groups of muscles, and thus causes the movements of the body and limbs of the animal.

Experiments on ants demonstrate that the action of the instinctive and emotional elements of insects depends on energy they receive through means of the sense-organs acting on their brain. M. Forrel has proved that the olfactory-sense-organs of these insects are located in their antennæ, and that it is through these organs that the ants' instinctive actions and emotional feelings are brought into play.[4] If an ant's body is smeared over with fluid pressed from the bodies of its companions and the insect is then returned to its nest, its companions take no notice of the stained ant. But if an ant is smeared with fluid pressed from the body of ants of a hostile species, and is then returned to its nest, its companions immediately attack and kill it. Different genera of ants, which under ordinary conditions are deadly enemies, live together on friendly terms after having their olfactory organs removed; having no olfactory-sense-organs they fail to distinguish friend from foe; the mnemic, instinctive, and emotional elements exist in the nervous matter of their brain,

[4] *The Evolution and Functions of Living Purposive Matter*, by N. C. Macnamara, pp. 60, 67, 68.

but can no longer be brought into play, because the natural source of their excitation has been destroyed. From these sense-organs nerve-fibres extend to sensori-motor nerve-cells, located in what is known as the insect's mid-brain; this corresponds to the portion of the brain of vertebrates hereinafter called the cerebral basal system or primitive brain. It is, we contend, the function of this part of the brain to elaborate the hereditary instinctive and emotional processes displayed by all orders of animals, and out of this matter the psychical areas of the human cerebrum have been evolved.

In the three lower classes (fishes, amphibians and reptiles) of the five into which vertebrate animals have been divided, the central nervous system may roughly be said to consist of a rod-shaped mass of nerve-cells and fibres known as the spinal cord, which, when it passes into the skull, expands so as to form the lower brain, and is continued into the mid- and inter-brain, which, with their associated lobes, form the primitive brain or *basal nervous system*. The brains of these three lower classes of vertebrates have no *true* cerebral hemispheres: that is, they do not contain nervous structures similar to those which in the higher orders of beings elaborate psychical processes. Consequently the nervous energy causing the hereditary instinctive and emotional movements of these beings is derived from their basal nervous systems, lower brain, and spinal cord. The movements of fishes, amphibians, and reptiles therefore, like those of insects, result from reflex or from automatic processes: that is, they are effected independently of psychical or mental nervous energy. Nevertheless, the animals included in these three classes possess retentive memories, and show by their actions not only instinct but also emotional feelings. For instance, Mr. Pennell states that, in company with the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, he visited the building in which the glass tanks containing perch were located. The keeper of these fish was also present, and so long as he moved about in front of the tank the fish took no notice of him, but when he walked from the tank towards the cupboard where he kept the net used for introducing food into the tank, the perch swam rapidly across their tank with their fins erect, evidently in a state of high emotional excitement. The instinctive actions and emotional feelings of fish are still more conspicuous in the way sticklebacks build their nests and guard their young from injury. That these mnemic, instinctive, and emotional characters are hereditary qualities in fish and the two other classes of animals we have referred to, is shown by the fact that they are passed on by germ-cells from one to succeeding generations of the same order of beings inhabiting all parts of the world.

Further evidence bearing on the functions performed by the basal nervous system of the three lower classes of vertebrates is afforded by experiments made on frogs. If the cerebrum of a frog, including its basal system, is removed, the animal may continue to live; but if an obstacle is placed in its way, the frog when touched from behind makes no effort to avoid the obstruction in its path, but will leap or crawl against it; its mnemic and instinctive powers are abolished with the destruction of its basal nervous system.[5] Experiments made on some of the higher animals lead to a similar conclusion, and prove that the living nervous substance of the basal system controls the emotional and instinctive actions of these beings.

Instinctive and emotional actions need no teaching; they are inherent qualities of the living substance of the basal system and become manifest *immediately* this substance is brought into action by an appropriate stimulus. On the other hand, between the reception of a stimulus and the discharge of psychical nerve-force a measurable interval of time occurs, due to the complicated nerve-paths which the latter form of energy has to traverse before it can act on the muscles. Beyond this, thought-reactions must be practised and learnt by each individual during his life-time, and they pass away at his death. The greater number of basal reactions become by use habitual, though some of them, as for instance the egg-laying of certain insects, are but once performed.[6]

The opinion we advance that the structural arrangement and functions performed by the nervous substance of the basal system are hereditary, rests on the fact that the brains of the three lower classes of vertebrates do not possess psychical nervous structures comparable with those in the brains of the mammalia, while each order of the lower classes of vertebrates manifests characteristic instinctive actions and emotional feelings, which are passed on to succeeding generations of similar beings, although these may be placed under very different environmental conditions.

We cannot in human beings obtain the same kind of evidence regarding the functions performed by their basal system as that

[5] Professor W. H. Wilson, of Cairo, finds that stimulation of the basal system of the large Egyptian iguana causes definite movements of various parts of its body, and that there is a distinct and precise motor localisation in the mid-brain of these reptiles, determined by the ending of the tactile tracts of their bodies in this part of the brain. The Arris and Gale Lectures, by Professor Elliot Smith, *The Lancet* (1910), p. 222. See also *Psychology of Education*, by Professor J. Welton, pp. 71-4.

[6] *First Book of Psychology*, pp. 89, 231, by Professor M. W. Calkins. In an article on 'The Human Brain in Relation to Education,' published by me in *The Westminster Review* for December 1900, I gave a case illustrating the possession of well-marked hereditary powers of observation possessed by an Andamanese lad, p. 635 (N.C.M.).

to which we have above referred in the case of the lower animals. But the clinical evidence we possess on this subject tends to confirm the idea that specific forms of energy received by this part of the human brain are transmuted by its elements into instinctive actions and emotional feelings, and that these elements are hereditary.[7] The history of Laura Bridgeman and H. Kellner affords us further evidence as to the hereditary properties possessed by the living substance of the basal nervous systems. From the second to about her tenth year of age, although the psychical capacities of Laura Bridgeman were dormant, her emotional feelings ran rampant, and were frequently displayed in uncontrolled fits of passion and unmeaning laughter. She could not have learnt as a child how to express her ill-temper, or to laugh or cry, by imitating these emotional expressions of feeling as they appeared in other people, since she could neither see nor hear. It seems evident, then, that these emotional feelings and actions, as in the case of the lower animals, were inherent qualities of the child's basal nervous system, brought into play by energy which it received through tactile-sense organs. These manifestations of emotional feeling constituted the only prominent traits of the child's personal character.

The living nervous elements of the basal system, then, constitute the mechanism by which instinctive actions and emotional feelings are elaborated; and unless through the orderly working of these elements, the manifestation of these faculties is impossible. From a racial point of view the instinctive and emotional faculties are of far greater antiquity than the psychical faculties; and consequently have become fixed or hereditary characters and, to a large extent, rule the actions of the various classes of animals throughout their lives. The instinctive and emotional powers, however, which were sufficient for the preservation of the different orders of the lower animals, do not suffice to maintain the order of primates (including human beings) in their struggle for existence is an ever-increasing complexity of environment. Under the laws, therefore, of natural selection, the living substance of the basal nervous system of man has developed a form of matter possessing psychical powers, by the means of which human beings have been able to gain and to maintain their commanding position in the world. The consideration of this latter subject must be postponed to another section; we now have to deal with the question whether hereditary qualities are amenable to the influence of culture.

To some extent they certainly are, even in the case of animals.

[7] Charles Darwin was the first to show that the emotional expressions of human beings, such as those of anger, hate, fear, joy, sorrow, &c., have been gradually evolved from similar movements made by the lower animals.

The fighting propensities of Irish terriers, for instance, which are among the most pugnacious species of dogs, when they are carefully trained and kept in control may be restrained for a time; but when left to their own devices their hereditary qualities soon re-assert themselves, and they will attack without provocation almost every dog they may happen to meet.

By careful management young people may be brought to curb their primitive emotional feelings; but persons who have had extensive experience in rearing and educating children, and who have lived long enough to see these children reach the middle age of their lives, state that when these individuals are left to their own devices, as a rule their hereditary qualities assert themselves and exercise an abiding influence over their conduct throughout their lives. A selfish and sly child grows up to be, more or less, a scheming, unsatisfactory individual. The generous, frank lad grows up to be a manly, self-reliant person. This principle is applicable not only to individuals but also to families and races of human beings; their hereditary racial qualities contribute directly to mould their destinies. As an example, we may point to the contrast which, as a rule, exists between the phylogenetic characters and destinies of the Teutonic and Iberian peoples of Europe.[8]

We cannot wipe out or effectually alter the structural arrangement and motion of the elements which form the basal nervous system: it is there, and there it will remain throughout our own lives and the lives of our children, asserting its presence in our instinctive actions and emotional feelings. It is clear, however, that education to be effective must take into consideration the animal as well as the mental side of our nature. One of our most astute and at the same time sympathetic observers of human nature, writing on the subject of education in the year 1829, states[9] that the wisdom of our ancestors seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost anyone might undertake the charge; and many an honest gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him, and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but will place his

[8] *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, vol. i. pp. 320, 340, 567. See also *Origin and Character of the British People*, by N. C. Macnamara, pp. 213, 214, 222. Professor Welton states, 'Nor can innate disposition be absolutely changed, though doubtless it can be modified by the firm exercise of the personal will,' p. 127, *The Psychology of Education*.

[9] *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. Smith, Elder & Co. 1899 edition. *Book of Snobs*, p. 347.

son at a school for no better reason than that he, some forty years previously, had been a pupil in this establishment.

A great change has doubtless been made in the management of our preparatory and public schools since the year 1829. But it seems to us that knowledge concerning the nature of mental phenomena, and of the functions performed by that form of living matter the orderly working of which is necessary for the development of a high order of personal character, may tend to establish on scientific principles much that is good in the existing methods of education, at present merely empirical, and enable us to improve what is defective in them. Nothing can be of greater importance in the training of young people than a knowledge of the trend of the individual inherited qualities which, we repeat, to a large extent influence their career throughout their lives.[10]

Few parents who have attained middle age are ignorant of the nature of their own good or bad hereditary qualities; consequently they are in a position to form a fairly accurate estimate of the predominant traits of character their children possess, and which of these qualities should be fostered and which suppressed. Young people may easily be made to understand this, a knowledge which may doubtless in many cases be turned to good account. The same principle applies with even greater force to the schoolmaster who takes charge of a boy fresh from home. It is generally taken for granted that a lad's character will soon be known from his conduct. No doubt there is much truth in this, but the building up of a boy's character is far too important a matter to be left to chance. If the father, and the head of the school under whose care he proposes to place his son, could be brought to appreciate the importance of a free and clear understanding as to the lad's hereditary qualities and interests, it would much tend towards promoting the proper development of his personal character, and thus of his happiness and usefulness in his subsequent career in life.[11]

The question as to how far any special training can permanently affect the action of the basal system is an open one; after a young person has attained the adult period of life we can hardly hope permanently to modify his hereditary qualities. But so far as this country is concerned, it does not seem that in either our schools or universities is the subject of character seriously considered: the attention of teachers and pupils being, so far as education is concerned, mainly absorbed in the book-work necessary to enable candidates successfully to

[10] *The Psychology of Education*, by J. Welton, pp. 70-75.

[11] *International Science Series*, vol. xcv. p. 177. Also *The Psychology of Education*, by J. Welton, pp. 17, 215.

compete for appointments in one or other branch of the Government Services; and to develop into a good sort of fellow.

On the other hand, at West Point, U.S.A., the American Government has established and maintains a college in which a succession of six hundred lads is constantly under training for either a military or civil career. Each member of the American Senate has power to nominate two lads annually to West Point; the course of study extends over four successive years and its cost is nearly covered by a Government grant. Each pupil on entering the college has to state the career which he intends to follow; he is then assigned to a special department for training so as best to qualify him for his future calling.[12] But the ruling principle at West Point is, first and foremost, the development of a lad's character, which implies self-knowledge, self-control, and self-reliance. As the College authorities emphatically state, class-room work, though essential, is but a very poor article unless grounded on a high standard of personal character. In order to attain this end, the cadets of West Point are subjected to a system of discipline and training which would astonish the students of our public schools and colleges. The result, however, of this system is admirable—the knowledge, patriotism, manners and customs of the West Point men are proverbial throughout the United States, and would seem to be all one could desire.

II

In the previous section reasons were given for holding the opinion that the function of the living substance of a certain part of the brain was to transform the energy it received from the various sense-organs into instinctive actions and emotional feelings. The specific form of living matter which constitutes this part of the brain was shown to be hereditary in structure and functions, and to exist in the brain of all vertebrate animals, including man. The reflex and automatic processes effected through the instrumentality of the living substance of the central nervous system were sufficient for the protection and the reproduction of the three lower classes of vertebrates; but in the course of time, as the environment became more complicated, some special protective apparatus became necessary for the preservation of the individuals of each of the ascending orders of animals. To meet this want a gradual evolution of the primitive nervous system has taken place, culminating in the power possessed by human beings to think and to reason. It is to the nature and properties of this latter form of matter that we now desire to draw

[12] *Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, vol. ix. pp. 68, 131. Mr. M. E. Sadler's conclusions, p. 160, of this Report should be carefully studied by everyone interested in the progress of education in this country. Wyman & Son, Fetter Lane. See also vol. xiii.

attention, in so far as it bears on the physiological basis of popular education.

When the upper half of the human skull is removed, masses of grey nervous matter are exposed, known as the right and left cerebral hemispheres. The outer layers of nerve cells and fibres of these parts of the brain form the cerebral cortex (pallium), or more correctly, the neo-pallium, since the brains of the three lower classes of vertebrates, viz. fishes, amphibians, and reptiles, possess only rudimentary forms of the five layers of nerve cells and fibres which enter into the formation of the human cerebral cortex. It is to the living substance of these layers of cells that the power of transmuting the specific modes of energy it receives from the sense-organs into psychical or intellectual processes is attributable.

The nerve-fibres which pass from the nervous elements of our eyes, ears, and other sense-organs, terminate in connexion with nerve-cells located in definite areas of the cerebral cortex; these areas are known as sensori-mnemic nervous centres. Thus human beings have visual sensory centres situated in the posterior parts of the brain, auditory nervous centres at the sides of the cerebral cortex, and so on. The nerve-cells of these centres are brought into close relation with one another, and with other parts of the brain by what are called association fibres, because it is along these fibres that the energy discharged by one centre passes to others, and thus an associative system is formed.

The sense-organs are adapted structurally to receive and sift the streams of energy or stimuli which reach them from the outer world and from the movements made by our muscles. By means of the specialised nervous substance which enters into the construction of each of these organs, the energy they receive is transmuted into such a form that on reaching the corresponding cortical nervous centres it produces what we term a sensation.[13] The sensation soon passes away, but it leaves an impress on the living mnemic elements of the nerve-cells of cortical centres. This impression takes the form of a latent idea or mental image of the object or movement which has given rise to the impression. Ideas therefore mean the things or the movements, and the contents of an idea, the features of things or of muscular movements. On being re-excited, the living substance on which latent ideas have been established discharges a portion of their working energy, which, in its passage to motor centres—those areas of the brain which control our muscular actions—must pass

[13] 'What sensations are, we know not, and how it is that anything so remarkable as mental images or ideas comes about as a result of irritating nervous tissue is just as unaccountable as any other ultimate fact of nature.' T. H. Huxley, *Elementary Physiology*, p. 188.

through what we know as the psychical areas of the cerebral cortex, where it becomes transformed into psychical nerve-force. This, by its action on the elements of the motor centres, leads to the intelligent co-ordinate movements of certain groups of muscles such as those which work the vocal apparatus, or other parts of our bodies or limbs.

The evidence by which the existence of and functions performed by sensory cortical centres is substantiated must here be considered. If, in the lower animals, those parts of the cerebral cortex which are known as the visual centres are destroyed, the animal is rendered completely blind. The same result follows in human beings when the whole of the nervous matter of these centres is destroyed by disease. Under these conditions, although the individual cannot distinguish objects he may be able to think about them, and to hear and have perfect use of his other faculties. On the other hand, if a certain portion only of the visual centres is destroyed, the individual may by aid of the rest of this centre be able to see, but cannot comprehend the meaning of the objects seen; he is mentally blind, because that part of the cerebral cortex has been destroyed on which the latent visual ideas or mental images have been impressed. If another part of the visual cortical centre is destroyed, a person so affected loses the power of distinguishing one colour from another, but may continue to see objects around him and to appreciate their meaning.

Again, the auditory nervous centre is situated in the lower part of the sides of the cerebral cortex. The function performed by one portion of the nervous elements of this centre is to become impressed by the vibrations of sound which reach it through the ears. Latent images of words repeated by another person thus become established in the mnemic elements of this part of the brain. Under ordinary conditions, these charged elements respond to the action of life or of allied stimuli to those which had produced the impression, and the word-sound is reproduced in our memory. If, however, the nervous matter constituting this part of the auditory centres is completely destroyed by disease, a person so affected becomes speechless; the substance in which his latent mental images or ideas of words had been established has been destroyed, and with it the individual's power to make use of the words which formerly existed in his brain, and which he had learnt to employ as symbols to express his thought. And so with the other cortical nervous centres.

In addition to its sensory nervous centres, the human cerebral cortex contains what are called sensori-motor or kinæsthetic centres; that is, the brain possesses aggregations of nerve-cells the functions of whose living matter is to transmute the energy

it receives from sensory centres into nerve-force capable of controlling the movements of groups of muscles. If in a living animal the brain is exposed and a weak electric current applied to definite parts of its motor-cortical area, movements of the animal's limbs, or of special organs, such as the vocal, are brought into action. We may thus map out the motor area of the cerebral cortex into definite spaces, each of which controls the action of a group of muscles, such as those of the fingers, hand, arm, etc.[14]

Our sense-organs are, therefore, the receivers of energy derived from the outer world and from muscular movements of our bodies and limbs; the cortical sensory centres transform this energy into sensations and latent mental images, or ideas; and discharges of energy take place from the motor-cortical elements which produce definite muscular movements. But in human beings a vast mass of nervous matter intervenes between the sensory and motor centres : energy in its passage from the former to the latter has to traverse this mass of intervening cortical matter; and, as we shall endeavour to show, in its passage it becomes psychical nerve-force, and in this form plays on the motor centres, and thus imprints thought and intelligence on our movements or actions.[15] The sense-organs have been compared to the receiving station of a telegraphic system, where messages are taken in and despatched to the central office (representing the sensory and psychical nervous centres), where, through the instrumentality of an intelligent agent, the message is despatched to its proper destination, and delivered by a messenger representing a motor centre.

The human brain, unlike that of any other animal, possesses a fully-developed motor speech-centre, which Broca called 'the organ of speech,' because it is through the action of its living matter on the muscles of the vocal apparatus that human beings are able to express their thoughts in spoken words.

It is probable that as a child when we first saw a flower such as a 'rose,' we asked what it was called, and child-like imitated

[14] The size of the sensori-motor cortical areas in the various classes of animals depends on the delicacy and complexity of the movements habitually performed by the muscles under its control, rather than upon the bulk of these muscles. This fact may be demonstrated by comparing the relative size of the sensori-motor cortical centres which control the movements of the muscles of the trunk of a skilled workman with that of the sensori-motor centre which directs the movements of his fingers. Human beings possess a large, well-developed sensori-motor centre of speech; in anthropoid apes this area of the cerebral cortex exists only in a rudimentary form.

[15] The cerebral cortex, or more correctly the neo-pallium, of human beings covers a superficial area of some 200,000 square m.m.; its cortex is 3 m.m. thick, and contains five layers of nerve-cells. The average bulk of the human brain, the greater part of which consists of its cerebral hemispheres, is 1500 c.c., that of the gorilla is 600 c.c., the bodies of the two animals being of nearly equal weight. See Fig. 16, p. 132, *International Scientific Series*, vol. xcvii.

the sound and repeated the word 'rose' once or more often. In thus articulating this word we brought those muscles of our lips and other parts of the vocal apparatus which are necessary for the production of the word-sound 'rose' into play. Muscular action of this kind is accompanied by the excitation of the sense-organs which form a part of these muscles; their excitation liberates a certain amount of working energy, which passes to corresponding nervous elements located in sensori-motor centres of speech, and leaves on its elements a latent mental impression or idea of the word-sound which has produced the impression. The word 'rose' thus becomes established in some one or more of the cell-contents of our 'organ of speech.' If these motor elements are re-excited by similar, or, it may be, by other forms of energy to that which produced the impression, they react in such a way as to excite the muscles of the vocal apparatus to reproduce the sound 'rose.' If from disease that part of the cerebral cortex which forms the motor speech-centre is destroyed, an individual so affected can no longer make use of vocal sounds: he may be able to see, hear, and think, but he cannot express his thoughts in articulate word-sounds, since the specialised nervous matter which regulates the working of the muscles of his vocal apparatus no longer exists.

An object therefore, such as a rose, gives rise at one and the same time to visual, olfactory, and tactual sensations, and to corresponding latent mental images in the cerebro-cortical nervous centres. In addition to these impressions a part of the auditory centre has received and retains in a latent form the word-sound by which we have learnt to distinguish this flower. Lastly, as we have shown, the word 'rose' has become established in a latent form in the nervous elements of cortical-motor centres. As these impressions have been established by energy derived from the same source and at the same time, they become closely connected or associated with one another.[16] Consequently the re-excitation of any one of these centres, as by the sight of a rose, will bring the other centres into action, with the result that a concrete conception of a rose is formed. This conception or thought is the outcome of work performed by the mass of living matter contained in the nerve-cells of the psychical areas of

[16] Two principal laws govern the action of associative processes: the first law affirms the principle that 'each idea reproduces as its successor either an idea that is similar to it in content, or an idea with which it has often appeared simultaneously.' The second law of association is as follows: 'The first idea which is associated with the introductory sensation is determined by its complete likeness or, more frequently, its similarity to the latter.' Dr. A. Bain states that 'the assigning of these laws was the first contribution to a science of human intelligence; while the ultimate shape given to them, whatever that may be, will mark the maturity of at least one portion of that science.' 'Association Controversies.' See *Mind*, xii. 161.

the brain through which energy, derived from the contents of our ideas, must pass on its way to the motor-cortical centres.

By the excitation or stimulation of the charged elements of the nerve-cells in which latent ideas have been established, a portion of their working energy is released, which passes to those parts of the brain whose function it is to combine (associate) and transform this energy into psychical processes. When we refer to energy released from elements in which latent ideas have been impressed, we mean that this form of energy is derived from the various contents of the idea : that is, from the special features of things or movements from which each idea was derived. Streams of this form of energy enter the psychical cortical areas, by preference along those paths that have been most perfectly trained, and there it becomes transformed into psychical nervous force : that is, into thoughts or conceptions which, acting on the word-charged motor centres, become manifest in intelligent speech or in the other skilled movements which have enabled man to exist and multiply in the ever-increasing complexity of his environment.

The reproduction of acoustic latent ideas of words sets free energy which, in conjunction with energy derived from other mental images, constitutes the units of thought. The conception of the genesis of thought may therefore be reduced to this formula : that our thoughts consist of the association of the contents of ideas, and consequently that our intellectual faculties are derived from energy received from external objects and from the movements of our bodies, acting through the sense-organs on corresponding cortical nervous centres. Sensations, with their correlated latent ideas, form the raw material of thought at rest; the same material, brought into action through the agency of the psychical elements of the brain, acting on motor centres, becomes manifest in the co-ordinated movements of groups of muscles such as those which work the vocal apparatus and other parts of our bodies.

We thus come to appreciate the meaning of Mr. G. J. Romanes' statement, in his admirable lecture on 'Animal Intelligence' which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878 (p. 653), that words contain a vast body of ideas in an abbreviated form, which we employ in a manner analogous to that in which mathematical symbols are used. As these contain in a manipulated form the whole meaning of a long calculation, so in all other kinds of reasoning the symbols, which we call words, contain in a concrete form vast bodies of signification (ideas) derived from all parts of the living matter constituting the psychical areas of the cerebrum, but brought as it were to a focus on the elements of the sensori-motor centres of speech.

These centres are fully developed only in the brain of human beings; and when their nervous substance is destroyed, the power of expressing his thoughts in intelligent language which man under ordinary conditions possesses is abolished.

In addition to the evidence already given of the part played by the cerebral cortex in the transformation of the contents of ideas into thoughts, the following considerations are of importance. From the dawn of their independent life young infants display instinctive acts and emotional feelings, the nervous structures of their basal systems being fully developed; but it is not until later in life that the nervous structures of the psychical areas of their brains are matured; *pari passu* with this development their psychical powers come into operation. Individuals born with imperfectly developed cerebral hemispheres possess intelligence of a no higher order than that displayed by an ape.[17]

In the lower animals destruction of the cerebral hemispheres is attended with the loss of intelligence and of everything they may have learnt previously during their lives.

From the earliest stages of the well-recognised form of disease known as 'general paralysis of the insane,' degenerative changes are found in the living substance of the nerve-cells of the cortex of the psychical areas of the brain. One of the earliest symptoms presented by persons suffering from this disease is a peculiar hesitating and irregular movement of the lips and other muscles concerned in the production of articulate speech, indicating faulty action of the nerve-cells constituting the motor-centres of speech. At the same time the individual unconsciously drops syllables in forming sentences or in writing. When attempting to think, he finds his memory for certain words is defective, and thus he loses the power of continuous thought: so much is this the case that persons affected by this disease, even in its early stages, are often unfit to manage their own affairs. The progressive degeneration of the living substance of the nerve-cells of the psychical areas of the cerebral cortex is marked by corresponding deterioration of the memory for words, and the power to think or form correct judgments. The various sense-organs may continue for a time to perform their respective functions and ideas may be formed of external objects and of movements made by our bodies, but with the progressive degeneration of the living matter of the psychical elements of the cerebral cortex its work becomes impaired, it fails to associate and co-ordinate the contents of the ideas which reach it, and thus leads to faults in the mental processes of the individual,

[17] *International Scientific Series*, vol. xcvii. p. 135.

and to the loss of the control which, under ordinary conditions, they exercise over the motor-centres of the vocal apparatus.

The potential powers possessed by the living substance of the cortical or neo-pallial areas of the brain, unlike that of the basal system, can only be developed by use or education through the instrumentality of energy derived from the various sense-organs. As the cases of Laura Bridgeman and H. Kellner show, if the principal sense-organs are destroyed in childhood, the intellectual powers of such a person remain dormant until brought into action by careful training of the tactile sense-organs. Knowledge acquired during an individual's lifetime cannot be passed on to descendants through the germ-cell. It is even questionable how far a special aptitude for any kind of knowledge is hereditary, *i.e.* whether parents who for several generations have shown more than ordinary powers of observation, of thought, etc., pass on such qualities to their children. This subject, however, has been ably discussed in a recent article in this Review;[18] we shall not attempt therefore to offer any further comments on it, but only emphatically reiterate the fact, that we know and learn from what we see, feel, hear, taste and smell.

The histories of the deaf and dumb children referred to above show that so long as their psychical powers remained undeveloped their emotional feelings ran rampant, but as soon as their intellectual powers had been brought into play they were, to a considerable extent, able to control their hereditary instinctive and emotional actions. The automatic movements of young infants predominate until their psychical nervous system has become fully matured, and brought into healthy action by proper training. These facts lead us to consider the effect of the reciprocal action constantly at work throughout every part of a well-organised brain.[19] Although, for convenience of description, we have referred to the basal, sensory, psychical, and motor-cerebral areas, it is obvious that these and other portions of the brain are so many parts of one system, and that any action taking place in one part of the brain implies compensating action in some other part, in order that the two may arrive at a state of equilibrium. In this way we can form an idea of the reciprocal action of psychical and emotional nervous forces, and the influence, therefore, which the large psychical areas

[18] 'Eminence and Heredity,' by W. C. D. Whetham, F.R.S., and Mrs. Whetham, *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1911.

[19] If the intensity factors of any particular form of energy in a system are not equal, the system will be in a state of unstable equilibrium. Such a condition will not be permanent, and energy will flow, so to speak, from one part to another until the different intensity factors become equal.

of the brain, if properly developed, may exercise upon the basal nervous system.

The reciprocal action of one or more cerebral centres on other parts of the brain may probably be best realised by referring to an example such as the following :—

While driving along a country lane, my horse fell down and I was thrown on to the road and rather severely bruised. Some three weeks after the accident, when driving along this same lane, I experienced an unpleasant emotional feeling on reaching the place where the accident had occurred. This tone of feeling may be explained as follows : On the first occasion as I drove along the lane the hedges on either side of the road were of no particular interest, and consequently made no marked impression on my visual nervous centres ; but my sudden fall out of the dogcart was accompanied by a painful sensation, with its corresponding mental latent image. Although at the moment the accident happened my visual sensation and ideas of surrounding objects were of an indifferent character, they had been established in my cerebral cortex simultaneously with the painful impression caused by my fall, so that these visual and tactile impressions were closely associated ; if they differ in their intensities, they modify each other so that an equilibrium may be established between the differing factors. In this way part of the painful (negative) tactual tone of feeling, excited in my emotional centres by my fall, passed on to my less intense visual nervous centres, which latter, on my returning to the spot where the accident had happened, were re-excited by visual impressions, which had been primarily indifferent, but had become charged with a stream of negative tone of feeling from my emotional centres. A process of this kind is technically described as a nervous 'irradiation' or overflow—of an emotional tone in the instance referred to—to a psychical area of the brain, a process akin to radiation or diffusion in physics. We can thus realise the processes by means of which the transference of tone of one to another idea takes place, and how energy derived from the cerebral cortex of the human brain comes to influence primitive emotional feelings elaborated by the basal and its associated system, or *vice versa*. For instance, we may thus comprehend how, having heard a certain musical combination produced frequently in conjunction with a set of mournful words, while the succession of tone in the chord itself does not partake of a mournful character, the words that are sung to this series of tones produce mournful ideas. The negative emotional tone of the latter is thus gradually imparted to both the musical sensation and its correlative mental image ; finally, the chord is sufficient to produce a negative change in the tone of feeling quite inde-

pendently of mournful words. Again, the memory of a flower having a disagreeable odour is as a whole disagreeable; the component idea of its odour transmits its emotional tone to the entire conception. Professor Ziehen states, when discussing this subject, 'our entire emotional and psychical life is ruled by these irradiations, our antipathies and sympathies, prejudices and prepossessions flow chiefly from this source. The numberless movements constantly performed for the satisfaction of some desire are emotional.' [20]

We have thus endeavoured to show that human beings possess in their hereditary basal nervous systems a form of matter which transmutes energy derived from the sense-organs into instinctive action and emotional feelings. They have inherited this form of matter from the lower animals, a fact which must be reckoned with in any rational system of education. Human beings, however, differ from the lower animals in that large masses of nervous matter have been developed in their brains, whose function it is to elaborate a higher order of nerve-force than that which any of the lower animals possess: further, the human brain has evolved a specific form of cortical substance whose function it is to control the muscles of the vocal apparatus, to enable men to think in words, and to express their thoughts in intelligent speech.

We have further come to recognise the fact that the quality of our intellectual processes mainly depends on the kind of training which the psychical elements of the brain receive during the early years of an individual's life. We have shown that the force which drives the psychical mechanism takes its rise from energy received from the outside world, and from muscular movements acting through the sense-organs on sensory-cortical centres; impressions thus received are transformed by the living substances of these centres into sensations and latent ideas. Doubtless the inherited structural arrangement of the elements forming the cerebral cortex, and its proper nourishment and use, have much to do with the efficiency of its working powers.

Energy derived from the contents of ideas extends to the cortical-psychical elements, and through their instrumentality is correlated and transmuted into thoughts and other intellectual processes. Consequently the main effort of primary education should be directed to an endeavour to awaken related ideas in a child simultaneously, *i.e.* to combine them by means of external associations. Training of the kind we have referred to must be commenced and carried on systematically from childhood, in order to bring all parts of the living nervous matter of the cere-

[20] *Introduction to the Study of Physiological Psychology*, p. 176. By Prof. Dr. J. Ziehen.

brum into co-ordinate action, and thus form well-established paths of communication between its various parts. By developing the innate properties possessed by cortical elements at an early period of life, we have good reason to hope that the nerve-force derived from this source may be brought by practice to bear with good effect upon the basal system, by processes such as those to which we have referred, and so to control its undesirable, and augment its desirable, qualities; especially if the trend of these qualities in an individual has been seriously taken into consideration, so that those responsible for his education may possess definite ideas as to what they have to deal with. In not a few cases, especially among our city-bred children, this nerve-material has been derived from parents who, in common with their progenitors, have existed from childhood under terribly defective hygienic and other conditions. The psychical elements of their brains have been subjected to little but vicious treatment. Judged by the ordinary standards of civilised human beings, such people are mentally defective: their conduct is not their own fault. In too many instances they fall into the criminal classes, because they have no power of control over their animal propensities, and possess only human intelligence of a low order. By the time these individuals have reached the adult period of life but faint hopes can be entertained of any improvement in their personal or intellectual qualities; we can then only treat them, as we do persons of acknowledged unsound mind, by separating them from the rest of the community. At the same time we are bound to secure the control of their young children, and by careful management to rear them up to become self-reliant, useful members of society.[21]

In the existing system of compulsory education, carried on in our publicly-supported infant schools, the Froebel system of teaching is extensively in use, and is well adapted to mould the living cerebral matter of young children into a form capable of further development in primary schools; especially if the head of the school into which the child passes is made acquainted, through information received from the infant-school teacher, with the character of his pupil, and when possible, those of the child's parents. With knowledge of this kind at his command, the head of the primary school knows where to place, and how to treat, his pupil. The object to be kept in view in the child's further education is, first and foremost, the building up of a self-reliant, loyal, and true personal character; mentally the aim should be, not so much to increase the stock of what boys or girls know, *as of what they can do*, so that they may carry out with satisfaction to themselves and their employers the duties

[21] *The Education of Neglected Children in Germany.* Special Reports on Educational Subjects, vol. ix. p. 605.

they are called on in their after-lives to perform. This does not appear to have been the aim of the system hitherto followed in our primary schools; for we learn from a report recently issued by the Board of Agriculture that 'in numerous places many of the small landowners hoped to place their children to work on the land, but they are doubtful whether the education given in the elementary schools is of the best form to fit them for work of this kind, and the impression prevails that an extended system of technical education is needed, and that more object-lessons are required; apart from reading, writing, and arithmetic, several of the men declare that the education they had received had proved to be of no use to them whatever.' [21] The tax- and rate-payers, who for the past forty years have had to provide the funds to pay our expensive Educational Department and the cost of its primary schools, have a right to look for something better than failure of this kind.[22]

A large percentage of lads leaving our primary schools at the age of fourteen are then thrown on their own resources, having been taught neither how to work nor how to think, and being without habits of self-reliance, they find it well-nigh impossible to obtain any fixed employment. They are consequently obliged to take to job-work; they learn little, if anything, that is likely to advance their future prospects; their earnings are insufficient to enable them to feed or to clothe themselves properly. Accordingly, many of these young people before they have reached the adult period of life have contracted lazy and often vicious habits, and drift into the unemployed class with all its attendant misery. This condition of affairs might be avoided if within a year of leaving school a lad who had not become an articled apprentice to some trade, or obtained some fixed employment, should be obliged to undergo a course of training for three years either as a seaman or as a military cadet, and at the same time be taught a trade or occupation which would enable him subsequently to gain a living wage, if not higher remuneration as a skilled workman. By treatment of this kind a healthy, well-ordered, and useful population would be reared up, who in times of emergency would be able and ready to defend their homes and to save their country from even the threat of invasion.

N. C. MACNAMARA.

[22] *The National Review*, August 1910, p. 937.

[23] See Professor Welton's account, p. 203, in *The Psychology of Education*, of the system of education at Cheetham's Hospital.

THE SWORD AND THE LANCE VERSUS THE RIFLE

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPOSE THE FALLACIES OF THE EXTREMISTS

THE title of this article defines the two extreme schools of thought on cavalry tactics and training at the present day. The civilian who takes an interest in such matters cannot understand why such divergent views should exist among soldiers, and consequently complains that he has no unanimous military opinion on which to rely. That he is right in this assertion cannot be denied, and is to be regretted; but he sometimes fails to appreciate the fact that an individual opinion is often formed from a special study of, or from personal experience in, one or two campaigns only. Every war, however, may be said to be abnormal, and unless the special conditions under which they were fought, and the quality and training of the troops and the leadership of both sides are taken fully into consideration, no fair or just conclusions can be arrived at; for war is not an exact science, but an art that has to be dealt with under varying conditions, and in which morale and the human factor predominate.

This divergence of opinion is, however, no new thing, and is not, as many think, merely the outcome of our experiences in the South African War. As long ago as the sixteenth century, when the old firearms fully demonstrated their value, it was considered that cavalry should abandon the charge at high speed and attack slowly, firing from the saddle. Later Frederick the Great proved to Europe that the charge at the gallop with the *arme blanche* and cohesion in the shock was not dead. The rest of the Continent following his lead, his tactics lasted, with but little change, till the introduction of rifled firearms; since then every improvement in the rifle has invariably reopened the question as to the impossibility of the further employment of cold steel and shock, till to-day, ten years after the Boer War, the same old arguments are produced.

Though there is much truth in their contentions, the two schools of thought are generally so biassed and prejudiced in

favour of their own theory that they are blinded to any advantage on the other side; and no difficulty is found in bringing forward arguments in favour of either opinion, if the disadvantages are made light of or omitted altogether.

The four great wars of the last fifty years, in which the breech-loader and later the magazine rifle were important factors, are the American Civil War (1861-1865), the Franco-German War (1870), the Boer War (1899-1902), and the Russo-Japanese War (1904). All these were so widely divergent in character that each school of thought finds in them ample material for upholding its own views and condemning those of the other. The question, therefore, may never be decided to the entire satisfaction of either side, even in the next war; since, whatever the results, every disputant, especially if a theoretical one, will find plenty of authority of some kind for supporting his own special theories.

The object of this article, therefore, is to endeavour, by a study of these four great campaigns and their local conditions and characteristics, without partiality and without a brief for either school, to take a broader view of the subject and, if possible, to come to a more satisfactory conclusion. For this purpose each campaign will first be dealt with separately and in sequence before coming to such final conclusions as, it is hoped, their combined study may produce.

The American Civil War (1861-1865).

Taking the American Civil War first, we find at the commencement the cavalry of both sides, with a minute exception, raw, undisciplined, and untrained, relying mainly on the firearm for offensive and defensive action; later we see one side obtaining the superiority by a somewhat rough and ready combination of fire and shock, after realising by experience that the sword was a necessary adjunct to the rifle.

The war is one on which the adherents of fire tactics base many of their strongest arguments, and at a first glance it would seem that these arguments are convincing. The action at 'Five Forks' may be taken as a good example of fire tactics; in it Sheridan's troopers, acting dismounted, checked the advance of a strong force of Confederate cavalry and infantry, and finally held the Confederate infantry to their trenches till their own infantry came up. The battle of Winchester is another; here the Federal cavalry carried out a flank attack mainly by dismounted fire tactics.

These are only two out of innumerable similar examples. The question asked is: Would these American troopers if

trained in the cavalry methods prevalent at the time in Europe have accomplished all they did?

The ground at Five Forks was thickly wooded and offered little scope for mounted tactics, and the situation demanded delaying fire action; for, even had the ground allowed, mounted action, if it had succeeded at all, would have done so at enormous loss without any compensating advantage. The same may be said of Winchester, but in this, as in Five Forks, where the ground allowed, in the later stages of the fight, mounted action was freely used finally to crush the enemy, spread confusion, and break down his morale. Such results, when the opportunity and occasion arose, would not, however, have been obtained so rapidly or so completely if the army had been deficient of an *arme blanche*. The moral effect of cold steel, even in the hands of irregular cavalry untrained to cohesive shock action, is far greater than your rifle enthusiast will allow, and is often completely ignored by him. In the action of Cedar Creek, for example, the knowledge of there being a force of cavalry capable of using the *arme blanche* as well as the rifle completely paralysed General Ewell's action. It was shock action, combined with dismounted fire action, that also raised the morale of the beaten Federal infantry at this fight, and incited them to take the determined offensive that they did. Again, in the action of Tom's Brook the Confederate cavalry were utterly routed mainly owing to many of their regiments lacking an *arme blanche* and to the Federal cavalry being capable of using fire and shock. The Federal cavalry were here, it may be argued, numerically superior; but this is all the more a proof that the inferior cavalry, acting dismounted, cannot hope always to succeed against cavalry capable of both tactics and determined to come to close quarters.

Now for the other side of the question. The supporter of shock tactics invariably insists that troops trained to rely mainly on the firearm, and to look on the *arme blanche* merely as a weapon of opportunity, will not use this latter weapon when the opportunity occurs. To refute this argument one can quote many examples in this war where cold steel was used without hesitation by small and large bodies when the situation demanded and the opportunity arose, as at Brandy Station and Gettysburg, and innumerable other places besides those already mentioned above.

At Brandy Station repeated charges took place. The troops being undisciplined and untrained, these charges were disconnected and delivered unevenly, even by small bodies. A properly disciplined cavalry brigade, acting in cohesion, would have swept either side away, as is proved by the successful charge

of the weak unit of Federal regular cavalry, which was, however, not taken advantage of. This battle also proves the great moral effect produced by cold steel and shock tactics. Before it the Federal cavalry did not consider themselves equal to that of the Confederates, but after it their morale was raised considerably, and was never lost during the rest of the war.

At Gettysburg we have shock action between cavalry masses and of cavalry against infantry. In the first the fight commenced by dismounted skirmishing and ended in a charge by two brigades of the Confederate cavalry, proving that mounted troops armed with and relying mainly on the rifle are quite capable of offensive action, mounted, when the occasion offers. Individually the men were of the highest morale, but as a body they were untrained in combined shock action and often ignorantly led. Had the charge of the Confederates been made in a more suitable formation and from a different direction it might have produced very different results. No irregular cavalry, or even regular cavalry trained only in irregular tactics and incapable of rapid manœuvre in mass and lacking in cohesion, can ever obtain all the advantages from shock.

In Farnsworth's charge against the Confederate infantry in another part of the field at Gettysburg, we see a handful of men sent on a desperate charge to relieve their own infantry, not dissimilar to Von Bredow's charge at Mars La Tour seven years later. The ground was of the worst description, yet this charge of 300 men disorganised for a considerable time Law's Confederate infantry brigade; the confusion thus caused was not, however, again taken advantage of. The cavalry spirit was exceptionally well developed in the American trooper, but through lack of training and lack of co-operation he was unable to make full use of it.

A study of this war, therefore, forces one to consider how formidable cavalry could be made if, added to perfect dismounted tactics, they were also perfectly disciplined and trained in cohesive shock action and able to hold the balance evenly between the two.

Franco-German War (1870).

The next in order is the Franco-German War of 1870, where we have the opposing cavalries trained to a high standard in shock action but untrained in fire tactics—useless and idle in country unsuitable to cavalry action, and often checked in reconnaissance by small bodies of infantry and even by *francs-tireurs*. The Prussians, however, were not asked to do impossibilities without adequate reason; while the French were, and failed in consequence. In their charges against infantry the Prussians had generally to meet disorganised and shaken corps with units

composed of raw recruits or reservists. The French never attempted to reconnoitre any ground they may have had to operate over; the Prussians sometimes did.

Compare the action of the French cavalry at Woerth with that of the 1st Guards Dragoons of the Prussian cavalry at Mars La Tour. By being well handled the Prussians succeeded at Mars La Tour; while at Woerth the French cavalry, had it been capable of doing so, might have been better employed in dismounted fire action, having failed by lack of reconnaissance to observe that a more favourable mounted attack could have been delivered from a different direction. Fire action at Mars La Tour by the Prussian Dragoons would have exposed it to the close fire of infantry and a mitrailleuse battery, would have been too slow, and probably would only have stopped a portion of the French attack. Again, it might be argued that Von Bredow's famous charge on the same day might have been just as well carried out by a dismounted attack through the woods north of the Roman road, but the French Fourth Corps was approaching, and rapid action was needed to relieve the pressure. A reinforcement of these 600 cavalry dismounted would not have achieved anything like the same result. A charge skilfully manœuvred for, boldly led, and carried out with determination accomplished all that was desired; and, but for the ill-luck of finding masses of the French cavalry in rear of the infantry, the losses would have been small.

Again, also at Mars La Tour, we have an example of shock between large masses of highly trained cavalry. The desire of both sides was shock, and, combined with the undulating open terrain north of Mars La Tour, the natural result followed. Both sides were practically numerically equal, both sides brought up their regiments and brigades in successive lines, and were drawn towards one another by their own magnetism. There was no real co-operation and no fixed plan, and both combatants withdrew equally confident that they had each been successful. The Prussians were superior in that they were under one commander and therefore under better control; and the initiative of their officers brought about flank attacks against the French line, which was the turning point of the whole affair. There seem to have been excellent opportunities for the French to manœuvre by combining at the commencement dismounted action with shock against the advancing Prussians, until the remaining divisions came up; but the French cavalry divisions were under three separate commanders, each with a very dim idea as to what was going on. The chief factor that underlay the whole operation was: 'There's hostile cavalry. Charge!' Boldness, dash, and the cavalry spirit were displayed

by both sides, but badly handled and misspent; hence the unfair argument that cavalry shock tactics are useless.

The lessons of this war thus show that cavalry, intelligently led and boldly handled, can, by their mobility, charge infantry when the occasions demand, but that their usefulness is curtailed by the lack of a firearm; in fact, although from the reverse point of view, the lessons are the same as those of the American Civil War.

The Boer War (1899-1902).

After a long period of time, the next campaign to throw light on our subject is the Boer War of 1899. In this war we have one side wholly composed of mounted men, untrained and undisciplined, individually experts in the use of the rifle, but with shock tactics and the *arme blanche* a sealed book to them. On the other side cavalry, disciplined and highly trained in shock tactics, but with only a rudimentary knowledge of the firearm and its tactical uses, and moreover, most important of all, vastly inferior in numbers. To draw conclusions, therefore, without taking these factors into consideration, from these two perfectly different and unequally matched combatants would be wrong.

Later in the war we see one side, in order to compete on more level terms with its opponent, increasing its mounted troops, mainly by men trained only in the use of the firearm and ignorant of the *arme blanche*. The regular cavalry, overshadowed by this new type of cavalry or mounted rifles, imitated their tactics, and frequently, later in the war, failed from sheer forgetfulness and, in many cases, through having abandoned the weapon, to take advantage of the opportunities for the *arme blanche* which did occur.

During the last phase of the war these opportunities were numerous, but generally only offered to men armed with rifles alone, who, like their predecessors thirty-eight years before in the American Civil War, felt themselves severely handicapped by the lack of an *arme blanche*, and in sheer despair had at close quarters to resort to the clubbed rifle, with, however, but poor results. The Boers, however, themselves often attacked mounted, firing from the saddle; but enthusiasts of this form of offensive tactics forget the fact that these attacks were hardly ever delivered against columns which contained any regular mounted troops, and that they were not resorted to till late in the war, when many of the British mounted troops were raw and undisciplined and when only the best and most determined of the Boers were left, and these in great straits for both supplies and ammunition. At neither Bakenlaagte nor Roodeval, to take two examples, were these tactics, strictly speaking, successful. At Bakenlaagte the Boers surprised and

rushed Gun Hill, dismounting, however, at the foot; and it was only after thirty minutes' hard fighting at close range, and after suffering 100 casualties, that they succeeded in gaining the hill held by very inferior numbers.

At Roodeval they failed altogether. Here they also effected a surprise, and, thanks to this, had every advantage, as they were not heavily fired on till within 600 yards of the British line; yet they halted 300 yards from it and retired. These two examples, I think, prove that the Boers understood the moral effect of surprise followed by a charge; but when the moral effect desired was not produced they were totally unable to complete the charge without, in addition to want of discipline, the extra confidence of a weapon for work at close quarters. If the moral effect was produced, however, as unfortunately it was often in South Africa, a broomstick would have been sufficient to complete the rout. With the lessons of the two previous great wars to support us, it is not too much to say that a squadron of cavalry or any mounted troops with an *arme blanche* thrown against the Boer flank at either of these fights would have routed them, and that the fire from the British line at Roodeval would not have checked a determined charge of 600 to 800 cavalry armed with the *arme blanche*. This firing from the saddle is considered by many a wonderful performance, but in reality it is not—our men tried it often. The effect, though unpleasant, is mainly moral, and against good troops it is perfectly useless. Against poor, undisciplined troops, especially if surprised, the moral effect has it all its own way. Such tactics entail wide intervals, and if intended to demoralise troops or gallop through them, a charge without firing is just as successful; such as our charge at Klip Drift, which was very similar to the later Boer tactics, being only greater in depth. Its moral effect was just as effective; and it is this moral effect of cavalry that many writers miss altogether. We secured it at Elandslaagte, but its lesson was unfortunately forgotten by us, though learnt and remembered by the Boers. If our regular cavalry had been able, in that battle, to act against the Boer right flank as the Imperial Light Horse did against the left, and if the Imperial Light Horse had been capable of executing a charge, how much more useful both would have been to us on that day, provided that their officers knew how to hold the balance correctly between the rifle and the *arme blanche*!

The main lessons of this war, then, are

(1) The great moral effect of the charge and surprise, even in these days of magazine rifles; and

(2) The extraordinary extra power for offensive and defensive action that a rifle gives to cavalry, when without it they would have to carry out impossibilities or remain inactive.

This extra power given by the rifle is well exemplified in the operation on the Tugela, which was nothing more nor less than a large cavalry screen covering the siege of Ladysmith. Eight thousand undisciplined Boers kept a British army nearly three times its strength at bay for months. Imagine what 8000 disciplined cavalry, trained both in fire and shock tactics, boldly handled, well led, and with plenty of the offensive spirit, would have accomplished.

Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905).

Lastly, we come to the Russo-Japanese War.

Its literature is already prolific, but it is striking how comparatively little the performances of the mounted troops are mentioned, the reason given being that no useful lessons for cavalry can be learnt from its study. I think, however, that the somewhat poor show made by the cavalry on either side affords information, if we can deduce correct conclusions from negative results.

The Russian cavalry numbered roughly about 30,000, and numerically were thus vastly superior to the Japanese, who had only some 5000 to 6000. The bulk of the Russian cavalry were used in masses which dominated, by their numbers, the weaker Japanese cavalry. These latter had no chance against their opponent, and consequently dared not put into general practice the shock tactics taught in peace.

At such a disadvantage, they were forced to fight generally backed up by infantry, and saved themselves from annihilation by their own individual superiority in intelligence and training, and by the inability of the Russian cavalry to come to close quarters.

The reason of this failure of the Russian cavalry can be traced to the fact that they were not trained in the orthodox cavalry fashion or handled in a manner consistent with cavalry tradition. They were trained to fight as mounted rifles, were badly led, generally in the wrong direction, and allowed themselves to be shepherded by Japanese infantry and brought to a standstill and compelled to retire by numerically inferior but better handled cavalry.

Had both sides been equal in cavalry, trained to rifle tactics only, I do not consider that anyone is justified in saying that their operation would be a proof that the days of cavalry proper were over. That side would have been successful who were the better trained and better led. Had the Japanese had a force of cavalry approximately equal to the Russians and trained to a high standard, this doubt and uncertainty concerning cavalry tactics and training might have been finally settled. But at the same time, in the case of Japanese failure, we would have had

to have taken into account the fact that the Japanese were far from expert horsemen, and wretchedly mounted; so that a final decision might still have had to be postponed to another war.

As a contrast to Manchuria we see excellent work done by the Russian cavalry in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, especially during Gourko's advance-guard operations. Here, however, the Russian cavalry employed were Don Cossacks and regular cavalry, and therefore superior to the type in Manchuria. They were, moreover, opposed to an enemy inferior in everything except courage. The Russian method of fighting in this war was mainly dismounted, and the bayonet was frequently employed. The Russo-Turkish war, however, as a whole does not help us very much in our solution, except to teach us what cavalry can do when armed with a rifle and bayonet, as is shown in the attack on Tirnova and the defence of the Balkan passes.

Conclusion.

It is difficult to understand why those who hold extreme views on this subject never seem to entertain the idea that cavalry trained equally in the use of the firearm and of an *arme blanche* might be made far more effective than if only taught to rely mainly on one weapon.

The weak point in the *arme blanche* theory lies in the repeated assertion that the 'cavalry spirit' will be destroyed by too much reliance being placed on the rifle. This so-called 'cavalry spirit' is, in other words, the 'offensive spirit' coupled with morale. We try to imbue our infantry with the same spirit, and do not expect to lessen it by giving them rifles instead of only pikes. We give our infantry a bayonet, not because we expect it to be used more often than the rifle, but simply as a weapon to increase confidence and to stimulate the desire to get to close quarters and use it.

There are limits to pure cavalry action, just as there are to infantry. In the attack on siege works infantry resort to the tactics of the sapper, and cavalry, if 'held up' by impossible ground, superior numbers, or a strong entrenched position, should not have, from sheer inability to cope with it, to give up the task as hopeless, but should be able to resort to infantry tactics of every description. The American War shows us that cavalry do not lose the 'cavalry spirit' by resorting to these tactics if their morale is good. If their morale is poor the most deadly repeating rifle will be useless to them.

On the other hand, the 'firearm theory' loses its strength in the total ignoring of morale and of human nature; men are treated as automata, and rifle fire is looked on as the be-all and end-all of all fighting. Just as the infantry bayonet or

even the threat of it will finally destroy the morale of an enemy, so will the threat of cold steel in a cavalry charge. The American Civil War and the Franco-German War prove this; and our South African War proves in addition that without an *arme blanche* troops will not ride home in the attack, and that rifle fire alone will not always bring decisive results.

The Franco-German War shows us that to obtain satisfactory and continuous results cavalry must have a rifle; the American Civil War and the South African War that they must have an *arme blanche;* and all the wars of recent years point to the fact that cavalry trained in the use of one arm only will probably succumb to that trained scientifically in both; and if trained only in the use of the firearm it will, by avoiding conflict in the open, have the superiority over that trained in the use of the *arme blanche* alone; but its operations will be slower, and time is a factor not to be neglected in modern war.

The deductions, therefore, that can be drawn from the above studies of four great campaigns seem to be as follows:

That good fire tactics, when employed, have often been the means to shock action with the *arme blanche;* that the possession of a rifle and ability to use it has, by enabling it to take greater risks, incited cavalry to even bolder and more offensive tactics; that for moral effect and decisive results mounted action with cold steel has no rival; and, finally, that to enable cavalry to play its important *rôle* to the best advantage both weapons should be the complement of the other, the rifle assisting the sword as at Winchester, for example, and as the sword should have assisted the rifle at Mars La Tour, for the moral victory of the Prussian cavalry division under Von Barby placed them in a favourable position to check the advance of the French Fourth Corps by dismounted rifle fire, instead of the complete and useless withdrawal that was carried out.

In no war as yet, however, has cavalry been employed which has been equally efficiently trained in both arms; and the practical results of such training must be left to be decided in a future war. The difficulty of such training lies in the careful selection and education of officers, and their power by previous study and practice to hold the balance evenly between the rifle and the sword or lance; for cavalry, more than any other arm, is at the mercy of its leaders.

The ideal to be striven for is no doubt a high one, though not impossible; but until the fallacies of extremists are ruthlessly exposed the lesser evil is, as these wars teach, to be too bold by mounted action rather than too cautious by dismounted tactics.

H. E. Braine.

ROBERT BROWNING

BORN MAY 7, 1812

SOONER or later every writer about Robert Browning has to face the vexed question of his alleged obscurity; and one may as well make it the starting-point, refusing to be brow-beaten by those arrogant persons who not often affirm that his writings are easily intelligible, but disparage the intellects of people whom his poetry perplexes. Browning's poetry is no more to be called simple because Professor Furnivall understood it than the Chinese language is to be called easy because it yielded its secrets to Sir Robert Hart. It has perplexed many readers whom poetry, as a rule, did not perplex. The story of Douglas Jerrold's exultant delight at the discovery that he was not the only person to whom *Sordello* was incomprehensible is well known. Frederick Tennyson, who met Browning in Italy, found the poet charming, but his poetry 'bewildering.' It has even been related that Frederick Tennyson's greater brother once declared in conversation that Browning would be an unsuitable successor to himself in the office of Laureate because his meaning could only be grasped by the elect.

In the face of that evidence—to which a great deal more evidence of the same kind could be added—the difficulty of Browning can hardly be disputed even by those who claim to have overcome it, and to have placed others in the way of doing so; and it only remains to define the nature of the difficulty and indicate its causes. For, of course, there are many different kinds of literary obscurity: some of them real, and others only apparent. The most pellucid writer may seem obscure to the mass of readers if the subjects of which he treats are complicated and abstruse. Apart from that—and apart from the artificial difficulties attributable to muddle-headed fluency—obscurity is generally due to one of two causes. A man may be obscure because he is over-anxious to explain—and consequently explains too much; or he may be obscure because he explains too little, writing, as it were, chiefly for himself, thinking aloud rather than conversing, taking the line that his meaning is his own business, and leaving his readers to make what they can of it.

The former obscurity is the obscurity of Mr. Henry James. No writer explains more elaborately, or appears more pathetically anxious to make his precise meaning clear. He gives one the impression of a writer perpetually striving—year after year, and decade after decade—to make a plain, straightforward statement of fact which shall embody the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But truth is a gem with many facets, and, in order that there may be absolutely no deception, Mr. James finds it necessary to exhibit all the facets simultaneously, in long sentences, intricately constructed and ingeniously qualified. The plain, straightforward statement is indubitably there; but it is only by readers whose intelligences are at once as comprehensive and as subtle as Mr. James's that it is readily recognised as such. The others, not being able to think of so many things at once as he requires them to, are a little apt to mistake his careful candour for disingenuous dubiety.

Of that fault, or virtue (whichever it may be), Robert Browning has never been accused. He does not try to lay his mind alongside his readers', but expects his readers to lay their minds alongside his. His poetry, in short, is a record of the working of a mind which has worked without reference to the working of other people's minds. Such an unadorned and unannotated record of the working of any mind would probably be puzzling; the puzzle is necessarily the greater when the mind is at once infinitely complicated and indefatigably restless. The association of ideas in the record appears to proceed by jarring jerks. The unaccustomed reader is continually pulled up and puzzled by the perception of a missing link or the necessity of thinking out the significance of an unusual symbol. The difficulty disappears, or at all events diminishes, when the reader has undergone the influence sufficiently to have learnt to think somewhat in Browning's manner—to have acquired, in short, something of Browning's mental twist. The reader who has not undergone the influence—the hypnosis, as one may almost say—may be of gigantic intellect and yet be baffled by everything except such simple pieces as *Evelyn Hope* and *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix*.

The deduction has sometimes been drawn that the value of Browning's work is not so much poetical as philosophical and metaphysical; but the people who say that sort of thing are not the metaphysicians and the philosophers. They know better; and anyone else may know better who will take the trouble to compare one of the many Handbooks to Browning with one of the many Handbooks to, let us say, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. There are plenty of people to whom the two texts,

so long as they are left unexplained, seem equally unintelligible; but there is a world of difference in the intelligibility of the two explanations. The essential message of Kant, reduced to its lowest terms, still conveys no particular meaning to the average man in the street, but requires a further explanation which it is impossible to give to him. The essential message of Browning, as set forth by Mr. Chesterton, or Professor Dowden, or Mrs. Orr, is as easy to apprehend as *Little Arthur's History of England* or the *Proverbial Philosophy* of Martin Farquhar Tupper.

To say that is not, of course, to disparage Browning, but merely to refuse to praise him for the wrong reasons, or to apply to his work inapplicable epithets which are not really eulogistic, though they are doubtless meant to be so. Metaphysical speculation is an impersonal thing. To be conducted profitably it needs to be conducted with the precision which is only possible in prose. Let anyone who thinks otherwise try to compose a metrical version of Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*, or F. H. Bradley's *Logic*. The result of the endeavour will be equally bad as poetry and as metaphysics. Browning was far too wise a man to make any such foolish attempt; far too wise to submit himself to the limitations which such a task imposes. His strength lies not in abstract thought, imposing recondite impersonal conclusions, but in rendering the experiences of the individual soul—or, rather, of diverse individual souls—in the presence of urgent but vexatious problems. That, whatever it may be, is not, in the metaphysician's sense, metaphysics. The metaphysician would say of Browning's poems, as the Senior Wrangler said of Milton's, that they 'prove nothing.' At the same time, they are more convincing than if they did, because their appeal to reason is mingled (as the metaphysician would say that it ought not to be) with the appeal to emotion, and because the conclusion to which they lead is simple and desirable, but is not stripped of its plausibility by being made to appear too easy of attainment.

The one word which is always appearing and reappearing in every exposition of Browning is optimism. It is in the nature of the case that optimism should be popular; but the obvious facts of life are such that a great deal of the current optimism, whether of poetry or of the pulpit, arouses our suspicion and mocks our intelligence. Such optimism, in short, is only pessimism in a thin disguise, instantly and scornfully penetrated by those who have learnt 'how easily things go wrong.' The bald statement, for instance, that 'All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds' is really a pessimistic

proposition. The optimistic view is that, however bad the realities, the possibilities are always better.

Browning's optimism is not of that shallow platitudinous kind, and is not, like the conventional optimism of the pulpit, imposed authoritatively without reference to the facts. It may be an emotional outburst, as in 'God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world.' Even when it seems to be reasoned, it rests upon an emotional basis: some sense, not logically demonstrable, of the good which informs, and may proceed from, even evil experience. Above all, it has not that invariable overconfidence which irritates and provokes contention. As it can rise from the probable to the positive, so it can relapse from the positive to the probable. It wrestles with obstinate facts—and the wrestling is sometimes too quick to be easily followed; and the substance of it is hope—not only inspired, but also justified, by love.

That, obviously, is not metaphysics. It is hardly, even in the Euclidean sense, argument. Its value is as an elaboration of an intuition, a record of an experience, and an appeal to an instinct. There have been devout Browningites who have felt that Browning's optimistic conclusions were wider than his premisses warranted. Professor Furnivall was such a one, as he admitted to the present writer only a few months before his death.

The talk had turned, somehow or other, upon Browning's expressions of belief—a belief which he had not always held—in the continuance of a personal life after death: a belief which so clearly had its source, if not its philosophical warrant, in his love for his wife, and the oppressive torture of the thought that there might be no renewal of it in any hereafter. 'I don't agree,' said the founder of the Browning Society. 'For my part I'm frankly an agnostic, prepared to wait and see. It's no use pretending that one knows when one doesn't, is it?' But he was none the less an enthusiast because he felt that Browning had dotted the i's and crossed the t's of his creed too precisely. He was under the spell, that is to say, not of the argument, but of the poetry and the personality: an optimist under Browning's influence, for all his agnosticism, abounding in the energy which alternately prompts optimism and results from it, albeit retaining doubts which Browning, in his later years, seemed to have overcome.

In the view of Professor Dowden, Browning's optimism was a reasoned conviction, arrived at not through personal experience, but in spite of it. He certainly did say, in his old age, that the unhappy days in his life had been more numerous than the happy ones; and his unhappiness, as certainly, never reduced

him to pessimism. Testimony of that sort, however, amounts to very little. A census of happy days is a census which it is impossible to take; and the case is hardly one in which reasoned conviction can be separated from intuitive perception. The arguments for optimism (or pessimism) are not like the demonstrations of geometry which appeal to all temperaments with equal force. Conclusion first and argument afterwards is the normal order of thought in such matters; and, so far as it is possible for one man to judge of another's life, one would say that the circumstances of Browning's life—in spite of the great sorrow which cut it in half—were such as inevitably to suggest the optimistic view. Let us consider.

In the first place, all the physical inducements to pessimism were eliminated by the enjoyment of exceptionally vigorous health. In the second place Browning knew what he wanted and got it—wanted, that is to say, to be a poet, and was enabled to be a poet without parental or pecuniary let or hindrance. In the third place his passion for romance was gratified, without the need of defying any social code, or setting himself at odds with the world; and his romance is one of the very few literary love stories which have continued as happily as they began, and have reached their end without any of the bitterness of disillusion. To realise the force of that last fact, one has only to contrast the circumstances and sequel of Browning's and Miss Barrett's elopement from Wimpole Street to Italy with those of George Sand's and Alfred de Musset's honeymoon in Venice. In the latter case we see a momentary caprice mistaken for a passion—a heart broken and thrown away—a lover transformed into a cynic and convinced, in the twinkling of an eye, that every woman was a grisette at heart. In the former our vision is of love, spiritualised and inextinguishable—an organic and ineradicable element of the two lives into which it had entered. Contrasting the two spectacles, we instinctively ask ourselves: Who, if not Alfred de Musset, was entitled to be a pessimist? Who, if not Robert Browning, was under an obligation to be an optimist?

One has no difficulty in naming poets whose lives were apparently more romantic than Browning's, or poets whom a severer emotional discipline has brought into closer contact with certain realities. One can name none whose experiences have combined in an equal degree the excitements of romance and the advantages derivable from placid accordance with the conventions. Extremes seem to meet in the record: the headlong enterprise, as it were, of Shelley, and the sober, well-regulated domesticity of Wordsworth; and his happiness, in so far as we have the

means of measuring it, would appear to have been greater than that which either Wordsworth or Shelley enjoyed.

In the chronicles of Wordsworth's life we find rapture and ecstasy lacking. The great proof of the limitation is the fact that he invited his sister to accompany his bride and himself on his honeymoon. Shelley, on the other hand, though he knew rapture, knew disenchantment also. He was always 'seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal,' but always failing to find it there. The social boycott oppressed him indirectly by its oppression of his wife, who revealed herself under its influence as common-place, conventional, and peevish. He and she both penned confessions of failure: she in the poem wrung from her by Shelley's death, he in the 'Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples,' which were no mere literary exercise.

Browning's case was far more fortunate. He achieved such romance in his life as lay beyond the range of Wordsworth's dreams; and he achieved it without breaking any of the rules to which importance was attached in his native Camberwell; and the joy which he had won he kept until the hour of the great tragedy. The world, recognising his romance as legitimately romantic, made no difficulties. Though he boasted himself 'ever a fighter,' he was never called upon to fight for his happiness as Shelley was. There was no special boycott, but a cooing chorus of sympathetic admiration; and he was never brought to face the doubt whether he had indeed found the likeness of the eternal in a mortal image. Everything, in short, happened in such a way as Camberwell could commend; and yet nothing happened which could give any scoffer an excuse for deploring the limitations of the Camberwell point of view. And so we come to, and may properly pause to dwell upon, the story of Browning's elopement with Miss Barrett.

We know all about it; and, of course, there are those who insist that we ought never to have been allowed to know. Even Mr. Chesterton expresses regret at the publication of the love letters: on the ground, apparently, that their peculiarities of diction tend to make sacred emotion ridiculous—a tendency which, it is to be feared, is no rare characteristic of love letters. One might reply that, when the sacred emotion stands the test, then no great harm is done; that it is precisely because romance triumphed so completely in the story that the world is curious about it; that the documents help us to visualise what seemed, in the early biographies, written without them, a bald and unconvincing narrative; and finally that they carry us back, as no mere summary of events could do, to those Early Victorian times in which the scene was laid. The essence of the love story is, of course, like the essence of all love stories, universal; but

the details and the *mise-en-scène* are nothing if not Early Victorian. The spectacle is not one of emancipated thinkers in revolt against Early Victorian restrictions. It is a spectacle of Early Victorianism accomplishing its own triumph in its own way, without doing violence to any single article of its accepted code.

There is nothing, it is true, characteristically Early Victorian in the actual language of the letters. Early Victorian language is, in a general way, intelligible; and the phraseology here is often as confusing as a corrupt chorus of the *Agamemnon*, or the less grammatical of the speeches in Thucydides. But the situation is Early Victorian; and so is the way of handling it; and so—most especially—is Miss Elizabeth Barrett. The present generation of unchaperoned, golf-playing, and revolting daughters would have as little patience and sympathy with Miss Elizabeth Barrett as with Miss Amelia Sedley, of whom Miss Barrett, in spite of her great gifts, sometimes reminds one. She was a *malade imaginaire*, stretched on a sofa, partly by compulsion, but partly also by conviction. At the age of forty, or thereabouts, and with a distinguished literary record behind her, she still feared to face an angry father, and harboured an old-world terror of strange men on the principle of *omne ignotum pro horrifico*.

She was, of course, in the language of her time, a 'blue-stocking.' She knew several languages, including Greek, and contributed to the *Athenæum* as well as writing poetry. One may say, no doubt, that she 'lived her own life,' in the sense that a certain intellectual, and even emotional, life of her own bubbled up in her whether she would or not; but she lived it in the face of Early Victorian protests, with Early Victorian submissiveness. Moreover, she went through life, especially when she walked abroad, with a complete set of the Early Victorian apparatus and paraphernalia: a lapdog, a carpet bag, a respirator, a flask of smelling-salts, and a supply of sal volatile, for use on the smallest emotional provocation. One seems to miss nothing—unless it be perhaps a talking parrot in a cage; and one feels a pleasure in filling up the picture with this Pre-Raphaelite accumulation of detail because it seems such a very unlikely *mise-en-scène* for a new setting of the old story of Prince Charming and the Sleeping Beauty.

Prince Charming assuredly was not expected either by the Sleeping Beauty herself or by those about her. It is seldom that a Prince Charming comes to look for his Sleeping Beauty in a darkened sick-room, reeking with a *malade imaginaire's* restoratives; and in this case the couch of the *malade imaginaire* was jealously guarded by anxious relatives who had accepted her

as an eternal invalid, and stood around her to protect her nerves from any rude and sudden shock. They did not understand that sudden shock is sometimes the most effective cure for weakened nerves—as in the case, related in a well-known medical work on hysteria, of the lady who imagined that she was paralysed, but found that she could jump up and run when a passing soldier stooped to kiss her in her bath-chair. Indeed, Miss Barrett's father was a man who would probably have regarded the cure, by whatever means effected, of so confirmed an invalid as a blasphemous defiance of the declared will of Providence; and herself, though nearly forty years of age, hardly felt herself grown up, but had all the Early Victorian shrinking from conduct which could be classed as 'bold.' So events moved slowly, with all the Early Victorian hesitations and lettings of 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'

It began when Browning, at the suggestion of Kenyon, who was Miss Barrett's friend as well as his, wrote to Miss Barrett to tell her that her poetry had given him great pleasure; and one knows pretty well how a modern woman of forty—the romantic age—would have behaved in the circumstances. She would have known whether she wished the correspondence to lead to acquaintance or not; and if she had decided in the affirmative, she would have told Kenyon to bring the admirer of her genius to tea, or would herself have let him know that she was always at home on the first and third Tuesdays. A simple matter, as it seems to us; and it had to come to that—or something of the sort—in the end. But there had also to be preliminary negotiations; and those preliminary negotiations took no less than five months to complete. So far was Miss Barrett removed, in spite of her great artistic gifts, from the frank and easy *camaraderie* of the present century.

If she was not actually afraid of being seen by a strange man, she was, at any rate, quite sure that she ought to be, and that both her family and the strange man himself would be surprised and shocked at her if she were not. So she put it off, and put it off, making one excuse after another—her health, the weather, &c.—and protesting, with all the retiring feminine modesty of her epoch, that she was not worth seeing:

> There is nothing to see in me; nor to hear in me—I never learnt to talk as you do in London. . . If my poetry is worth anything to any eye, it is the flower of me. . . The rest of me is nothing but a root, fit for the ground and the dark. And if I write all this egotism it is for shame; and because I feel ashamed of having made a fuss about what is not worth it; and because you are extravagant in caring so for a permission which will be nothing to you afterwards.

It is just what Amelia Sedley might have said if she had been capable of such complicated sentences; and we may take it that Amelia Sedley would also have been capable of the postscript: 'If on Tuesday you should not be well, *pray do not come!*' One can imagine Amelia Sedley, too, hinting at the possibility of 'an unforeseen obstacle,' and enveloping the innocent visit in mystery, for all the world as if it were a guilty intrigue: 'My sister will bring you upstairs to me; and we will talk; or *you* will talk; and you will try to be indulgent, and like me as well as you can.' Moreover one may doubt whether Miss Barrett saw, any more than Amelia Sedley would have seen, any humour in Browning's playful expression of satisfaction that at least he was not suspected of any desire to 'make mainprize of the stray cloaks and umbrellas downstairs.' One feels when one reads these things that one is indeed back in Dark Ages, hardly comprehensible to us, when things happened very differently from now.

There is more than a suggestion, again, of the Dark Ages in the incident which so nearly broke off the intercourse as soon as it had begun: in Browning's apprehension, that is to say, that the pleasure of his society might be disturbing to Miss Barrett's peace of mind, and his offer to withdraw before irreparable harm was done. To us, of course, who look at the matter from the modern point of view, his self-consciousness in the matter seems infinitely vain and silly; but it was really an act of deference to the social tyranny of the times. The possibilities of comradeship between men and women had not yet been realised. An unmarried man could hardly speak to an unmarried woman without taking the risk of being asked his 'intentions,' especially in such parts of the town as Camberwell. It was supposed that the state of Miss Barrett's health forbade the entertaining of 'intentions'; and Browning's mistake was indubitably due to an excess of suburban delicacy. It was by the tact with which she helped him out of it that Miss Barrett proved her superiority to Amelia Sedley—and, incidentally, to her Early Victorianism. She sent the letter back, and Browning burnt it, with curses on a fatuity which was not personal but belonged to his period; and *camaraderie* was, in fact, established, and developed into the romance which ended in the most famous elopement in literary history.

It would take too long, and it would be superfluous, to retell the story in detail. All that one need do is to note how the Early Victorian atmosphere made dark and devious a situation which would nowadays be regarded as of absolute simplicity. Miss Barrett, it must be remembered, was forty, and had private means—some 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year—she was too unworldly to

have informed herself of the exact figure. Browning was socially eligible, and had a sufficient allowance from his father. It seems to us a case, if ever there was one, not for 'asking papa,' but for telling him; but Miss Barrett was equally afraid of telling and of asking. She had all Amelia Sedley's sense of subjection to her father, and more than Amelia Sedley's fear of him. She had to deceive because she dared not defy. Her lover had to give her the courage even to deceive; and, as for defiance—her dread of that course, and her grounds for it, are graphically put in one of the letters, in which she reports a confidential talk with her sister:

'If a Prince of Eldorado should come, with a pedigree of lineal descent from signory in one hand and a ticket of good behaviour from the nearest Independent chapel in the other——'

'Why, even then,' said my sister Arabella, 'it would not do.'

'Would not do,' indeed, was an understatement—a euphemism. Miss Barrett's position was, in fact, like that of a servant in a house which has for its guiding maxim: 'No followers allowed.' If Mr. Barrett should find out that his daughter had a 'follower,' and that 'that man,' as he called Browning, was something more than a mere literary adviser, who passed the time between the headaches in talking about the *Agamemnon* choruses, why then:

We would be able to meet never again in this room, nor to have intercourse by letter through the ordinary channel. I mean that letters of yours addressed to me here would infallibly be stopped and destroyed—if not opened.

So that there was nothing for it but for the lovers to do the thing which, having attained years of discretion, they had a perfect right to do, as stealthily as if they had been partners in some nefarious conspiracy. Miss Barrett had to fortify herself with sal volatile before doing it, and to collapse on to a sofa afterwards. That is one of the Early Victorian touches; and the other is the carpet bag, which Miss Barrett did not dare to carry out of the house with her, but had to dispatch as 'luggage in advance.' Most Early Victorian of all, however, is Miss Barrett's fluttering way of suggesting that, as her father had laid a plan for transporting the family to the country, in order that the Wimpole Street house may be redecorated and repaired, her lover might perhaps like to expedite his enterprise:

If we are taken away on Monday . . . what then? . . . It seems quite too soon and too sudden for us to set out on our Italian adventure now—and perhaps even we could not compass——. Well—but you must think for both of us. . . I will do what you wish—understand.

And so to Paris, and thence to Italy; Browning being so excited that he read the railway time-table wrongly, but Miss

Barrett retaining sufficient presence of mind to point out his mistake to him—a proof, perhaps, that there is one occasion in life on which a woman, even though she be a poet, may be depended upon for more composed practical sagacity than a man. 'I know not,' wrote their friend Mrs. Jameson from Paris, 'how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world.' But the prosaic world had, in fact, no terrors for them. They did not find it prosaic, and were hardly conscious of the need for any special courage in facing it; and the story is one which the lover of contrasts may find it piquant to place side by side with that other story, already referred to, of George Sand's Italian honeymoon with Alfred de Musset.

Assuredly there was nothing Early Victorian about George Sand. She flashes upon us, at the first glance, as a far more romantic figure than Miss Barrett: one who had the courage of her convictions, and did far more daring things, with a far more exalted moral tone. She took the initiative; she generalised; she appealed to the Higher Law—having first defined it to her satisfaction. Her sojourn at Venice with Musset seemed to her not so much an individual as a symbolic act—a great and luminous example—a manifesto of the Feminism of the Romantic Movement. The step she took was taken in the light of day, with the proud air of one who had achieved a triumph for her sex. She extorted permission from Musset's mother; and Musset's brother saw her off at the office of the diligence. The adventure of the Brownings seems infinitely trivial—the merest child's play—by comparison.

And yet the laugh (if it had been a laughing matter) would, in the end, have been on the Brownings' side. In the case of George Sand, very few months had passed before the romance had ended in a wrangle, the repercussions of which have hardly yet died away; and love was succeeded by disenchantment; and the Dead Sea fruit had turned to ashes; and the boy who had been the brightest hope of the Romantic Movement succumbed to pessimism as to some corroding and incurable disease, and lost all faith in women because one woman had covered her infidelities by the profane use of sacred words. For Browning and his wife, on the contrary, there was neither disenchantment nor disillusion. Their hold on the passion which they had approached by steering such a devious and respectful course among the rocks and shoals of Early Victorian convention and etiquette was far stronger than that of the lovers who, in the pride of their strength, laughed all the codes to scorn, and made a religion of emotional anarchism because it suited them to be emotional anarchists.

The contrast between the two experiences would have been

an instructive subject for Mrs. Browning and George Sand to discuss when, some years later, they made each other's acquaintance; but we may be as certain as it is ever possible to be of anything that they did not discuss it. Possibly George Sand's consciousness of that contrast was one of the reasons why she and Mrs. Browning did not get on very well together in spite of their regard for each other's talents; but even for that conjecture there is no evidential warrant, and it would be easy to find other explanations. Mrs. Browning's chief feeling about George Sand would seem, after all, to have been that curiosity about women who toss their bonnets over the windmills, which is the last infirmity of women who would not dream of doing anything of the kind. George Sand was, for her, 'a noble woman—*under the mud*'; but she was very conscious of the mud, and Browning himself was, if possible, even more conscious of it, with the result that 'we always felt that we couldn't penetrate—couldn't really *touch her*—it was all vain.'

As, indeed, it was bound to be in view of the great gulf fixed between Wimpole Street and Camberwell and the Latin Quarter; between the cautious timidity of the Early Victorians, making a great ado about a very little unconventionality, terribly afraid that they were kicking over traces when they were only legitimately and decorously stepping over them, and the sublime assurance of the great Romantics who called God to witness, boasting that they 'felt good' while plucking forbidden fruit, and whose poems and novels have been described as an *Imitatio Magdalenæ* or *Samaritanæ*—'a marriage service for use when eloping with a neighbour's wife.'

It would be tempting to generalise; but it is always unsafe to do so when speaking of the experiences of men and women of genius. 'Exceptional people,' it has been written, 'may do exceptional things with impunity'; and the Early Victorianism of the Brownings was quite as exceptional in persons of their intellectual calibre and artistic temperaments as George Sand's appeal to Pantheism as the sanction of free love. Their great and sustained emotional triumph may, therefore, have been due to their personal genius, and have been attained, not because they kept so close to the conventional high-road of sentiment, but in spite of their constitutional reluctance to diverge from it.

None the less it was a very remarkable triumph; and it is a remarkable fact that, though passion is usually associated with lawlessness rather than with the domestic affections, the most conventional love affair in modern literary annals has not only inspired some of the most passionately convincing modern love poems, but has also coloured the poet's entire outlook on life. Browning's love did not, indeed, give him his optimism—for he

was an optimist by nature; but it gave his optimism the motive and justification to which it owes its world-wide appeal. And he acknowledged the debt—we may read the acknowledgment in the line:

> Where my heart lies let my brain lie also.

That is why it seemed worth while, on this centenary occasion, to dwell on a love story which, shown to us, as Browning let it be shown, under the microscope, seemed so trivial, and yet was fruitful of so much.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE NEXT ATTACK UPON THE LAND

THE campaign against Capital that was inaugurated with the Budget of 1909 appears now to have got beyond the control of its inceptors. But although the disastrous consequences of the great coal strike are insistent upon us, it is not well to forget that a fresh attack is preparing by those battalions which succeeded two years ago in obtaining legislative sanction for a first instalment of their ideas with regard to the land.

That Budget and its sequelæ, Form IV. and the 'New Domesday,' or National Valuation, are among the relics of a recent past which most men would willingly leave to moulder with wrecks of forgotten deliriums. And even the author of the measure which brought those monstrous births to the world's light seems to have tired of them, and to have made up his mind that their day—or at any rate the day of their use as political rather than as administrative instruments—is over. As far as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is concerned, the Insurance Act seems to have blotted out the Finance Act. Like some magnificent Maharajah, he plans and builds a succession of gorgeous legislative palaces, each one vaster than the last; as soon as the roof is on one such edifice, his brisk brain is busy with the next; but he never deigns to repair what was built before and has already crumbled, or to carry out later what was left undone at first. The staring gaps in the last structure, the ruinous breaches, will escape (he thinks) the sight of that expectant public which is supposed to be watching with a beating heart the rise of the new building. The Indian potentate is credited with the superstition that if he ceases for an instant to have a new and costly treasure-house in course of erection his reign is at an end. Surely this cannot be the fear that impels our British autocrat ever to build afresh, without completing and without maintaining?

But the National Valuation, with all its expenditure of work and money, is only a beginning; even the taxes levied by its means are only a gentle introduction to the more serious taxation which it is desired to impose upon those who are interested in the land. As yet the dart has only been shaken; now they are

threatened with that stroke of the dart which shall seize them with pangs unfelt before, while it brings to those who help the community with their labour blessings of which they have never dreamt. In plain prose—if the eloquent peroration to the Fourth Report of the United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values may be called plain prose—such taxation, when in full working, is to 'make rent a public fund.' According to a still more plain-spoken pamphlet, published by the same body and somewhat unfortunately named 'Form IV.—What next?', 168 Members of Parliament have petitioned the Prime Minister (and have received a sympathetic reply to their memorial) to empower local authorities to levy rates on the basis of the National Valuation, as well as to levy a 'Budget tax on all Land Values to be applied :

(*a*) In providing a national fund to be allocated toward the cost of such service as Education, Poor Relief, Main Roads, Asylums, and Police, thereby reducing the local rates ; and

(*b*) In substitution of the duties on tea, sugar, cocoa, and other articles of food.' 'What next?' we may well ask.

Condemned as unauthorised by as strong a tribunal as exists in these kingdoms, that unlucky attempt at a buff-paper thumb-screw called 'Form IV.' now serves only to point a moral. But the National Valuation, to which it was once intended to serve as a guide, is still alive. When the Inland Revenue Commissioners issued their last report, that valuation was employing an army of at least 172 permanent officials, and 1376 other gentlemen who were, it is said, 'engaged on a temporary footing' ; all these being additional to the 'Land Valuation Officers,' who were apparently only employed in the financial year 1910-11, but whose services in that year cost the State 174,000*l*. By the 31st of October 1911 the Land Valuation Staff (including both permanent and temporary members) had increased to 2301 ; and the annual salaries of these gentlemen amounted to no less a sum than 323,000*l*. It seems likely that the National Valuation will continue to employ large numbers of officials, whether on a permanent or a temporary footing, and to cost considerable sums until it is—save the mark! —completed. Its opponents think that it will take at least twenty years ; its friends say five years ; and the Prime Minister once, in an enthusiastic moment, hoped to see it finished in a year. That first year has long since come to an end ; when it closed, provisional valuations had been issued for 370,000 pieces of land, out of nearly 11,000,000 that have to be valued. But stay! in that year also, the Land Valuation Department made the momentous discovery that the manor of East Quantockshead was still in the hands of a lineal descendant of a man who held it at the time of the Old Domesday Book, William the Conqueror's Domesday Book—a horrid symptom of that feudal state of affairs which it

was one of the objects of the 'New Domesday' to abolish for ever.

Let us see now what this National Valuation actually is. The memorial and pamphlet ask that its completion may be hastened, and that it may be made accessible to the public—the public may not examine a man's income-tax returns to ascertain his income, but if his capital is in land, they are to be made free of this information as to its values—and describe it as 'the valuation of all land apart from improvements, provided for in the Budget of 1909-10.' That Act provides for a valuation of 'all land in the United Kingdom,' in which each plot in separate occupation is to have four different values assigned to it; and by a subsequent Act owners are given a conditional power to demand the aggregation of contiguous plots up to 100 acres. The four values are called: gross value, full site value, total value, and assessable site value; the last being also called original site value, or site value *sans phrases*. If any plot has a value for agricultural purposes differing from the assessable site value, the value for agricultural purposes (ascertained on some principle undefined) is also to be shown. Of the four values that are defined, only the first, the gross value, has any relation to any value that is ascertained in the ordinary course of business, or that has ever before been estimated for purposes of taxation. The definition of these four values takes up two whole pages of the King's Printer's copy, but it may be said—briefly and I hope not unfairly—that the gross value is intended to represent the market value of the piece of land if unencumbered; the full site value to represent the gross value after deducting the value attributable to buildings and appurtenant machinery, to timber and growing crops; the total value to represent the gross value as diminished by any burden of fixed charges and public rights to which the land is actually subject; and the assessable site value to represent the ultimate residue, still further reduced by the value attributable to the expenditure of money upon the land by owners or tenants of the land, so long as it has not been spent with a view to purely agricultural improvements, and by certain minor deductions. Minerals are not to be taken into account in any of these estimates; the provisions for the inclusion of minerals in the National Valuation, or for their exclusion if unworked, and the definitions of the value of minerals, are very complicated, and cannot be dealt with in this place. All the values of land that have been mentioned are to be estimated as on the 30th of April 1909; the only provision for a revision of these values applies merely to undeveloped land, that is to land not covered with buildings, and not used for any business but agriculture. But these values are not to be ascertained for all the land in the United Kingdom; the assessable site value of land used for the purpose of railways,

canals, docks, or waterworks is taken to be the actual cost of the land to the company or body so using it.

Pausing here for a moment, and assuming—only for a moment—that the objects of the United Committee and of the memorialising members are right and just, it is manifest that the National Valuation, as it stands, cannot effectively serve these objects.

In the first place, it will not be correct up to date; it is not correct now, because the values are estimated as on the 30th of April 1909, we are now in April 1912, and a very small proportion of the Valuation has been completed; and if and when it is finished, it will of course be much less correct in relation to the conditions then prevailing in the land market. The earliest date at which the Government now hope for the Valuation to be completed is some time before March 1915; and I do not suppose the most ardent memorialist would desire that taxes or rates should be levied in 1915 upon a basis of value which obtained in 1909; still less is it possible that that value should remain stereotyped for all time as the measure of taxation. Secondly, the National Valuation is not a 'valuation of all land apart from improvements,' because, as has been shown, the Act expressly prohibits the valuers from making any deduction for the value attributable to agricultural improvements. In the third place, the value of land used for railways, canals, docks and waterworks is not shown at all, improvements or no improvements; for the cost of such land may be a very different thing from its value, as those enthusiasts who gird at the land-owners for having, as they say, extracted excessive sums from railway companies and so on as compensation for parting with some of their land, are never tired of protesting; it was indeed one of the express objects of the National Valuation that such 'extortion' should be rendered impossible in the future. Lastly, the National Valuation results in many cases in a *minus* quantity for assessable site value; this is understood to be due to the deduction in respect of permanent charges, fee-farm rents and so forth, and Mr. Wedgwood has on two recent occasions stated in the House of Commons that for this reason the basis upon which he and his friends propose to levy the rates is the 'full site value,' which does not take such charges into account. If he had not repeated the statement, it could scarcely have been conceived that he meant what he said, for the full site value shows no deduction for improvements other than buildings and their appurtenances, and timber and growing things; the deduction for improvements generally is not made until the assessable site value is reached, and the assessable site value takes into account the permanent charges. Neither does

any of the various values now shown in the Valuation leave out of account all improvements, or even all non-agricultural improvements, and at the same time disregard the permanent charges.

In these four points, then, the National Valuation, as it is now directed to be carried out, fails to serve the fresh objects to which it is sought to apply it. It is easy to talk of amendment; and no doubt the Act could be amended to meet some of these points. But what then? If the Act is amended so as to secure the National Valuation being corrected from year to year and brought up to date sufficiently to serve as a permanent basis of assessment, not only the 172 permanent officials, but a large number of those other members of the band of 2301 who are now only 'engaged on a temporary footing' must remain as a continuous burden upon the national finances. If a deduction is to be made for the value due to agricultural improvements, every plot of land which has such a value, and of which the valuation is completed before the amending Act is passed, will have to be re-valued 'as on the 30th of April 1909' —and the labour and money already expended on the valuation of those plots will be thrown away. The values of all the plots valued before the amending Act will have to be re-calculated so as to show a sum which allows for improvements generally, and which at the same time takes no account of fixed charges.

On those points, then, the Act may, as a legislative measure, be capable of amendment—but at what expense of work and money wasted in the past, at what cost in the future? On the other hand, in the matter of placing an 'unimproved value' upon the sites of railways, canals, docks and waterworks, the Act is incapable of satisfactory amendment. No one can tell the site value of a railway. Is it the agricultural value of the adjoining land? Is the valuer to imagine the permanent way only to be non-existent, or is he also to wipe out the embankment that supports it? Where the railway crosses a river, is he to suppose that two different companies own the strips of land abutting on either bank, or is he to take it that the same railway company owns both strips, with the right to connect them by a bridge? If the former, the site value of the railway can be no greater than that of a strip of pasture beside it. The second hypothesis of course accords more with common sense and with the facts —but if we take the bridge into account, or even the right to construct it, we are not finding the unimproved value of the land. What is the value of the ground occupied by a water-main, or the bed of a canal? Are we to assume the canal filled up again with earth, and cattle feeding upon it, like the Roman Forum in our grandfathers' day?

These are some of the insoluble problems which make it im-

possible to produce a site value for the great statutory undertakings that provide the greater part of our civilised amenities; and they explain why the Legislature in its wisdom has refrained from enacting that in the national valuation the land that they use should be valued at anything but its prime cost. But in exercising this commendable self-restraint, the Legislature—low be it spoken—was merely 'hedging.' The truth is that the case of the railway or the canal is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole attempt to estimate a site value. Great Britain is an old country, and much of its land has been fully improved for hundreds of years; an enormous proportion of it has been in enjoyment of all the improvements it can bear since the days of George the Third, when the great roads and canals were made. Most of our main lines of railway and a great part of the vast network of branch lines have now been in existence for some sixty or seventy years, and there are no large areas of improvable land in England which still remain to be 'opened up' by modern means of communication. Since the days when the use of land was paid for in military service and not in money, the inhabitants of this island have not been in the habit of buying, still less of valuing, land apart from the improvements upon it; and there is no canon in this country, such as there may be among the vast tracts of practically virgin land in Canada or the Antipodes, for ascertaining the unimproved value. Moreover, except for the purpose of sale, Englishmen at any rate are not in the habit of estimating land at a capital value; and even when estimating for sale, they value the land at so many years' purchase of the rent. Rent, or annual value, is the Englishman's ordinary measure of the value of land. All our local rates, all our imperial taxes on land, have long been imposed upon this basis.

Under the Poor Relief Act of 1601, the overseers of the parishes, upon whom that Statute imposed the duty of raising money for the relief of the poor, performed their task by making assessments upon the annual value of land as well as upon personal property; but the difficulty of rating the latter class of property became too great, and towards the end of the eighteenth century assessments on ships and stock-in-trade and personal profits gradually dropped out of use, until they were prohibited by a temporary Act of 1840, which has been continued for various periods to the present day. Until 1910, the basis of annual value, which the overseers adopted because they knew no other, was the only basis of all rates and taxes on land except the death duties. And we know no other basis to-day that is not wholly artificial: a fact of which there can be no better testimony than that of the Land Values Depart-

ment at Somerset House itself, which issued Form IV. It was their task to ascertain capital values of land according to certain definitions, which I have already summarised. It was not their duty to ascertain annual value. Yet when they issued a form of return which was to give them information on matters which may properly be required for the purpose of ascertaining those capital values, they put to owners occupying their own property this question :—'If the person making the return is also the occupier, state the annual value; *i.e.* the sum for which the property is worth *to be let* to a yearly tenant, the owner keeping it in repair.' The words 'to be let' are printed in bold black type. The illegality of this question does not concern us here, for the Court of Appeal has pronounced upon that; the moral lies in this, that the Department, being called upon to make estimates of capital value, think that in order to do so they must try to obtain from the owner an estimate of the annual value, and consider it worth while for that end to run a risk of having the whole proceeding declared to be unauthorised. Can there be stronger evidence that, in England, in any case where no rent exists it is necessary to invent one?

Of the values to be estimated in the National Valuation, the only one which is utilised in the Budget of 1909-10 for the purpose of taxation is the assessable or original site value, and that is used for two only of the new taxes—namely, the increment value duty and the undeveloped land duty. Owing to the ingenuity of the framers of that measure, it is to the interest of the owners to place that value as high as possible for the purposes of increment value duty, and as low as possible for the purposes of undeveloped land duty. It follows, as a corollary which scarcely needs stating, that it is to the interest of the Crown to have the value as low as possible for the one duty; as high as possible for the other. Now these two dilemmas might perhaps co-operate to produce an accurate result, if all the land were being valued at once. But, quite naturally and in order that the taxes may be collected when they fall due, land which is likely to give occasion for the levy of either of these taxes is being valued first; the two taxes are not necessarily now leviable in respect of the same classes of land, and the increment value duty applies of course to many classes of land other than undeveloped land. For the increment value duty is to be collected in respect to any description of land on the occasion of sale, of the grant of a lease for more than fourteen years, of death, and on certain periodical occasions with regard to corporations and other bodies; while the undeveloped land duty is an annual tax levied (if I may put it shortly) on agricultural land which has more than an agricultural value, and on vacant town sites. Consequently, it will only be

in regard to a minority of the pieces of land to be valued in the National Valuation that all the causes named can co-operate to produce accuracy. Value must always be a question of individual estimate, especially when it has to be ascertained upon new and artificial principles. It is clear from ministerial speeches and from the Report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners that Ministers are commendably anxious for the National Valuation to be carried through with as little friction and as little litigation as possible. Now, the way to bring about this desirable end is for the Crown gracefully to give way to those who object or appeal; and to settle figures by way of compromise rather than to allow disputed cases to become public in the Press, or to be brought up in Parliament. In other words, the richer classes of landowners who can afford professional advice and assistance and who take the trouble to employ it very largely have their own way with the valuations, while the poorer or less active persons who are interested in land go to the wall. In this connexion it must not be forgotten that 'owners' of land as defined in the Act of 1910 include leaseholders with more than fifty years unexpired, and it can scarcely be necessary to point out once more that among the owners of English land there is a large proportion of people of small means, who are not 'dukes' in any sense. For all these reasons—and for others which cannot be stated here without excessive technicality—the National Valuation when completed may or may not be a good guide for the assessment of increment value duty and undeveloped land duty; it will not be a record, eternal in the heavens, of the values of land—and it ought not to be made the basis of a general rating or a general taxation for which it was not originally intended to serve.

What reasons then are alleged for making this sudden and fundamental change in a system of local taxation which has grown up gradually during the last three hundred years, which has not been imported from abroad, and which may be presumed therefore to have some relation to the conditions of English land and to the character of the English people? According to the Lord Advocate, in a speech from which the United Committee think it worth while to circulate an extract, these reasons are to be found in the facts that land does not owe its existence to man, that it is limited in quantity, that it is necessary for our existence, for our production, and for the exchange of our products, that it cannot be carried away or concealed. Now these statements are undoubtedly true. But which of them (except perhaps the first) is not true of capital also? It is true that we cannot exist without land; but at this stage of our complicated civilisation, surely it is a useless platitude. We must have land to stand, to sit, to lie down upon; but every one of us must have capital to keep

him alive. Without capital how does the child live until he is strong enough to ply a spade? On the wages of his father, it may be said. But how does his father earn wages, unless there be capital invested in the business that keeps him employed? If he were not paid until the corn grown on the field that he has ploughed comes into the market, until the house of which he helped to lay the foundations is let, who would support his child in the meantime? But it is a waste of time to deal with these absurdities; they need only to be stated. In the twentieth century we do not live upon the berries that we can gather off wild bushes, nor yet upon the milk of our own goats. Not one of us could, in this intricate world of ours, remain alive beyond the next meal-time if he were not supported by capital—his own or another's. Of course capital is a necessity of production and of exchange; equally of course, capital, so much at any rate as is invested in buildings and machinery, cannot be carried away or concealed.

So far Mr. Ure's dogmas are true, but true of capital as well as of land. There are, however, two more of his 'reasons' of which the same cannot be said. 'Land does not owe its value to anything which its owner chooses to spend upon it. Land owes its value entirely to the presence and activity and existence of the community.' I hesitate to say that these statements are untrue, because I should be answered that the word 'land' was used in the sense of 'unimproved land.' But if the word is used in this sense, then they contain no practical truth; for no man in England can wholly separate the land from the improvements, and no man—other than an ardent partisan of Land Values taxation—uses the word 'land' as meaning anything else than the land as he sees it, covered with dwelling houses or factories if it be town land; drained, embanked, fenced, if it be agricultural land. Moreover these sentences assume that all the enhanced value of land which is due to improvements on other land is due to the expenditure of the community; and such is not the fact. If you value a whole estate at once, you may in rare cases find that any margin of value which it possesses above 'prairie value' is due to the community. But if, as you almost always must (and as the National Valuation does), you value the estate in many separate pieces, you will find that a great part of the enhanced value of each piece of land is due to the personal expenditure of the owner, or of adjoining owners. For instance, it is the owner who has paid for the sewering, paving and making up of the new streets; it is the owner and his neighbours who have paid for the walls and channels by which lands are reclaimed from sea and river and marsh; a railway is extended to serve a suburban district which would not otherwise have been developed for years to come, it is the owners of the railway who have paid for the

extension. 'But land-owning' (I quote from 'Form IV.—What next?') 'is not an industry: it is a form of idleness, which is usually profitable, but is about as wealth-producing an occupation as snoring.'

'It is land-using that gives employment to labour, and adds to the sum total of wealth,' that publication goes on to say; but does not explain how 'land-using' can be done without capital, or why land-users should be penalised if they are also the owners of land. The pamphlets are eloquent in their denunciation of the penalties imposed upon industry by the present system of rating, and tell us constantly how (under the present system) anyone improving land, by the erection of a factory and so on, is immediately fined by being rated upon the improved annual value. The person who invests his capital in a business—such as shipping or stockbroking—which does not require the use of much land, is 'fined' by the income-tax; and the doctor, the barrister, even the Chancellor of the Exchequer—whose efforts (or the efforts of some of them) are, it may be hoped, equally beneficial to the community—are 'fined' in the same way. So is the man who saves money out of his earned income, and the dividends from whose investments are taxed at the higher rate as 'unearned income.' The sympathies of the United Committee are not extended to these hardworking and thrifty individuals; but only to those classes who are assumed to be lessees of land, and whose 'fines' they hope to transfer to the landlords. The facts that people who improve lands by starting new industries frequently buy land for the purpose before doing so, and that even in England the leasehold system is far from being universal, appear to have escaped their notice.

Among a list of '100 Reasons for Taxing Land Values' I find that thereby 'Canal and Railway Nationalisation will be made equitable, Cruelty to Children diminished, Rural Depopulation stopped, Milk Supply improved, Income Tax unnecessary, Street Noises diminished, Suicides lessened, House of Lords abolished if desired, Beautiful Landscape Scenery preserved, Women Workers benefited, Leasehold Enfranchisement unnecessary.' Of these results then, the land-taxers have made sure; and it seems scarcely fair to enquire drily about less romantic matters. But nowhere do I find any information, or any serious discussion, upon such questions as—Whether the parish, or the county, or the Kingdom is to be the area of the new taxation? What is to be done with regard to existing contracts? Is the landlord who has let his land on a ninety-nine years' lease to be taxed now, when forty years of the lease are unexpired, upon an unimproved value, which has been made by his exertions or those of his neighbours far greater than it was sixty years ago,

but which he has no chance of enjoying for another forty years?—or is the tenant to pay? How is the new taxation to deal with the site value of land which increases because a new factory is placed upon it, and because therefore the 'presence and activity' of the community come in the course of years to surround it? When the present owners who are said to 'hold up' property have been forced by the new taxation to sell their lands for purposes of industry or residence (and that is one of the avowed objects of these proposals), is the new owner to pay the site value rate, or is the new lessee? Builders of dwelling houses, and even of industrial buildings, raise money on mortgage to enable them to build; how will existing and future mortgages be affected by all the taxation being put upon the value of the site? How are we to prevent the placing of an enormously increased burden upon genuine agricultural land, which appears almost inevitable if the taxation upon land used for railways and other industrial purposes is to be based upon unimproved value?

These are a few of the many and grave questions which must arise in the mind of anyone who has experience of the tenure, the use, or the value of English land, whether agricultural or industrial, urban or rural, if he sets himself seriously to consider the proposals to levy rates on the basis of the National Valuation and to levy a budget tax on all Land Values. Some of these problems are ignored by the advocates of the new proposals; some are only mentioned to be thrust aside. True, it is claimed that the real objects of that party or group are to redress existing inequalities of rating and taxation, to remove burdens which hamper industry, and to increase the housing accommodation of the poorer classes. But until they show that they are determined to face the problems that have been indicated, and to solve them if they are capable of solution, it is difficult to believe that their main object is anything else but gradually, and by stages which they hope will be imperceptible, to appropriate to the State the whole annual profits of the land; in other words, to deprive the present owners of all the advantages of ownership and to leave them (for all compensation) the mere name, coupled perhaps with some of the duties, of ownership.

'It is desirable,' says the Fourth Report, 'that rent should be made a public fund. . . . The whole of the increase [in rent] would gradually be taken for the public, and thus the whole benefit would go to the community.' The words belong to the jargon of a certain school of political economy. Translated into the vernacular, they can only mean that the time is at hand to take from the owner of land the whole of his income, and to give him nothing in return.

E. M. KONSTAM.

ORATORIO VERSUS OPERA

A REPLY

I HOPE I may not be considered unduly captious if, in discussing Mr. Heathcote Statham's article on Oratorio *versus* Opera, which appeared in the April number of this Review, I venture to disagree with almost everything that he has said. Perhaps, on the contrary, the very dissimilarity of my opinions may serve to establish me as a more sincere and honourable opponent than one who rushes into controversy with no justification beyond a constitutional tendency towards combativeness.

Mr. Statham's contentions, if I read him aright, are as follow:

(*a*) That Oratorio is going out of fashion, and is now considered by the musically cultured to be *bourgeois* and middle-class.

(*b*) That Oratorio is of more intrinsic musical value than Opera.

(*c*) That any air from an oratorio would not gain by the addition of stage setting and costume.

(*d*) That there is a dearth of first-rate Oratorio singers at the present day, with the inference that Opera has swallowed them up.

(*e*) That, while Oratorio is the highest form of music, Handel is its greatest exponent.

I propose to take these contentions one by one, in the order in which I have named them, and point out what seem to be their fallacies or weaknesses in the light of fact and reason.

(*a*) That Oratorio is going out of fashion and is now considered by the musically cultured to be *bourgeois* and middle-class.

I am not, I confess, sufficiently conversant with the views of the musically cultured to express an opinion on the fashionableness or otherwise of Oratorio at the present time. But I do emphatically protest against the implication that because it is beginning to be appreciated by the masses it is necessarily taking a lower place than it is entitled to. The improvement in the musical taste of the English general public during the

last few years has been incredible; and I say without hesitation that appreciation by that public of any branch of musical art, far from diminishing its glory, is, on the contrary, a feather in its cap. I am not of those who would decry the public taste. The public are the last court of appeal, not only in the matter of taste but in the still more important matter of that broad and profound *humanity* which is the soul of all true art. The cultured few may be, and are, subject to caprice. Almost any new-risen star may become the fashion; and although in the dazzling light of his eccentricity the old suns may pale for a time, it is only to shine forth with redoubled strength and splendour when the pretentious youngster has suffered eclipse. To be out of fashion is not to be out of popularity, and *sustained* popularity is the only true hall-mark of greatness.

Is Oratorio becoming unpopular, then? I do not think so. I believe it is as popular as ever it was. I have repeatedly seen huge concert halls in the leading provincial towns all over the country packed to their utmost capacity to hear performances of *Elijah*, *Messiah*, and other works. As for the Handel Festival, if, as Mr. Statham asserts, it is the subject of cheap sneers I can only say that I have seldom heard them. In any case, they prove little. A man may like Handel's music or he may not, just as he may enjoy a Waverley novel or the reverse; choral music may appeal to him, or his inclinations may tend towards the purely orchestral. If he is a man who is addicted to sneers he may possibly sneer. You can find plenty of people to poke cheap fun at any particular form of entertainment which does not appeal to them; but the curious thing is that Mr. Statham, who has been so outraged by the sneers of the anti-Handelians, has not scrupled to resort to the same form of criticism himself when speaking of Richard Wagner's operas. To refer to the Walkürenritt scene as 'a passage of a string of spectacular rocking-horses' is as sensible as to describe football as 'kicking a piece of leather between a couple of sticks,' and about as illuminating.

It will be seen, then, at the outset that I disagree with the fundamental postulate of Mr. Statham's attack. I do not believe that Oratorio is waning in popularity, in whatever direction the capricious tide of musical fashion may set. But, even if it were so waning, if Mr. Statham's premise were correct, I should still fail to see that the rather odious comparisons he has tried to draw between Oratorio and Opera have any real bearing on the subject whatever. And this brings me plump upon his second contention, viz:

(*b*) That Oratorio is of more intrinsic musical value than Opera.

Now, to compare two branches of an art so widely dissimilar as Oratorio and Opera is almost as difficult an operation as to compare two entirely different arts. The task is, in fact, a well-nigh impossible one. But if we are to seek for the highest intrinsic value in music *qua* music, we shall surely find it in Symphony, Sonata, or Fugue, wherein no verbal or dramatic adjuncts are present to embarrass our judgment. Mr. Statham, however, prefers to base his comparison on the two first-named fields of the art. Let us hear what he has to remark on their respective merits. He says:

> Like most of us in the present day who think at all, I have passed beyond the phase of belief which belonged to Evangelical Christianity; and yet, in listening to *Messiah*, so intense, and so true in spirit seems both its song of tragedy and of triumph, so complete the scheme and development of the whole, that one is almost persuaded to accept it all again, for the moment at least, in the old spirit of unquestioning faith. At all events, when we consider what has been the significance to mankind of the Christian Story, one may be allowed to question whether an oratorio setting it forth in so sincere and so dramatic a manner, and suggesting to the mind ideas of Divine love, of the reign of righteousness on earth and of eternal life hereafter—whether this is not, on the whole, rather a higher subject of contemplation than an opera in which we make the acquaintance of singing dragons, real horses and rocking-horses, and in which one of the most important incidents is that of an unnatural amour between brother and sister, suggested in a scene of over-wrought passion which, with its direction at the end for the curtain to 'fall quickly,' is all but indecent.

This is, perhaps, a more amazing paragraph than any that have preceded it. What on earth has Mr. Statham's temporary lapse into Evangelicalism got to do with the subject? The emotion was a purely æsthetic one, and proves nothing. There are people in abundance who become devotional at the first whiff of incense, who will surrender the most cherished prejudices of a lifetime under the influence of a hymn shouted in unison by ten thousand throats. In this age of missions and revivals we all know the value of that kind of emotionalism. In the next place, who would dream of denying or seeking to deny that the story of the Divine tragedy is 'a higher subject of contemplation' than the mythical one of Siegmund and Sieglinde? But has the moral altitude of the subject any relation to the artistic treatment? The whole comparison is absurd. Why does not Mr. Statham carry his illustration a step further and compare *The Quaker Girl* with *Hamlet*, to the lasting detriment and damnation of the former? If he cares to do so, it is pretty safe to assume that the authors of the musical comedy will not feel aggrieved. With regard to the 'unnatural amour' which has so outraged Mr. Statham's moral sense, and by which he doubtless refers to the extremely

beautiful love scene in *Die Walküre*, may I point out to him that the two participants were not aware of their relationship when they fell in love and that, in any case, nothing can detract from the beauty of the music that accompanies their 'over-wrought passion'? Will Mr. Statham deny the fineness of some of the passages in *The Cenci* because of the subject, or denounce the *Hippolytus* on similar grounds?

Under this heading also we may include Mr. Statham's objection that Opera is more unnatural than Oratorio, in that the action is frequently impeded to allow the hero or heroine to express their feelings in a lengthened solo? The exact value of this comparison may be gauged by the reflexion that in Oratorio there is no action to impede, and that if 'continuity of narrative' be substituted for 'action' in the argument, we shall find that the frequent repetition of words and phrases impede it in precisely the same way.

Be it understood I hold no special brief for Opera, nor am I conscious, on the other hand, of any perverse and bigoted objection to Oratorio. It is against the bringing of the two into fighting range, as it were, that I lodge my protest. Mr. Statham, I take it, has set out to condemn prejudice, but he seems to me to exude prejudices at every stroke of the pen.

> It may be admitted at once [he says] that Opera is a more exciting form of musical entertainment than Oratorio. But if we consider the matter impartially, I think it will be found that this more exciting character resides in an appeal to the senses rather than to the intellect.

But does not Mr. Statham clearly acknowledge a similar appeal to 'the senses' existent in Oratorio when, in listening to *Messiah*, he temporarily accepts as gospel truth a legend which his 'intellect' has long ago rejected? He is scarcely consistent. Again:

> In Oratorio we depend entirely on the characterisation given by the music. The aspect of the scenes and personages, the nature of the incidents in the narrative, is only suggested to the imagination by the music. In Opera the scenes and the personages are represented to the sense of sight by artificial means of which the artificiality is always obvious enough. In consequence music in Opera is no longer a purely abstract art addressed to the imagination; it is clogged with the accompaniment of an inadequate and rather tawdry realism. The result, be it admitted, is brilliant and captivating to the senses, especially of those whose imaginative faculties are somewhat sluggish.

Now with all respect to Mr. Statham's intentions I question whether there is any real meaning in this statement; or, if there is, that it has any bearing on the subject under discussion. To begin with, he credits the listener with too much imagination in the case of Oratorio and with too little in the

matter of Opera. From both points of view he is wrong. Not one person in a million, were he set down to hear the music of a work in either branch of art, sung in a language with which he was unfamiliar, would have the slightest notion of what it was about unless he had a previous knowledge of the story to assist him; while, on the other hand, it scarcely follows that a man who likes a scenic background for his music is necessarily possessed of a sluggish imagination.

Again, why must stage realism be 'tawdry' and 'inadequate'? That the Covent Garden representations of certain operas—notably *The Ring*—have not been up to the best standard I willingly admit, but in Germany one may witness productions wherein the art of scenery and effects is carried to the highest conceivable pitch of excellence. If scenic effect is 'tawdry realism' in Opera then it is tawdry realism in a theatre; and you may as well turn plays into readings and let scenic artists and stage carpenters swell the list of unemployed. With regard to the acting too, though there is much in Mr. Statham's cuts at the histrionic mediocrity of some of our leading operatic stars, let him take a trip through some of the smaller towns of Italy, and he will find actors and actresses in abundance. In any case it is quite unfair to condemn Opera on the ground that the perfect combination of the three arts demanded by it—the combination of good singing, good acting, and good staging—is not always to be found. Mr. Statham has forgotten to take into consideration the essential functions of Opera and the artistic needs which it sets out to supply.

(*c*) That any air from an oratorio would not gain by the addition of stage setting and costume.

Here, for once, I am entirely in accord with Mr. Statham, although I was not aware that anyone had ever suggested the opposite. In hammering home this rather obvious statement, however, he proceeds to complicate it. He says:

> Can anyone seriously imagine that the immortal air 'Farewell, ye limpid springs,' could gain anything in effect if sung by Jephtha's daughter in Jewish costume before a property altar of sacrifice; that 'O ruddier than the cherry' would gain by being sung by a man made up as a Cyclops, or that the singer of 'Lord God of Abraham' could put more effect into it by masquerading in the mantle of the prophet? Such songs are addressed to the feeling and imagination of the listener; to try to make them appeal to his visual organs also would merely be to drag them down from a poetic to a prosaic plane.

But why 'prosaic'? What have our poor inoffensive eyes done that their functions should be classed so far below those of the ear? And *is* it any argument against Opera that an excerpt from an entirely different range of musical art would

not gain by being treated dramatically? I once heard the opening scene of *Das Rheingold* sung as a cantata, and very ineffective it was; but I would not affirm on that account that Oratorio is a less worthy form of music than Opera.

(*d*) That there is a dearth of first-rate Oratorio singers at the present day, with the inference that Opera has swallowed them up.

Mr. Statham deplores the absence of worthy successors to Sims Reeves, Santley, and Madame Trebelli. According to him there are now no Oratorio singers who are worth their salt. Now of course it goes without saying that the history of every art will record periods of mediocrity, and a retrospect of the annals of music affords no exception to the rule. It would be strange indeed if it were otherwise; nay more, it would be undesirable. A perpetual golden age would inevitably tend to eliminate the stimulating influences of competition and appreciative interest; or, in other words, if every man were six feet high and as strong as a horse the world would be a dull place. And yet, without seeking to detach one laurel from the crowns of the above-mentioned artists, there are still a few names that rise to my mind—Robert Radford, Andrew Black, Ada Crossley, to instance only a few—which should not, perhaps, be entirely overlooked; and if others, again, have drifted into Opera may one ask why not? If Opera suits their artistic needs; if they feel that their ability to express themselves, their power of using their gifts to the best advantage, lies in that direction, in heaven's name why should they resist the inclination?

(*e*) That, while Oratorio is the highest form of music, Handel is its greatest exponent.

It will be obvious to anyone who has perused Mr. Statham's article that he is as rabidly pro-Handel as he is anti-Wagner, but I doubt whether he would not have made out quite as good a case for his idol without being at such pains to eliminate any possible rival claims for the first place. In a somewhat extravagantly written page of eulogium Mr. Statham, after placing Handel above Mozart and Rossini, proceeds to say:

> As a writer for solo voices Bach, whatever his ardent worshippers of to-day may believe, has no claim to be named with Handel. His moral tone, his intent, is indeed of the highest, but his style was all formed on the organ, and he writes for solo voices as if he were writing for a solo stop on the organ. People cannot see this at present because they are under the influence of a fashionable cult of Bach; they will possibly find it out presently.

Precisely; when they possess Mr. Statham's enlightened vision. But what about the intellectual appeal which Mr.

Statham has upheld as the requisite attribute of music, and the one which Opera so sadly lacks? Can one conceive a purer, sterner, more sincere intellectuality than is to be found in Bach's music?

Mendelssohn, be sure, has not escaped Mr. Statham's uncompromising blue pencil. His claims to the highest honours are swept away with a ruthless hand. Even the inclusion of one item from his pen in a Handel Festival programme is a serious cause of offence. We are told, in fact, that Mendelssohn cannot be considered on the same plane as Handel; but since he shares this indignity with Mozart, Rossini, and Bach, he appears to be in tolerably good company!

Now all this may be very edifying and instructive; it may even be to some extent true, but surely there is only a very small minority that seeks to deny Handel his rightful place in the list of choral music writers. To extol him at the expense of others—more especially of those who have excelled in an entirely different branch of the art—is pure waste of time. As our trans-Atlantic cousins happily put it, it 'cuts no ice.' Why must Wagner, for instance, be held up to ridicule because Handel wrote *Messiah*? It would seem at first sight a hopelessly impossible task to compare the two men. Yet Mr. Statham finds it quite easy. Not content with his disparaging reference to *Die Walküre*, he attacks in turn Wagner's sense of humour, his *leit-motiv* system, and finally his *libretti*. Now, that the Teutonic humour is apt to be heavy I readily admit; but if Mr. Statham really fails to find the elements of a very genuine and spontaneous comedy in *Die Meistersinger*, I fear he has allowed his prejudice to stifle whatever sense of humour he may himself possess. Perhaps he has never seen the opera really well performed. But he should remember that it is in the score, rather than the *libretto*, that the humour should be sought. A musical sense of humour, moreover, is not everyone's gift, and it is just possible that Mr. Statham has got out of his depth. But with regard to these *libretti*. Has Mr. Statham any right to say that 'he does not know how absurd they may be in German' because in a bad translation he considers them 'portentous claptrap'? I think I am safe in asserting that Wagner's rhythmical verse is far and away above the average standard of opera *libretti*. A very cursory acquaintance with the German language should be sufficient to establish this fact if one has any ear worth mentioning.

Over the *leit-motiv* question our critic is, as ever, sternly censorious. These 'labels,' he remarks, 'produce rather the impression of having been arbitrarily chosen; they do not in themselves express character; they only notify the presence

or the entrance of a special personage to whom a special phrase belongs, by which he is, as it were, hall-marked.' Let me beg Mr. Statham to reconsider this ill-advised assertion. To begin with, the *leit-motiven* depict not only personages but incidents and things as well. They represent, in fact, a very intricate and delicate system which only a thorough Wagnerian student can adequately comprehend. To dismiss them airily as 'labels' is not only childish but unfair. Has Mr. Statham studied *Parsifal*? Has he grasped, or attempted to grasp, the extraordinary poetic sequence of the *Trauermarsch* in *Götterdämmerung*, where each separate incident of Siegfried's life is expressed in musical form, yet never once loses its symphonic continuity? Is there no character in the Brünhilde *motiv*, in the themes associated with the God of Fire, the dwarfs and the Rhine maidens, or in the incomparable love-phrase which opens the *Vorspiel* to *Tristan und Isolde*? The *leit-motiv* is the very foundation-stone of the whole fabric of operatic reform which Wagner spent his life in effecting. But since musical reform and progress are the last things Mr. Statham seems to desire, this argument will scarcely appeal to him. His dislike for the 'modern school' is apparent in every line he has written. Doubtless the old recitative and aria methods in Opera are more to his taste, although they surely 'impeded the action' far more than the Wagner system of music-drama. Yet why—one feels impelled to ask—why this strenuous and single-minded devotion to the antique? Veneration for the monuments of past ages is all very well in its way, but may it not be carried to excess? There is, one ventures to hope, such a thing as progress, room for improvement in every art. The ancients were modern in their day.

It may be that I have wandered from the point; but, if this is so, I must be excused on the ground that Mr. Statham wanders from it so frequently that I cannot criticise his statements thoroughly without following whither he has led. It is no mission of mine to defend modern Opera, nor indeed the Opera of any particular age. The real point at issue is the comparative merit of Oratorio and Opera, and I say again that I fail to see where Mr. Statham has adduced any convincing arguments to prove his point. He has plenty of grievances—I have endeavoured as accurately as I can to enumerate them—but in what exact relation these grievances stand to each other it is extremely difficult to discover. Whether it is the supposed waning of Handel's popularity that weighs most heavily upon his mind, or the present 'cult of Bach'—he assures us that it exists—or the meretricious attractions of the Wagnerian legends with their 'dragons' and 'rocking-horses,' I leave the

readers of his article to decide. But I should prefer to believe that the real cause of his revolt against the music-lovers of the day is a temperamental one. For he says, it will be observed: 'What is wanted is amusement and novelty; a perfectly legitimate want, only it must not be mistaken for a craving for what is highest and most serious in musical art.'

And herein, I fancy, must be the secret of Mr. Statham's distress. It is the spirit of the age he is inveighing against: that trivial condition of mind which prompts the public to nibble at the dainty tit-bits of *The Ring* rather than test the more solid and nutritive properties of the Hallelujah Chorus. But may there not be ample room for both? That is the final question I would ask Mr. Statham. If he had laid less stress on this point, if he had eliminated that little word *versus* from his title and from his mind, I should have had fewer bones to pick with him. For, although the waning popularity of Oratorio may conceivably be a debatable point, I maintain that the notion of Opera coming into direct opposition to it is one on which there cannot possibly be two opinions.

WILLIAM HEWLETT.

THE ACTION OF WOMEN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A good deal has been written and said lately on the subject of women and politics, but little or no allusion has been made to the most important occasion on which they have exercised political power, and the object of this article is to enquire into the former position of women on that score in France, the arrangements which were made to increase their influence at the time of the Revolution, and the results of their action on public life. The authorities consulted have been chiefly Aulard and Taine, Acton and Morley. The valuable article written by the first of these in the *Revue Bleue* (March 19, 1898) is most interesting and informing.

As a matter of fact, the participation of women in the suffrage in France was not a new idea in 1788 when first referred to by Condorcet. Women possessing fiefs had votes in the provincial and municipal assemblies. In the 20th article of the royal mandate of January 24, 1789, it is said: 'Women, including unmarried women and widows, and minors of noble birth, provided that the said women, unmarried women, widows, and minors possess fiefs, can be represented by representatives of noble birth.' And the 12th article of the same mandate authorises a similar representation for regular ecclesiastical communities of both sexes, also for chapters and communities of unmarried women. Under these arrangements the deputies of the nobility and the clergy to the States-General owed their election partly to the votes of women. From this time onwards there were many pamphlets and petitions on this subject not, however, very radical or socialistic in their tendency. These have been mentioned by M. Chanin in his *Génie de la Révolution*, and by M. Amédée de la Faure in a small work called *Le Socialisme dans la Révolution*, both published in 1863.

It is perhaps difficult to write of the influence of women at this period without mentioning Marie Antoinette, who was a prominent factor in the great struggle, and whose personal charm and the perplexities of whose character have awakened as much contention and romance as those of Helen of Troy or Mary

Stuart. Persons of our own day who are advanced in years have lived to see a great change of feeling in the sentiment with which she was regarded. They were brought up on what a great writer calls the 'immortal vision of Edmund Burke,' the tender and pathetic stories of Madame Campan, and the recollections of the old who had spoken to her amid the last glories of Versailles. They have lived to see that same great writer describe her conduct to the noble Turgot and the virtuous Malesherbes, and to say that the character of the Queen had far more concern in the character of the first five years of the Revolution than had the character of Robespierre. Lord Acton, who on the whole takes a kindlier view of her character, says that the advice she gave in decisive moments was disastrous, that she had no belief in the rights of nations, and that she plotted war and destruction against her own people. That with many attractive qualities she had curiously false instincts as to character, and was absolutely unfitted for political power, are facts that, with our later knowledge, it is hardly possible to deny. In private life her beauty and charm and her warm affections might have led to a happier end; in politics her mistakes were ruinous to herself and disastrous to France.

Meantime the Revolution went on in the provinces much assisted by the women whether they had votes or not. In the four months which preceded the taking of the Bastille there were more than three hundred riots in France, in most of which the women took the lead.[1]

At first it was principally a demand for corn. At Montlhéry the women tore the sacks of corn open with their scissors. Efforts were made to guard the wheat going from one place to another, but in vain. Troops of men and women armed with guns and axes lay in ambush in the woods by the wayside and seized the horses attached to the grain-carts. At Viroflay thirty women with a supporting guard of men stopped all the vehicles on the high road supposed to be carrying corn. At La Seyne the populace assembled to the sound of the drum, the women brought a bier in front of the house of one of the principal citizens, telling him to prepare for death, and that they would do him the honour of burying him. He managed to escape, but the chief of the band forced the inhabitants to give him money to indemnify the peasants who had left their work and employed their day for the public good.

On the 14th of July 1789 the Bastille was taken, the women of the better class, elegantly dressed,[2] looking on from the Place de la Bastille, those who assisted the mob to rush it showing their

[1] Taine, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaines*, vol. i.
[2] Taine, *Souvenirs Manuscrits de M. X. Témoin Oculaire.*

teeth and threatening with their fists.[3] The news from Paris seems to have excited the provinces still more. At Troyes, on the 18th of July, the peasants refused to pay the octroi, which had been suppressed in Paris. On the 27th of August they invaded the Hôtel de Ville. M. Huez, the mayor, was an amiable and benevolent man. He was injured severely, and at length thrown down the great staircase. A priest who wished to offer him the consolations of religion was repulsed and beaten. A woman trod on his face and pushed her scissors into his eyes.

At Caen, Major de Belsance, in spite of a safe-conduct, was cut in small pieces; a woman ate his heart.[4]

On the 21st of July 1789, at Cherbourg, two highwaymen led the women of the faubourg, foreign sailors, the population of the port, and a number of soldiers, in the smocks of working men. They devastated the houses of the principal merchants. Everywhere there was the same instinct of destruction. At Nouay the master of the château and his son-in-law were seized, brutally massacred, and the village children carried their heads about to the sound of music. These events were isolated in the west, the centre, and the south, but Alsace, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, Mâconnais, Beaujolais, Auvergne, Viennois, Dauphiné, resembled a perpetually exploding mine.

So much for the provinces. The Palais Royal had been for some time in a state of excitement, and attempting to gain the soldiers over by the lowest means; money was distributed, it was said, by intriguing persons who got hold of the Duke of Orleans, whom they were draining of millions under pretext of gratifying his ambitions.

On the 5th of October the women of the Palais Royal had assembled the previous night in white with hair dressed and powdered, laughing, singing, and dancing; three or four were known by their names. Théroigne de Méricourt organised a band of women of bad character and marched, brandishing a sword. Madeleine or Louison Chabry, a pretty flower-girl, was selected to speak to the King. They were joined by washerwomen, beggars, and fishwomen, and the crowd went on increasing. The wives of respectable citizens were in many cases forced to join under threats of having their hair cut.

Their first object was the Hôtel de Ville, where they forced the guard, burnt papers and writings, and stole 200,000 francs in notes. At the Place de Grève the crowd augmented, Millard, who had helped to take the Bastille, offered to lead them, and seven or eight thousand women and some hundreds of men started for Versailles. They were admitted into the assembly,

[3] *Récit du commandant des 32 Suisses.*
[4] *Mercure de France*, September 26, 1789.

and insulted the President and the *députés*. The place of the former was taken by a woman.

At last the deputies went to the King and forced him to accept the Declaration of Rights, as set forth on the 4th of August. Meanwhile the women had succeeded in seducing the regiments, and gave way to unspeakable threats and brutalities, chiefly directed against the Queen. Lafayette arrived with the National Guard in a doubtful state of loyalty, and followed by a mob of the worthless and violent. After watching over affairs all night, he snatched an hour's rest at 5 o'clock in the morning, which was the signal for an outbreak. A band of ruffians made their way into the palace. The guards were butchered, and some fled. The Queen was saved by the gallantry and courage of Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, her sentry, who died at his post. A few hours after, the same crowd loudly applauded Lafayette, who appeared on the balcony with the Queen and kissed her hand. The royal family travelled to Paris at a foot's pace, surrounded by the victorious women, and took seven hours to reach the Tuileries.

I feel that I should perhaps apologise for writing about so much that is generally known; but I observe in modern accounts of the Revolution a great tendency to minimise the action of the women, and also to pass over deeds of violence and cruelty in the lightest way. It is quite true that they are unpleasant reading, but this generation requires to be reminded of the danger, the extraordinary contagion, and the unexpectedness of violence. Robespierre himself, not many years before he deluged France with blood, resigned his position as judge in the episcopal court at Arras in a fit of remorse after condemning a murderer to death.

After the above very decided political action in 1789, Condorcet took the cause of the women in hand, having previously done so in 1788. He published an article in the *Journal de la Société* of 1789, 'Sur l'admission de la femme au droit de la cité,' which is, says M. Aulard, not only a curious feminist manifesto but *the* feminist manifesto *par excellence*, the germ of the whole of the present feminist movement being found in his strong and well-reasoned pages. Condorcet ended by saying: 'The equality of rights established among men in our new constitution has caused eloquent declamation and endless jokes, but let anyone show me a natural difference between men and women on which the exclusion of a right can be founded.'[5] This desire of Condorcet was not gratified, though his manifesto was much discussed in the salons, in the clubs, and at the Cercle Social. This last, started at the Palais Royal by the Abbé Fauchet, a gentle

[5] Those who care to read the whole essay will find it in the Appendix to *Critical Essays* by John Morley, 1878.

and eloquent man, who dreamed of Christian Socialism, was founded on the lines of the Freemasons. Women were admitted to this society and crowded into it. But when the question of the Rights of Women was discussed the atmosphere was hostile. A month later a gentleman named Rousseau ventured to speak at the Cercle Social in favour of women. He was interrupted with violence. According to the *Orateur du Peuple*, a foreign lady remarkable for her distinguished appearance spoke, and asked that for the sake of French gallantry the speaker might go on. She was applauded, but the sitting was stopped. 'Then,' remarks the same newspaper, 'the foreigner saw herself surrounded, caressed and thanked by nearly all the female citizens present.' 'You have been till now,' she said, 'the companions of men enervated by the sentiments of corrupt slaves. As Frenchmen have become like Romans, imitate the virtues and the patriotism of Roman ladies.' This person was a Dutchwoman, named Etta Palm, by marriage Aelders. She seems to have converted the Cercle Social to feminism, since her speech was published and sent to various municipalities, among others to Creil. This town conferred on her the title of honorary member of the National Guard. The insignia were presented solemnly at a meeting at the Cercle Social, with speeches suitable to the occasion. 'The medal that you have awarded me shall be the sword of honour which shall repose on my coffin,' said the recipient.

In 1792, at the fête of July, Olympe de Gouges appeared at the head of a female corps, most of them armed. In that year and in 1793 there were many women who enrolled themselves dressed as men in the French armies. Others assisted the men in their revolutionary work. On the 8th of June 1795 the most repulsive crime of the whole Revolution, the demoralisation and torture of a child, came to its sad end. Louis XVII. died. M. Poumies de la Siboutie, in a recently published memoir, says: 'The cobbler Simon was not a bad fellow, and but for his wife's influence would have treated the child kindly enough. The wife, however, was a cruel wretch, who had taken part with ghoulish enjoyment in all the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution. She lived on till 1840, and died in the Hospice des Incurables.'

The greater part of the democrats at the head of affairs avoided pronouncing theoretically on the question of female suffrage. The clubs of women, as opposed to the clubs of men, were considered an unsocial and sterilising system, and patriots with warm hearts and elevated ideas preferred what they considered the beautiful and fruitful proposal of the association of men and women. I speak of the fraternal societies of both sexes, which

played so important a part in the detail of democratic and Republican Government.

One point M. Aulard brings out strongly, and to many persons it will be a novel one—that is, the way in which the Revolutionary Government clung to the idea of a Constitutional King. The beginnings of actual Republicanism were very small, and Camille Desmoulins till 1790 found no echo. When the suspicion grew that Louis XVI. had betrayed France, and had a secret understanding with the expatriated nobles and with Austria, it was then, and then alone, that some persons began to believe that the only method of maintaining the Revolution was to suppress the monarchy.

In September 1790 a man of letters, afterwards at the time of the Convention a deputy for Paris, published a pamphlet entitled *Du Peuple et des Rois*, in which he said 'I am a Republican, and I write against Kings. I am a Republican, and was one before my birth.'

There were soon others of his opinion. In the issue of the 1st of October 1790 the *Mercure National* subscribes to the conclusions of this pamphlet. This paper, very little known, was of great importance, not only because it was well informed on matters of foreign politics, but because it was the organ of the Republican party at the very outset, and the organ also of the salon of a woman of letters in which the nucleus of this party was formed. I speak of Madame Robert, daughter of the Chevalier Guynement de Keralio, professor at the Military College, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and editor of the *Journal des Savants*. Following the example of her mother, who was an authoress, she published novels, historical works, and translations. She married François Robert at the age of thirty-three. He was an advocate, born at Liège, who had become French and very French, his talents perhaps but mediocre, but a loyal man and a frank, an ardent revolutionary,[6] a member of the Jacobin Club and the Cordeliers Club, who later on represented the Department of Paris in the Convention.

A volume by him *Le Républicanisme adapté à la France* appeared in 1790, and met with widespread attention and aided the formation of a Republican party.

Madame Roland, who had no love for Madame Robert and made fun of her dress, says in her Memoirs that she was 'a little, spiritual (? witty) woman, intelligent and ingenious.' A patriot in 1790, but a democrat patriot when so many others were content with the bourgeois system established in 1789, and a Republican patriot when Madame Roland was still supporting the monarchy,

[6] Aulard, vol. i.

Madame Robert seems to have been the foundress of the Republican party, which had thus by December 1790 come into being. It was not recruited from the suburbs or the workshops, its origins were in no sense popular. The Republic men were beginning to preach was of middle-class, almost aristocratic origin, and the first Republicans were a handful of refined and well-educated people, a woman of letters, a noble Academician, an advocate, some adventurous pamphleteers; an elect group, but a group so small that they could almost sit on one sofa, that of Madame Robert.[7]

The societies of both sexes may be said to have started the Republican party in France, which was organised after the flight of the Royal family to Varennes. As long as these dual committees lasted in 1790 and 1791 the influence of women in the party appears to have been great, but it gradually sank into lower and worse hands, and the women wished to act alone.[8]

The Society of revolutionary and Republican women, founded July 1793, and presided over first by Citoyenne Rousand, then by Citoyenne Champion, was not well looked on by the Convention of the Jacobins. The Section of the Markets denounced to the Committee of Public Safety the eccentricity of some of these women, who, dressed as men, wearing trousers and the red cap of Liberty, walked on the 28th of October through the markets and under the slaughter-houses of the Innocents. They were accused of having insulted other women and of having endeavoured to force them to adopt the same costume. There were quarrels and a gathering of 6000 women.

At the sitting of the Convention on the 30th of October a number of female citizens were admitted to the bar, who presented a petition in which they complained of women, ostensibly revolutionary, who wished to compel them to wear the red cap of Liberty. The President (Moise Bayle) observed : ' The Convention can only applaud your request. The Committee of Public Safety is occupied with this subject. The Convention invites you to the honour of attending the sitting.' Then Fabre d'Eglantine got up and complained bitterly of the revolutionary women, saying that the clubs were not composed of women leading family lives of wives and mothers, but of adventuresses, single women, and female grenadiers. He moved that no citizen was to be compelled to dress other than as he pleased. He promised that Amar should give them his report later. A woman turned back to beg that women might be prevented forming clubs, as a woman had ruined France.

[7] Miall's trans of *Aulard.*
[8] *Revue Bleue,* March 19, 1898, Aulard.

Two days after, Amar told the Convention that the Committee of Public Safety had demanded whether women could exercise political rights, take an active part in the affairs of government, and deliberate in political associations, and the answer was in the negative. Then, treating the question of women exhaustively, Amar defended the political privileges of men, and proposed to forbid all the popular clubs and societies of women.

Chartier answered, urging the right of women to assemble peaceably. 'Without asserting that women form no part of the human race,' he said, 'how can you deny them a right accorded to all reasonable beings?'

Basire objected for reasons of State, and stated that experience had proved that societies of women were dangerous.

The Convention voted the decree proposed by Amar on the 30th of October 1793. 'The clubs of women were suppressed.'

Such is a brief and incomplete sketch of the action of women in the French Revolution. From it the present writer ventures to draw the following conclusions:

(1) The little known Madame Robert, whose political insight appears to have been most correct, and, judged by subsequent events, to have produced the most lasting effect in France, was associated with no violence, had no vote, and, with the exception of the dual societies, took little part in political life. Yet M. Aulard, the man whose history of the Revolution is held in well-deserved honour, who has devoted a lifetime to the most painstaking and accurate study of his authorities, does not hesitate to credit her with having started the idea of France as a Republic.

(2) The women of the lowest class completely swamped the more educated ones. Madame Roland had enormous power at one time, but she and her party were cyphers at the date of the September massacres, and eventually she was guillotined.

(3) It is curious that the conduct of the women towards each other in 1793 was so bad that Amar and other Terrorists, whose ideas of liberty and humanity were not supposed to be very exalted, found it necessary to protect women from other women.

These conclusions at least merit serious thought. That they will obtain it is the hope with which this article is given to the public.

A. J. Grant Duff.

THE YELLOW PERIL

It is one of the penalties of the struggling materialism of the Western world, where nations of shopkeepers under armed guards worship their golden calves, that such ease and comfort as we enjoy must ever be marred by apprehensions of impending danger. To rouse us from the insidious sloth that is born of luxury and long periods of peace, our sentinels and our prophets must be for ever pointing to the horizon where, no bigger than a man's hand, hovers the cloud that shall presently burst upon us. Indeed, so many are the points from which danger threatens the prosperous modern State, so keen the vision of the apprehensive watchers, that many a peaceful citizen opens his morning paper in nervous expectation of Armageddon. Wealthy England, dependent for her very life on command of the seas, is become particularly subject to war-scares and alarms. As in the days of Bonaparte, the fear of invasion is an ever-present reality. A hundred years ago our bugbears were comparatively simple; to-day the world's ever-increasing economic pressure and huge burden of armaments, the effect of sensational journalism on the imagination of town-bred masses, the swift action and reaction of political events in all parts of the earth: in a word, the struggle for life under conditions vastly modified by science, has induced in the civilised world a chronic condition of nerves, so that each nation goes to its day's work with a loaded weapon and a wary eye on its neighbours. England's eye is on Germany, America's on Japan, Spain's on France—each nation busy the while with its predestined business of annexing unprotected portions of the earth. Yet, at the menace of some new and strange bogey, like the Yellow Peril, these antagonists will run and huddle together, their feuds for the moment forgotten, in a common instinct of self-preservation.

It is a poor bogey at best, this Yellow Peril, bred by ignorance out of a bad national conscience: a bogey that must stand confessed a tatter'd boggart in the light of ancient history and recent experience: yet a phantom that has served, and should serve again, many a politician's turn. The modern world fears, even while it seeks, these grisly phantoms which make its comfortable flesh creep, and in the Yellow Peril the fervid imagination of

yellow journalists has found a perennial source of thrills and shudders. Preaching from the text of Japan's military achievements, they have assumed for all Asia a vivifying community of interests and ideals, attributing to the patient pacific millions of India and China a sudden and complete change of all their inherited tendencies, beliefs, and institutions. They forget that these inherited customs and beliefs constitute the very soul of a people, the essence of its national life; they ignore the fact that the Spartan qualities of endurance and energy which animate the statesmen and warriors of unconquered Japan are the ripe fruit of long centuries of training and sustained ideals; and, forgetting these truths, they hear, in the intellectual and emotional ferment of India and China the rumble of the distant drums that shall lead new conquering hordes to the overthrow of Europe's civilisation. Not from the barren mountain-lands of Turkestan and Manchuria, as of old, are to come the fierce invading hosts, but from the long-gowned peaceful peoples of the great plains, from those races whose philosophy and ideals have made them, through long centuries, the unresisting victims of invasion and tyranny.

It is a fantastic dream, reflecting, no doubt, the eternal and unbreakable spell of the Orient over the West, the unconscious reverence that materialism pays to intellectual dignity, but wholly lacking, nevertheless, in historical sense and recognition of fundamental conditions. For it is impossible, considering the actual and historic facts of Asiatic life, to assume for the East that unity of purposes and ideals which is the basic assumption underlying the Yellow Peril: as impossible as to imagine an effective coalition of Western Europe against North or South America. The stern law of nature and evolution, which prescribes the survival of the fittest, is not suspended in Asia; there are predestined hewers of wood and drawers of water amongst its peoples to-day as in the time of Joshua—a fact emphasised by the recent history of Korea. Neither patriotic student, politician, nor fervent idealist can take from Asia, by any incantation of new formulæ, her deep-rooted instincts and beliefs, bred of long centuries of isolation, of the Confucian philosophy and Buddha's contemplative creed—instincts and beliefs that have made the whole inspiration of Oriental philosophy and civilisation essentially non-aggressive, and have made the Chinese, in particular, a race of passive resisters. Neither warrior class nor code of chivalry exists in China, like that of *bushido* in Japan, to temper the hereditary servility of the masses with precepts and examples of loyalty, valour, and endurance; and the recent manifestations of political and social unrest amongst the educated classes reveal but little hope of national unity and cohesion for the future. By all precedents and principles of history, it must require several generations of patient

educative process to develop in the Chinese people the qualities requisite for military and administrative efficiency.

The Manchu tribute-eaters have gone their ignominious way to obscurity; Sun Yat-Sen and his following of book-taught theorists have proclaimed the dawn of a new era in the Chinese Republic; and already, amidst the tumult and the shouting of leaders who have not learned to lead, the North is ranging itself against the South in rivalry, whilst Mongolia looks towards Russia for protection, Thibet casts off her allegiance, and Manchuria prepares to follow Korea on the path of geographical gravitation.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all these things, the Yellow Peril bogey continues to oppress the imagination of the Western world: this persistent vision of the Chinese race, roused from its long lethargy, and feverishly arming itself for wars of conquest and revenge. It is a ghost that refuses to be lightly laid. Only a few weeks ago the British Press, gravely discussing the decision of the National Assembly at Nanking to introduce national conscription (they might as well have decided to introduce the minimum wage), estimated China's standing army of the near future at forty millions of men. Some of the most critical and competent of recent observers have succumbed to this obsession, and to that tendency towards generalisation which seeks a common battle-cry for India, China, and Japan. Professor Reinsch, for instance, whose scholarly work on 'The Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East' deserves more than passing attention, has studied the history and literature of China sufficiently to realise and to declare that 'no more fantastic idea has ever played a part in serious politics than that of the military Yellow Peril.' He knows that 'the traditional temper of the Chinese is eminently pacific and quietist.' Yet he apparently ignores the results which follow naturally from the emotional and idealistic qualities of this word-spinning people —qualities which greatly detract from the ostensible importance of its Imperial Edicts and other official pronouncements. Because of the vigorous wording of the Edict of April 1911 on military reform, he is led to believe, in spite of his own convictions, that:

> To-day we are witnessing the awakening of this vast people to new energies and to more active conduct of affairs. Peaceful China, the land of non-assertion, is fast becoming military. The ideal of national energy, efficiency and strength expresses itself in all public utterances. Great sacrifices are made for military preparation, and throughout the provinces even the children in the schools are put into uniforms and trained in soldierly fashion.

And, in another place, that

> The idea that evils are to be borne, or at most resisted quietly, has largely passed away, and in its place has arisen the belief that only through positive heroic action can the troublesome problems of national life be solved.

At a time when the masses of the Chinese people are submitting, with traditional apathy, to being harried, plundered and slaughtered by the forces of that Republic which delivered them from Manchu tyranny, the irony of this infectious idealism is apparent. Fascinated by the spectacle of the splendid enthusiasms and iconoclastic zeal of Young China, Professor Reinsch, like many others, forgets the vast gulf which, in this land, divides words from deeds—the making, from the keeping, of laws. And so he believes in the vision of a national army, efficiently organised and regularly paid—a vision as chimerical as the scheme for refunding China's national debt by patriotic subscriptions, or the Nanking Amazons' demand for female suffrage.

In expressing this opinion, I have no desire to convey the idea that the Chinese are utterly deficient in military virtues, or that, properly led and regularly paid, the Chinese soldier is incapable of bravery, endurance, and discipline. The experience and opinions of British officers and military critics is practically unanimous in recognising that in physique, intelligence, and courage of a stolid kind, the peasantry of several provinces provides excellent material; but just as it requires something more than intelligence and enthusiasm to make an efficient administrator, so something more than able-bodied and adaptable men are needed to make a nation in arms. The qualities lacking alike in Chinese administrators and soldiers are essentially moral qualities. This is what Gordon meant when, fifteen years after his unique experiences as a successful organiser and leader of Chinese troops, he recorded (in a memorandum prepared for the Government at Peking) his deliberate opinion that they could never be successfully pitted against European armies. He who had witnessed much desperate fighting between Imperialists and rebels—much the same kind of fighting as was seen at Wuchang in November last—realised, nevertheless, that the race as a whole, and particularly its leaders, are lacking in the moral qualities and Berserker instincts that distinguish a fighting race. When, in 1874, he warned China against going to war with Russia, he amplified his advice by recommending that for the future she should avoid incurring useless expenditure on warships and guns, because her possession of these things would probably arouse the cupidity of aggressors and she would be despoiled—advice of which China has since had cause to appreciate the

wisdom. Gordon knew the Chinese soldiers of the South, even as the British officers of the Wei Hai-wei regiment learned to know and to appreciate the hardy hill-men of Shantung; but while appreciating their several good qualities, and recognising the possibility of their development in good hands, he failed to see in the Chinese dragon any signs of the fierce and formidable beast which has since been evoked to trouble the peace of the West. He knew that large purchases of armaments and paper schemes of reorganisation do not make a national army, and that fiscal reform (then, as now, a task beyond the unaided resources of China's rulers) must precede military efficiency. This indeed was the opinion formed by the most competent observers among the military attachés who witnessed the last manœuvres, held in the autumn of 1908; and it has been justified by the complete lack of discipline and organisation revealed since the collapse of the Manchus. It would be difficult to say how much of the Chinese army remains at the present moment of the 240,000 men who figured on the roster of the thirty-six divisions of the Lu Chün last autumn. At the outset, divisions, brigades, regiments and battalions became hopelessly entangled—sheep without shepherds. Units were sent to the front and wandered back to their headquarters; some were disbanded, others disbanded themselves; some declared for the Republic, some for the Imperial cause, others for Yuan Shih-k'ai or Li Yuan-hung, or General Chang, or General Li, their choice depending generally on prospects of pay; but to all, as time went on, came realisation of the fact that every body of armed men might with impunity hold lootable cities and citizens at their mercy. And with this knowledge, the army and the military police have become, in many places, a disorganised and predatory rabble. The craze for loot has proved stronger than any appeal of patriotism or discipline.

The tendency to exaggerate the military forces and efficiency of China in recent years may be traced to a variety of causes.[1] Of these, the most important lay originally in the deliberate policy of Chinese diplomats and officials, a policy clearly intended to create and maintain the idea of China feverishly arming on a gigantic scale, with a view to the intimidation of possible aggressors. With the dramatic conversion of the Empress Dowager to reform in 1902, and the appearance on the scene of a new class of military officers educated in Japan, serving in their turn as instructors, it was not difficult to increase the foreign-drilled forces of the Empire, actually and prospectively,

[1] The population of China has been similarly exaggerated. It is continually stated to be 400 millions, though the first and only attempt at a systematic census (1910) has shown it to be about 320 millions.

so as to give colour to the belief that the Chinese military administration was rapidly approaching the European standard. Fired by enthusiasm for Japan's victories over a great European Power, Chinese patriots and officials spoke cheerfully of the enrolment of a standing army of two million men within the next few years, and European publicists, fascinated by the vision of the awakening giant, took up the text and illuminated it with much fervour. 'Putnam Weale,'[2] writing in 1905, while admitting the absence of competent leaders and healthy finance, expressed belief in the 'wholesale reorganisation and re-armament of the Chinese army,' and foretold that in five years China would possess an effective peace-footing force of 360,000 men, and by 1915 would be able to put a million and a half into the field. 'In ten or fifteen years,' he said, 'Japan's forces would be so outnumbered that she would not dare to attack her big neighbour.' Four years before, Sir Robert Hart, anxious to make for China friends of the Mammon of political unrighteousness in the matter of the Boxer indemnity, had drawn an even more sensational picture of the awakened giant. 'In fifty years' time,' he declared, 'there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government.'[3] This picture appealed forcibly to the Wagnerian imagination of the Kaiser, who saw, in the coming invasion of Mongol hordes, a Heaven-sent opportunity for the War Lord to lead the embattled hosts of a European coalition, with Germany at its head. Small wonder if the man in the street became impressed with the reality of the Yellow Peril.[4]

Since her war with Japan, and particularly since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese agreement which foreshadows the partition of China's northern territories, Russia has professed increasing anxiety in regard to China's military preparations, and to the increasing numbers of Chinese colonists in Mongolia. Her apprehensions of the Yellow Peril are, no doubt, to some extent sincere; the Ministry of War at St. Petersburg in the autumn of 1910 recommended vetoing China's proposed construction of the Chinchow-Tsitsihar-Aigun Railway, as well as the alternative Kiachta-Urga scheme, on the ground that China would derive therefrom strategical advantages seriously menacing

[2] *The Reshaping of the Far East*, vol. ii. Macmillan. 1905.

[3] *These from the Land of Sinim.* Chapman and Hall. 1901.

[4] Since this was written 'Putnam Weale' in the *Daily Telegraph* predicts new developments of the Yellow Peril: he sees, in the near future, China militant lodging 'peremptory ultimatums' at the Foreign Offices of Portugal and Holland, and Chinese squadrons, cleared for action, in the harbours of their 'Eastern dependencies.' One wonders whether Admiral Sah will be in command of these squadrons, and to whom he will apply for rice, coal, and ammunition.

Russia's position. How far these fears were shared by the Council of Ministers it were hard to say; but there has been ample evidence of a chronic condition of nervousness existing amongst the Russian military authorities in Siberia and Manchuria, nervousness of the unreasoning kind which led to the Blagoveschenk massacre of helpless Chinese in 1900, and to the Dogger Bank panic in October 1904; caused, no doubt, by the instinctive idea that what one Asiatic race had done another may do. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Russia's forward policy in Manchuria after 1900 was persistently justified to the world by alleged fears of dangers from Hung-hutzŭs, and her present attitude in regard to Chinese loans seems to point to a recrudescence of that policy, facilitated by her understanding with Japan. It is improbable that either country really believes in the possibility of Chinese aggression, and their concerted objections to the 'Four Nations' loans may therefore safely be ascribed to a desire to prevent the creation of foreign interests in Manchuria, rather than to any genuine fear of Chinese armaments.

Of Russia's foreign policy, ever influenced by the imaginative impulses and emotions of the personal equation, it is difficult to speak with any degree of certainty, but of Japan it may safely be asserted that no real apprehensions exist in that country with regard to China's alleged development of military strength. With eyes and ears wide open in every province, Japan's trained experts, military and commercial, can be under no delusions. In the long run, Japan, more than any other Power, stands to profit by China's internal dissensions and helplessness; her policy in Manchuria has steadily reflected recognition of this obvious truth. At the same time, so long as maintenance of the integrity of China remains the ostensible purpose of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and so long as Japanese finances remain in their present condition, it behoves her to walk warily before the world: Russia, therefore, is induced to take the lead in proclaiming the right of China's nearest neighbours to supervise her borrowing activities and to limit her armaments.

Considering Russia's professed anxieties in the light of the actual situation at Peking and in the provinces, her diplomacy assumes a somewhat elementary aspect. Let us consider briefly the significance of that situation. The newly-elected President of the Chinese Republic, himself a declared Monarchist by conviction, has recently suffered the humiliation of seeing the capital looted by the very troops whose discipline and organisation have been continually cited as the best proof of China's military progress, the men whose unswerving loyalty to Yuan Shih-k'ai had been assumed by nearly every European writer. The looters

having vanished with their plunder, some semblance of order was restored at Peking, not by the foreign-drilled troops of the Lu Chün, but by the tribute-eating Manchu regiments whom the experts professed to despise. The spectacle of the President of the Republic suppressing the lawlessness of Chinese mutineers by the aid of Manchus and Bannermen is in itself sufficiently indicative of the chaotic condition of China; but another and even more significant sight was seen when, on the occasion of Yuan's returning the British Minister's congratulatory visit, the streets from his residence to the Legation were guarded (at his request) by British troops, no Chinese being allowed to stand outside their houses. Yuan subsequently expressed his gratitude to the Foreign Ministers for their action in organising patrols of European troops to reassure the plundered and terror-stricken citizens. Significant, too, of the opinion in which foreign and Chinese troops respectively are held by the average mandarin, is the fact that the Legation quarter has become a common sanctuary and treasure-house for the highest officials, Manchus and Chinese alike, seeking the protection of the foreigner against the Yellow Peril of their own creation. In the same way, Hongkong and the foreign settlements at Shanghai have become a safe place of refuge for thousands of Chinese who, when order is restored, will join once more in the patriot's agitation for the restoration of China's 'sovereign rights' in the Settlements, and the abolition of extra-territoriality.

It is difficult to form any concise opinion of the fighting qualities, organisation and *moral* of the Chinese Army from the accounts given, principally by writers resident in Peking, of the fighting between Imperialists and Republicans since last October, partly because these accounts are usually of Chinese origin, and partly because of the observers' bias of foregone conclusions. Descriptions by eye-witnesses of the fighting at Nanking and Wuchang, published for the most part in the *North China Daily News*, are more illuminating. But to get a comprehensive idea of the actual situation and to appreciate its bearing on the question of China's possible development of military efficiency, one must follow the accounts, published week by week in that paper, from missionaries and other correspondents resident in the interior. These writers naturally present the scene from many different points of view, and their conclusions vary from sympathetic optimism to the deepest pessimism; but the general impression which they create is, that the Chinese army of the present and immediate future constitutes a serious menace to China's own well-being, but little or none to her external foes. In the sense that China's weakness and disorder are a source of danger to the world, her undisciplined

and loot-hungry mobs of soldiery constitute indeed a Yellow Peril; and of late, with the disappearance of constituted authority and the loosening of the old ethical restraints, the army has realised its opportunities and its power.

Of the good qualities of the rank and file, of their powers of endurance, and occasional *élan* of enthusiasm, there has been ample evidence; but for proof of scientific organisation, of efficiency, cohesion, *esprit de corps*, and trained intelligence amongst their leaders, we seek in vain. Here and there, amidst the mass of cowardly, corrupt, or incompetent officials, we find earnest and brave men like Li Yuan-hung, the Revolutionary leader, and General Chang Hsün, the Imperialist Commander at Nanking. The latter appears, indeed, to be a fighting man of the stamp of Tso Tsung-t'ang; yet even his martinet authority proved insufficient to prevent his troops from looting the city of Hsüchoufu. But the number of energetic and efficient leaders has been insignificant, and their example has completely failed to stem the tide of general demoralisation. Even at Nanking, where the loss of life on both sides was comparatively heavy, it was the rank and file who fought bravely, most of their officers displaying gross cowardice and incompetence. Repeated instances occur, in authentic reports from the provinces, of officers of the regular and militia forces using their positions for purely selfish ends, or lending themselves to the purposes of politicians and student agitators.

The military profession is no longer a thing of reproach in China; to be a soldier, as times go, is to enjoy opportunities which appeal to every man with predatory lust or instincts of self-preservation; therefore it is that everyone wears a uniform who can, and the number of irregular troops and police claiming arrears of salary is likely to increase rapidly with the tale of looted cities and the disappearance of all effective authority. It is not pleasant to contemplate the prospects that, under these conditions, confront the defenceless traders and peasantry of the interior. For the craze for loot has spread like wildfire and become epidemic; from all parts of the country comes the same pitiful story of the systematic and businesslike despoiling of peaceful citizens by licentious soldiery. Peking, Tientsin, Paotingfu, Hangchow, Soochow, Fouchow, Canton, Ninghsiafu, Taianfu, and many other cities, have suffered, without resistance, all the pains and penalties of civil war; and the end is not yet. From Sianfu comes one of the most astounding of all these pitiful tales of unrest. Telegraphing on the 22nd of March, Reuter reported that the Kansu army (Loyalist Mahomedan troops, under General Sheng Yün, professedly marching on Peking to restore the dynasty) had arrived at Sianfu, the capital

of Shensi. The Chinese garrison of Republican troops, 'fearing that the Mahomedans would loot the city, began looting it themselves; whereupon the Mahomedans retired.' Yet these are the forces whose pay is to be provided, for the salvation of China, by means of huge foreign loans! And while these things are taking place all over the country, the National Assembly continues solemnly to proclaim the advantages of Republicanism, and self-governing societies in every provincial capital discourse of progress and prosperity. Despite its dominant note of grim tragedy, the situation is not without humorous aspects.

Considering the question of the Yellow Peril, however, as a matter ultimately dependent upon the military instincts of the Chinese people, it is interesting to observe that, in the opinion of experts, the balance of efficiency and courage rests so far with the Northern troops. Had it not been for the inefficiency and vacillation displayed by General Yin Chang, Admiral Sah, and the high authorities at Peking; had the Imperialist troops been allowed to follow up their first victories, it may fairly be assumed that the rebellion in the Yangtsze provinces would have been quickly stamped out; but incompetent or disloyal leaders, truces, delays, and the ignominious withdrawal from Wuchang, led to discouragement and the rapid growth of indiscipline and lawlessness.

A noteworthy feature of the fighting at Nanking was the superiority of the Shantung and Chihli men as compared with the Hunanese regiments of the Imperialist forces. Many competent critics in recent years have been led to the conclusion that the high military reputation of the Hunanese was founded rather on noisy professions than on any performance of valour. I remember discussing in 1902 the business of warfare with a Hunanese private of the garrison of Shanhaikuan, and his frank declaration that the profession of arms was well enough in times of peace, but that no sensible man would incur serious risks of being killed on a salary of fifteen shillings a month. An eye-witness of the fighting which took place during the investment of Nanking in November last tells a tale which shows that this worthy man's opinions were not an isolated instance of discretion, and that the average Hunanese has no desire to go to his grave for any fantasy or trick of fame. The batteries on Lion Hill, manned by Hunanese Imperialists, had for some time been engaged in an artillery duel with the Republicans on Tiger Hill, without apparent damage to either side. Inquiries into the cause of this futile expenditure of ammunition elicited the following explanation, which may well be given in the correspondent's own words:—

> It appears that the Imperialist artillerymen on Lion Hill were also men from Hunan, and that after the capture of Tiger Hill by the

Republicans a mutual agreement had been come to by the men in the two forts that neither party would materially damage the other. Accordingly, for some days the shells went wide, some short, into the hillsides away below the guns, and some high over the top of the crests. Then one day the Imperialist General, Chang Hsün, was watching the shooting in person from Lion Hill, and by the evidence of his own eyes grasped the fact that something was wrong. The range was a comparatively easy one of 3800 yards, and instead of nearly every shot being a hit, as it should have been at that distance, very few of them were going anywhere near the target at all. Without more ado, Chang Hsün threatened to decapitate two of the eight-inch gun-layers there and then on the spot, and he promised that divers still worse penalties should follow for the remainder if the shooting didn't improve forthwith.

So it came about that, in order to save their necks, the gunners on Lion Hill began to make things unpleasantly hot for their fellow-provincials on Tiger Hill, with the result that the latter, thinking that they had been grossly deceived by their friends the enemy, began in their turn to shoot as straight as they knew how. This state of affairs continued for the best part of a day, until the true reason for the apparent defection of Lion Hill was brought in by spies.

Thereupon through the same agency a new scheme to prevent mutual injury was devised. It was simply that a defined interval, said by the men to be about a minute of time, should always be allowed to elapse between the firing of a gun and the answering shot from the other side. This would give ample time for the crew of the gun which had last fired to clear out of harm's way downstairs into the bomb-proof shelter below the concrete emplacement. Honour and General Chang Hsün would seemingly thus be satisfied, and all chance of unpleasantness, which neither party in the least desired, would thereby be avoided. Apparently the plan worked well, as after its adoption no casualty occurred on either side.

On the other hand, the Chekiang regiments which took the leading part in the Republican assault and capture of Purple Mountain showed a fine courage. Yet these same troops, upon their return to Hangchow at the end of March, mutinied and threatened to burn their General's yamen.

Every day's experience of the Revolutionary movement justifies the conclusion that the Chinese, as a race, retain their instinctive aversion to fighting for fighting's sake, although, given good leaders and stern discipline, the inhabitants of certain regions (notably hill-men) are capable of making good troops. Every day's experience shows also that many long years of educative processes must elapse before the nation can produce the leaders and the spirit of discipline to make the Chinese army the formidable host of the Yellow Peril prophets. A new spirit has been aroused, beyond all question, amongst the educated classes of China; a spirit of vigorous, almost defiant, nationalism, which chafes under China's humiliations; which seeks, through political and social reforms, to put from her the reproach of weakness; but, in the absence of an organised, self-respecting and productive middle-class, there can be no immediate prospect of their

attaining the height of their ambitions or the fulfilment of their dreams. Intellectual activity of no mean order is theirs, and many good qualities; but the moving spirits of the present unrest have failed collectively to display the discipline, constructive ability, and personal integrity requisite for efficient organisation of the body politic. In the present ferment of iconoclasm, and all its resultant lawlessness, lies the real Yellow Peril—for a weak and disorganised China means the danger of chronic unrest in the Far East.

Another, and equally real, Yellow Peril lies in the pressure which these millions of thrifty, patient toilers, inured to the sternest privations, threaten, sooner or later, to bring to bear upon the economic and industrial equilibrium of the Western world. Throughout their long history the Chinese have seldom been obsessed by dreams of expansion and conquest, but they have repeatedly denationalised and overcome their conquerors. Their ready adaptability to environment, untiring industry, skilled craftsmanship, and unconquerable power of passive resistance have never been equalled by any race of men, unless it be the Hebrews. America and Australia have felt, and guarded themselves against, the menace of this pressure of seething humanity. Its effects, and the hopeless inferiority of white man against yellow in the grim economic struggle for life, may be seen to-day in the Straits Settlements, the Dutch Indies, and the islands of the South Seas, in the Treaty Ports of China, and the Russian railway towns of Manchuria. Where white man and yellow live and work side by side, the balance of economic power passes slowly but surely into the hands of the Asiatic. Within the memory of man, the wealth of the Straits Settlements and Hongkong has gravitated to the Chinese; already, at Harbin and Tsitsihar, in Chinese territory, Russian railway porters are cheerfully carrying the baggage of first-class Chinese passengers. If there be any menace to Europe in Cathay, it lies in the fierce struggle for life of three hundred million men who are ready to labour unceasingly for wages on which the white races must inevitably starve.

J. O. P. Bland.

HORACE AND THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ROME.

By a printer's error some words were omitted from a quotation on the last page of Mr. Hamilton-Hoare's article in the April number. The remonstrance from Augustus to Horace should of course commence as follows: 'I am much annoyed with you because in what you write of this kind you address yourself to other people before you address yourself to me.' —Editor, *Nineteenth Century and After*.

The Editor of The Nineteenth Century *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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LABOUR UNREST AS A SUBJECT OF OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION

THE recent proposal, which must be taken as seriously meant, that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the causes of social and industrial 'unrest' is one which, if taken in a limited sense, may be useful; but if its sense is extended beyond limits which are very strict and definite, it is more suited to the atmosphere of one of the political burlesques of Aristophanes than to that of serious politics. As I propose to point out briefly in the following pages, the causes of this unrest are not only various in their details but are also various in their character; and certain of them—and these the most important—are such that, if made the subject of official inquiry of any kind at all, are more fit for the investigations of the confessional or the psychological laboratory than for those of a Parliamentary chairman and a committee of officials and politicians.

That such is the case is made sufficiently evident by facts which are familiar to everyone. Those who propose that the causes of social 'unrest' should be subjected to an official inquiry

are no doubt thinking primarily of the wage-earning classes of this country, the conditions under which they work and live, and their annual incomes as compared with the cost of living and also with the position of those whose earnings or whose means are larger. Here no doubt are questions into which a Parliamentary inquiry is possible; but social 'unrest' is a phenomenon which is not by any means confined to those in whose case it can possibly be attributable to the pressure of economic want, or the anxieties incident to the avoidance of it. Under different forms it betrays itself in the lives of those whose means are far in excess of anything that could possibly be the lot of the majority of the human race under any social system whatsoever. One of its most remarkable manifestations is the frenzy of the hammer-bearing Maenads, who seek to enter paradise by assault, through the splinters of shop-windows. These women and their leaders for the most part belong to the affluent or comparatively affluent classes. Many of them are rich. Many of them, in addition to riches, enjoy all the advantages of position which are generally the sedatives of discontent. And yet the 'unrest' of these persons is in its essentials hardly distinguishable from that of the Welsh rioters who, by way of compelling the coalowners to revise their rates of wages, wrecked the premises of the tradesmen who supplied them with their tobacco and their daily bacon. It is evident, therefore, that the social 'unrest' of to-day has other causes behind it in addition to those associated with direct economic pressure. Economic pressure, as experienced by the poorer sections of the community, is one of the causes, and will presently be considered here, when it will be shown that its actual operation as a disturbing element differs widely from the popular conception of it; but those causes shall be considered first which are of a more general kind, and we will begin with one which is affecting all classes alike.

Unrest as a Product of Increased Facilities of Travel

The late Mr. Phelps, for many years American Ambassador in this country, when I was once walking with him on a lonely road in the neighbourhood of the Highland Railway, said suddenly after a long silence, 'The Devil never found a truer note for his voice than the railway whistle. There it goes, from one end of the country to the other, crying to all the boys and girls, "Come away, come away, come away." And when they go, they find the place they have gone to better in no way than the place they have left behind.' In these few words we have a profound analysis of a large part of that contemporary unrest which is commonly supposed to be confined to the ranks of Labour. It is

not so confined. It affects all classes alike. As we know from Lucretius and from Horace, it was latent in the ancient world, ready to become acute under the stimulation of congenial circumstances. But such circumstances were then those of the fewest of the few only—of the few who possessed, in addition to their Roman palaces, villas so numerous that it was a labour to choose between them; and chariots which would whirl the owners from one of these to the other. But even so their unrest, if we may judge from the words of Lucretius, did not carry them outside what, in the language of the modern cabman, was a twelve-mile radius from the Charing Cross of Rome. The railway to-day has a similar and yet more disturbing influence on all classes alike. The humblest labourer can, for a penny or twopence, travel further in twenty minutes than the trampling team of Lucullus would have carried him between dawn and sunset; and he can do so in a vehicle, in comparison with the ease and comfort of which the humblest labourer would denounce the chariot of Lucullus as a 'bone-shaker.' Every Bank Holiday carries its millions of excursionists to seashores so remote that Horace would have called them 'fabulous'; whilst the effects on the rich of these increased facilities for travel have developed so rapidly, even during the last thirty years, that English watering-places which once were the haunts of fashion have witnessed the scattering of their patrons of the older class along the shores of the Mediterranean, the banks of the Nile and Ganges, the southern extremity of Africa, and the islands of the West Indies. Few things can render this change so vivid as do the parks and pleasure-grounds of such of our old country-houses as still preserve externally what was their aspect in the eighteenth century. The classical or the Chinese pavilions, which are one of their distinctive features—often within a stone's-throw of the house and rarely more than a mile from it—were the goals of excursions which, with the simple feast accompanying them, were the adventures and the excitements of a day. For Miss Austen's heroes and heroines a journey to Box Hill from the adjacent borders of Kent was the exploration of an unknown wonderland, to be anticipated and looked back upon for months.

How constantly is the remark heard from the lips even of seasoned travellers, 'I never can see a train without wishing that I was going by it.' For the rich this wish is charged with the subconscious feeling that any place would be more pleasurable than that in which they actually are. For the poor it is charged with a feeling of a like kind, that any change in the conditions under which they now work would be a change for conditions unimaginably different and unimaginably better for themselves. In their case this feeling achieves perhaps its most definite expression in

the tendency to leave the villages for the towns. So far as our own country is concerned, superficial observers are accustomed to represent this tendency as the result of our insular land-system, of the tyranny of great landlords, or at all events of the fact that the majority of our agricultural population are not themselves the owners of the land they till. In this contention there may, or again there may not be, a certain element of truth. But whatever truth there may be in it, it affords—and this is my sole point here—a very partial explanation of the phenomenon here in question : for precisely the same tendency is observable in other countries where the peculiarities of our own land-system are most conspicuous by their absence. That the magic of ownership will not anchor the small cultivator to the country is shown in Belgium by the fact that the number of peasant owners of from 2½ to 12 acres decreased by 16 per cent. between the years 1880 and 1895. In France, which has been the classic home of peasant ownership for a century, the towns are now growing at the expense of the rural districts. Between the years 1900 and 1910 the working agricultural population had declined by nearly 70,000 persons. The attraction of the towns, even in Australia, is exerting a similar influence. A movement so general evidently cannot be due to economic conditions of any one particular kind. It is rather due to the disturbing effect on the imagination of an enlarged vision of conditions which are continually increasing in variety, any one of which our increased facilities of movement tend to present as possible, and which are bewildering by their competing promises—promises never fulfilled, or fulfilled but to some small degree.

Unrest and Modern Popular Education

Causes of unrest such as these may be called the automatic education of circumstances. But there is a further cause of a more specific kind, the operation of which is less general but more definitely disturbing in proportion to the limitations of the area of its influence. This is the development of *education in the narrower sense of the word*. Throughout the civilised world for more than two generations, an education in many respects novel has been inflicted on classes a large portion of whom, even fifty years ago, were innocent of the art of reading; and a change has consequently been brought about in the mental conditions of the majority to which there has been no parallel in the mental conditions of the few. For the few, from time immemorial, there has been a continuous congruity between their education and their general circumstances, which has rendered the one as much a matter of course as the other. They have been educated up to a standard of expectations and appreciations which, from

their youth up, have been satisfied in the persons of those around them, and which in the natural course of things would presumably be satisfied in their own. For them education, as such, has never possessed any of the excitements of novelty. It has never disturbed them, as a class, with a sense of new and untried powers. It has come to them merely as the ordinary and indispensable equipment for any kind of life amongst their equals, let the talents and career of the individual prove to be what they may.

But with the masses—and more particularly with that section of the masses which, under any social system, must always be the most numerous—namely, those engaged in the exercise of manual labour—the case has been widely different. The whole idea of education for the people, ever since such an idea began to be practically popularised, has been derived from the kind of education traditional amongst a limited class, and devised with a view to circumstances peculiar to such a class only—circumstances which may, indeed, be rendered impossible for anybody, but can never be common to all, or even the majority of the human race. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the kind of education in question, it has had for its object and result the equipment of those receiving it for the positions they have been destined to occupy, or for the class of occupations by means of which they have been destined to support themselves. The future diplomat, for example, has been grounded in the classical, and made proficient in modern languages, with a view to endowing him with those cosmopolitan accomplishments in the absence of which no diplomat can be a successful citizen of the world; but in so far as an education devised after this model is inflicted on that majority of the human race whose livelihood depends on those tasks which are commonly called 'labour,' education becomes in one respect a radically different thing. Between it and their practical circumstances there is no similar connexion. In the case of an Ambassador a knowledge of French has a direct bearing on the performance by him of his distinctive functions. But a similar knowledge would have no similar effect in the case of a coalhewer, a tiller of the soil, or a dairymaid. Of course it may be argued that any kind of general culture, by widening the minds of such persons, increases their capacities of enjoyment; but it would do nothing towards so developing the coalhewer's special efficiency that from earning seven shillings a day he may rise to earning fourteen; nor would it render the dairymaid a better maker of butter, or the husbandman a more productive cultivator. Instead of being aids to work, it would constitute a distraction from it.

The general fact here indicated is, indeed, widely recognised, and especially by many who claim, in the extremest sense, to

be the mouthpieces of popular aspiration. Thus the Labour Member, Mr. Lansbury, declared not long ago that much of the modern 'unrest' in the labour world is due to the fact that education has made the labourer impatient of such tasks as 'the hewing of wood, the drawing of water,' and so forth. But what Mr. Lansbury and others omit to notice is this—that education, in the sense of general culture, whilst rendering such tasks distasteful does nothing to diminish their necessity, or in any way to alter their character, by enabling those who perform them to perform them with greater ease. Without imputing to Mr. Lansbury unduly luxurious tastes, we may assume that when the weather is cold one of his normal requirements is a fire; and that a pork chop, a herring, a slice of cod, form no infrequent articles of his diet. But in order that Mr. Lansbury may be warm whilst he elaborates expositions of Socialism, somebody must be a hewer of wood, or—more literally—of coal; in order that he may eat his chop the hands of some of his comrades must be red with the blood of pigs; and in order that by his morning fire he may have a 'bit of fish' for his breakfast, other comrades must toil all night amongst the tempests of the North Sea. Does education, in the sense of general culture, make fire and food less necessary for Mr. Lansbury himself? Or does it in any way modify the circumstances under which they are obtainable for him by the efforts of others? Does it make coal-getting a process as easy as the picking of buttercups? Would it enable the sticker of pigs to substitute for his customary bloodshed some 'death by a rose in aromatic pain'? Would any amount of general culture enable the North Sea fisherman to calm the waves at his will, and reduce his calling to a pastime like that of catching carp in a marble basin at Versailles?

So far as labour in general is concerned, the only kind of education which equips the labourer for the performance of it is purely technical, and consists mainly of the performance of such labour itself and the knowledge and dexterities thereby acquired. It often does not even require any mastery of the art of reading. But although education, in the more general sense of the word, results in no such enlargement of the labourer's productive efficiency, it tends to produce in his mind an illusory consciousness that it does so: that hence he deserves a correspondingly increased reward, and that, failing to get it, he suffers some correspondingly increasing wrong.

In other words, the modern experiment of applying to the masses at large a system of education modelled, so far as its general character goes, on that which had previously been applied to a limited class only, has had on the majority thus far, all over the world, the effect of increasing their expectations without

doing anything to increase their industrial power of satisfying them.

This is the point which persons such as Mr. Lansbury and others neglect, and it is the cardinal fact of the situation. It will be referred to again presently.

Labour Unrest as Directly Connected with Economic Conditions : Facts *versus* an Optical Illusion

But a further cause of unrest (or rather an alleged cause) remains to be considered first. According to most agitators it is the principal cause, and consists of the fact that alike in this country, and in all others with a similar industrial system, every increase in national wealth is absorbed by a small minority, and that the income of the rest of the population, relatively to its number, not only does not increase but absolutely grows less and less; so that, to quote the words of a recent Socialist manifesto, 'Labour Unrest, instead of originating in official trade-union agitation, is (on the part of the rank and file) in the last analysis an appeal for life.' These words are taken from a petition drawn up recently by the Executive Committee of the Church Socialist League, for presentation to the Convocation of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, by the Bishops of Birmingham and Wakefield. This is simply a reproduction by certain clerical and episcopal gentlemen to-day of assertions first popularised in definite form by Karl Marx in the year 1865, and subsequently repudiated, or at least very greatly modified, even by the more thoughtful Socialists in this country, in Germany, and in America. For purposes of popular agitation, as distinct from those of serious discussion, Socialists of all types have nevertheless continued to make use of it. Whilst rejecting it in their formal treatises, they have stimulated their propagandists to make use of it at the street corner; and now a certain section of the Anglican clergy have made a new departure by fishing it out of the gutter for themselves.

In an article on the statistics of Socialism, published recently in this Review,[1] this statement, as set forth in detail by the two most eminent writers whom the Socialistic movement has produced, was submitted to a systematic analysis : each of the separate clauses into which it divides itself was tested by reference to definite official statistics covering a period of more than a hundred years, and every one of these clauses was shown to be not only not correct but a grotesque inversion of the specifically ascertainable truth.

[1] 'Socialistic Ideas and Practical Politics,' by W. H. Mallock, *Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1912.

There is, however, an aspect of the question (hitherto altogether neglected) which did not fall within the scope of the article just referred to—an aspect of the highest importance—and with which I shall deal now. A consideration of this will incline us not indeed to modify our views as to the fallacy of the Socialist position, but to recognise that it has some foundation other than ignorance, or the desire to foment class hatred. We shall find that though the actual changes which have taken place in the distribution of wealth are the very reverse of what is asserted by such persons as Karl Marx, Henry George, by the Bishop of Birmingham and his flock of Anglican Socialists, they do nevertheless, when regarded from certain points of view, produce an illusory impression that the assertions of the Socialists are correct; just as on a person seated in a stationary train the movement of a train adjacent to him produces the impression that he is himself in motion.

What, then, is the actual something—the actual feature distinctive of the modern world—by which this impression is generated in the minds even of many who, in their cooler moments, repudiate it? The answer is simple, when once we know where to look for it.

When it is asserted that during the last hundred years or so the poor have been growing poorer, it cannot be meant, even by the Bishop of Birmingham, that those belonging to the poorest class of all have year by year been obtaining less and less to live upon—that is to say, that they have been becoming poorer and poorer as individuals; for if this class was on the verge of destitution in the year 1800, it cannot ever since then have been growing more destitute still, for otherwise it would have ceased to exist. The only possible meaning, then, of which the assertion that it has been growing continuously poorer is susceptible, is not that its members are individually getting less and less to live on, but that such persons as belong to it have been growing more and more numerous.

Now if we consider the conditions of this country as they are to-day and as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we may, without committing ourselves to any specific figures, grant that the poorest class has, in point of absolute numbers, very greatly increased. This fact, however, taken by itself no more indicates that the modern industrial system results in an increase of poverty, than an absolute increase in the number of deaths occurring annually within the borders of Great Britain indicates that, owing to the developments of medical science, the population is growing more and more unhealthy. If we wish to know what the development of such science has accomplished, we do not compare the absolute number of annual deaths in a

country during one period with the absolute number of annual deaths during another. We take these numbers in each case in relation to the population as a whole.

Let us take, for example, some British Colony on the Gold Coast which fifty years ago comprised a thousand Englishmen, and which to-day comprises forty thousand. Let us further suppose that fifty years ago a hundred out of the thousand colonists annually fell victims to some malarial fever, but that to-day, owing to the development of medical science, the annual death-rate per thousand has sunk from a hundred to twenty. Everyone would admit that the health of such a colony had improved—that the malignity of the local fever had been very largely reduced, and yet the actual number of annual victims would have risen from a hundred at the earlier date to as much as eight hundred at the later.

And the same is the case with poverty. If at a given date out of every 1000 of the inhabitants of a given country 100 were subsisting on incomes not exceeding 30*l.* a year; and if at a subsequent date the number of such persons per 1000 had sunk from 100 to 50, everyone would admit that extreme poverty was declining, and that amongst the population as a whole comparative wealth was on the increase; and yet, if we take these figures as roughly indicative of what has happened in this country between the year 1800 and the present time, the increase of the population, taken as a whole, has been such that whereas at the beginning of the nineteenth century the poorest class in Great Britain would not have numbered more than 1,000,000, its actual number would be about 2,000,000 to-day.

But however true it may be that, relatively to the population as a whole (and this is the only true test that we can apply in the matter) poverty has been continuously decreasing, it will nevertheless have been increasing relatively to something else—a permanent and unalterable something which is far more obvious to the senses, and has far more effect on the imagination, than the number of the population as a whole—which for many, even of those who are aware of it, is little more than an arithmetical expression. This is the geographical area which the population in question occupies. This means that, even if the number of very poor persons per 1000 in this country to-day be only half of what it was, say, in the year 1800, the average number of such persons per square mile is greater. And, when we consider that the main increase in the population has taken place in urban and semi-urban districts (the extent of which, as compared with the entire country, is small), we may admit that the increase of poverty has been very great indeed per square mile of those districts in which its presence is most noticeable.

The natural effect of this fact on the imagination may, perhaps, be best illustrated by referring again to the case—strictly parallel—of disease and death. Let us imagine, then, an area circumscribed by a circular line having a doctor's house for its centre, and let us suppose that a hundred years ago this area was occupied by a small and ill-drained village, in which few were really healthy and the death-rate was abnormally high, and that this area to-day is covered by a considerable town in which the drainage system is perfect, the good health of the inhabitants is exceptional, and the percentage of deaths from disease reduced to one-fifth of what it was in the original village. Finally, let us suppose that all these improvements are due to a single doctor, representing the general growth of medical and sanitary science, whose active life has been prolonged for more than a hundred years. If such a doctor, sitting every night at his window, could hear all the sounds of pain and loss in the area of which he was still the centre, though he would know that his whole life had been an increasing triumph over sickness and premature death, and that whereas twenty homes out of every hundred were desolated by such causes in his youth the corresponding number had now been reduced to four, the cries of suffering that would reach him from the modern healthy town would be more numerous, and would assail him in greater volume, than those which reached him in his youth from the old-world pestilential village.

Similarly, if we substitute for such a doctor a social reformer or an observer of social conditions, though poverty in the old-world village might to his knowledge have been almost co-extensive with the inhabitants, and though it might have sunk in the modern town to one-fifteenth of them, yet the poverty-stricken roofs which he could identify from his window through an opera-glass might be ten times as numerous as all the homes in the old-world village put together.

Out of this fact that, though in the only true sense of the words—namely, in relation to the population as a whole—poverty has been continuously decreasing, it has increased relatively to given geographical areas, there arises a kind of optical delusion. All persons are liable to it, and persons of an emotional temperament more especially so. Nor is this unnatural, for, expressed in another way, the fact out of which it arises is simply this, that an increasing amount of poverty has become, as it were, physically perceptible from any one of those points of local observation which the observer is most apt to select for the purposes of his survey. But to argue, like the Bishop of Birmingham and the other signatories to his manifesto, that poverty has increased as a consequence of the capitalistic system, and 'that private ownership of capital should forthwith be made to

cease,' is like arguing that because medical science, by diminishing the death-rate per 100, has helped to increase the population, it has increased the number of those who each year must die, it has really been a multiplier of disease, and should 'forthwith' be abolished.

The illusion, however, of which persons like the Bishop of Birmingham are victims, does not arise only from what has happened in the case of the poor. It depends also on what has happened in the case of the rich. Just as one half of their charge against the present economic system is that, besides being the cause of an increasing volume of poverty it concomitantly results in an increasing concentration of enormous and increasing wealth in the hands of a small minority, so this impression, though it is no less illusory than the other, has its excuse in facts of an analogous kind. As I pointed out in my article in the April number, already referred to, the total income of 'the rich' in this country, which is properly comparable with the total income of the rest of the community, forms (contrary to the loose ideas of the Bishop of Birmingham and his friends) not an overwhelming but a surprisingly small part. If we deduct from the national income that portion of it which comes into this country from abroad, and which depends in respect of its origin not on home labour but on foreign, and confine ourselves to the total which is produced in the United Kingdom, we shall find that of this total about 87 per cent. consists of incomes not exceeding 800*l.* a year; whilst all the incomes (of home origin) exceeding 5000*l.* a year do not amount in the aggregate to more than 4 per cent. Moreover, the richer classes—those who, according to the Bishop of Birmingham, swallow up 'the whole of the vast increase of the national wealth'—will be found, if we examine the income-tax returns since the beginning of the present century, to be the classes which, alike in number and aggregate income, increase most slowly. This is shown partly by the fact that out of the separately assessed incomes during the period in question there has been an increase of 28,000,000*l.* in respect of incomes not exceeding 800*l.*, whilst the aggregate of incomes exceeding that sum has suffered an actual, though a very slight, diminution; and also by the further fact that houses worth more than 80*l.* a year have increased by a few thousands only, whilst houses worth between 20*l.* and 80*l.* have increased by 280,000.

But, in spite of all this, there is another fact which still remains to be considered. This is the average number of houses of various values per mile. The total number per mile, for England and Wales, was 94 in 1891; ten years later it was 107; at the present time the number is approximately 115. Now the

increase in the number of houses worth more than 80*l.* a year has been so small that, whilst the average increase of houses of all kinds has been approximately 20 per square mile, there has hardly been so much as an average increase of one in the case of houses of this more expensive class. We may, indeed, for the purpose of the present argument, suppose that the number of these has not increased at all; for even in that case, though the number of such houses per square mile would have been stationary, there would have been a constant increase in the number of houses of lower values; and each of the occupants of these would have been *so many new spectators* of the few larger houses, and have daily been made aware by their eyesight that the occupants of them were richer than themselves. Thus, though the actual proportion of the relatively rich to the poor and the relatively poor would have been decreasing, the contrast between riches and poverty would have been constantly brought home to a greater number of people. Hence, by a natural and very intelligible process, an illusion would have been created of a kind precisely opposite to that of the facts which created it. The proportion borne by wealth to poverty, though actually growing less and less, would have had the false appearance of increasing, simply because there would have been more witnesses of the difference between the two. If one man eating twice as much as is good for him is watched by a hundred people who cannot secure enough, the volume of envy which he excites is twice as great as that which would be excited if the spectacle were watched by fifty only; but the proportion of food represented by the one big dinner to the aggregate of food represented by fifty small ones, is twice the proportion borne by it to the aggregate of a hundred small ones. If the Bishop of Birmingham has a shilling, whilst eleven other men have sixpence, the Bishop might be regarded as robbing them each of a halfpenny; but if, whilst the Bishop has a shilling, there are twenty-three men with only sixpence, the number of contrasts between him and the rest is doubled, though the maximum of which he could be regarded as robbing each of them would be in this case no more than a farthing.

Hence we see that, though contrary to the cant assertion of the Socialist that the masses of the population are constantly becoming poorer, that their unrest is by this time a simple 'appeal for life' (whilst the relative riches of the rich are as constantly becoming greater), the income of the poor is really the relatively increasing quantity, and that of the rich is a *relatively*, though not an *absolutely*, decreasing one—we see, I say, that, though in point of fact the Socialists are diametrically wrong, there is much in the aspect of things which suggests to the imagination

—much, indeed, which almost convinces the senses—that they are right. Thus a kind of unrest is produced similar in kind to that which would result on board a ship, sound in every particular, if the passengers were persuaded by some mischief-maker with a smattering of nautical terms that every time she plunged into a hollow of the waves she was sinking.

Summary

Modern unrest has, therefore, three causes which, though totally distinct from that which Socialists are accustomed to assign to it, are actual and not fancied causes, and which are, in respect of their magnitude, peculiar to the modern world.

Let us briefly go over them again, and ask what are the results to which they point in the future and in what directions we may reasonably look for a remedy.

Let us start with reconsidering the last of them—namely, that which is purely economic and relates to the physical conditions of the poorer sections of the community—especially those who live by manual labour. That there exists in this country, despite the general spread of well-being, a population precariously nourished and inadequately housed, which, small as it may be in proportion to the present population as a whole, yet equals in number the entire population of England at the time of the Norman Conquest, may unhappily be accepted as true; and that such poverty, if it can never be entirely removed, may yet be reduced to relatively negligible dimensions, must be one of the chief hopes and objects of every sagacious statesman. It is, however, very doubtful whether the utmost progress possible in this direction would even modify the sort of labour unrest which is characteristic of the present time.

The grounds on which this assertion is made are not far to seek. One is the well-known fact which is exemplified by all classes alike—namely, that after the fundamental needs of the human body are satisfied and have been supplemented by the provision of such secondary requisites as are practically made necessaries by the habits of whatever class may be in question, each further addition of wealth, as soon as the recipients are habituated to it, ceases to be felt as any addition at all. Those who were contented before are not thankful now. Those who were discontented before are just as discontented still. What makes discontent—apart from actual privation or the anxiety which comes from the fear of it—is not what people have got, but a comparison of what they have got with that which they have been stimulated into thinking that they can get and ought to get.

The truth of these observations is illustrated in the most vivid way by the events of the present day. There is, no doubt, an unrest which, in the language of the Bishop of Birmingham, is really 'an appeal for life,' but that such is not the kind of unrest which is typically prominent to-day is shown by the fact that the most determined, the most bitter, and the most highly organised of recent strikes is that which has occurred amongst workers who belong to the best-paid, not the worst-paid, section of their class. One of the best-educated of the Parliamentary leaders of the Labour Party boasted, some years ago, in an article in this Review, that the main supporters of his party were not the population of the slums but the better-paid and more skilful of the artisans. The coal-miners, who must be included under this general description, earn incomes which vary considerably according to the capacities of the individual; but however moderate may be the individual earnings of some of them, the most prominent leaders, and the most obstinate supporters of the recent coal-strike, comprised men who, together with their families, enjoyed household incomes far larger than those of many of the Bishop of Birmingham's own clergy. Amongst the most ardent of the recent strikers in the West of Scotland were two Poles (brothers), who admitted that their joint annual earnings were certainly not less than 400*l.* In one of the South Wales collieries, out of twenty men, taken in the order of their places, it was ascertained that all but three were earning more than 100*l.* a year, and that more than half were earning from 120*l.* to 220*l.* Would the Bishop contend that amongst such men as these 'labour unrest' was 'in its last analysis an appeal for life'? But we need not confine ourselves to comparing the earnings of such men with those of the clergy. Let us compare them with the maximum which could possibly be earned by anybody if the entire income of the nation were divided equally amongst all. Sanguine statisticians, whose estimate we need not dispute here, say that if all the wealth of the country were thus equally divided, there would be an income of 200*l.* a year for each family of five persons, of whom, on an average, two and a half would be earners. With regard, then, to the majority of those lately on strike, it is evident that their household incomes (even if we take the earners per family to be not more than two) were, at the time of the strike, from 20 to 100 per cent. more than could possibly fall to their share were the lot of all households equal. If the action of such men in striking was simply 'an appeal for life'—if it means that they cannot live in any true sense of the word unless their present earnings are increased—it is impossible for the nation as a whole so to live at all; for not all that can be produced by all the muscle

and all the brains of the population can produce enough to provide each individual household with what the Bishop would apparently regard as the minimum of proper human subsistence. We need merely go back to the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, and the moral of the case will become more apparent still. If the maximum average income theoretically possible for each family to-day would be insufficient in the case of any family to satisfy 'the appeal for life' (and this must be so if colliers earning more than that maximum are 'appealing for life' still), what must have been the position of the population only two generations ago? All the productive forces existing in this country would not have sufficed, under any conceivable scheme of distribution, to have lifted it half-way towards the level at which the kind of life begins which alone, according to the Bishop, is fit for a human being. Whatever hardship may have been caused during quite recent years by a rise in the cost of certain articles of general consumption, real wages to-day are at least 75 per cent. greater than they were at the time of the opening of the first Great Exhibition, yet 'labour unrest,' according to the Bishop's own admission, is to-day more acute than it was then. The gains of the masses during the intervening sixty years have been greater than any that can be looked for at the present moment, even if in businesses such as mining the entire value of the products were divided amongst the manual workers. What reason, then, is there for expecting that the kind of unrest which a gain of 75 per cent. has merely had the effect of developing, would be checked or converted into contentment by a gain of 10 per cent., or even of 15 or 20 per cent.?

As soon as the primary needs of life are satisfied, together with the secondary needs which habit and custom have rendered primary, what causes unrest, in respect of economic conditions, is not (let me repeat) the limitations of what men have, but the relation of these to the amount of what they imagine that they ought to have, and may practically secure.

And here we are brought back again to the question of education. Labour unrest, in its distinctively contemporary sense, having its origin mainly in the ranks of the most prosperous, not of the poorest workers, has its origin not in the wants of the body but in exaggerated expectations of the mind—in the development of ideals which, whatever may be their character otherwise, have no correct relation to the facts and possibilities of life. They are due, on the one hand, to purely illusory conceptions of the amount of wealth produced or producible in any given country; and on the other—and this is the more important cause of the two—to wholly illusory conceptions of the part played by the labour of the average man in the productive process

of to-day. An interesting illustration of this latter fact occurs in an article lately published in the *Morning Post* on the Labour College at Earl's Court. This article contains a quotation from a statement made by one of the students, who was apparently there equipping himself for the business of an active agitator. The employing classes, he said, whatever may be their brains and abilities, 'can do nothing for us which we cannot do for ourselves,' meaning by 'ourselves' the mass of average workers whose livelihood at present comes to them in the form of wages. This idea is the natural result of general education on a class to which it is still novel. It is a kind of idea like that produced in a boy who, placed for the first time on the back of an ambling donkey, at once imagines that he could sit a galloping racehorse.

Of all writers from whom one might think he would be unlikely to derive any light on social and educational problems, amongst the least likely is perhaps the poet Keats. And yet in his preface to one of the later editions of *Endymion* he makes the following observations, which are most pertinent to the present matter:

'The imagination of a boy,' he says, 'is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, and the ambitions thick-sighted. Thence proceeds melancholia, and all the thousand bitters.'

Such is very much the condition of those sections of the wage-earning population amongst which, in its acuter forms, the 'unrest' of to-day is most noticeable. The question, then, arises—what kind of cure for this malady may be looked for in the future? That an actual augmentation of wages may form a part of our future history, just as it has formed a feature of our past for a period of more than a century, and that ameliorations in conditions of housing may take place likewise, the importance of which would be even greater, are results to which we may look forward with confidence if the vitality and efficiency of our present system is maintained. But, as I have said before, and as I remark once again, such improvements, in themselves, would do nothing to allay the spirit of contemporary unrest: nor would they even tend to do so. The real remedy is to be looked for partly in some modifications of our present educational methods; but still more in the fact that the multitude, in proportion as they become accustomed to education and fail to derive from it any of the thrills of novelty, will discover how little it can do to alter their relations to the permanent facts of life. Their present illusions as to its enlargement of their own powers, and as to the claims and expectations which have

these illusions as their basis, will disappear gradually like a dream; and measuring possibilities by more modest but more real standards, the progress which is actually open to them will be regarded by them in its true light—that is to say, as a series of substantial conquests, instead of as conquests so small as to resemble exasperating defeats in an attempt to realise conditions which are beyond the limits of possibility. The object of education, as understood by the Bishop of Birmingham, appears to be the enlargement of the claims and expectations of all to the utmost extent possible. May I venture to call his attention to the words of another prelate whom, in this respect, at all events, I should regard as the wiser man. 'The first object of education,' said the late Bishop Creighton, of London, 'is to teach each of us the knowledge of his own limitations.'

A few final words still remain to be said as to that cause of contemporary unrest to which, in these few pages, I called attention first. I refer to the unrest which has for its chief cause the modern facilities for travel. With regard to unrest of this kind, which is common to all classes alike, I would observe that the richer classes, and not the poorer only, are here still undergoing an experience strictly analogous to that which the poorer are undergoing as a consequence of popular education. They are still perturbed by the novelty of the experiences open to them: and I would add that in time such novelty will wear itself out; that much which is now distracting will become unexciting and commonplace; and that the present restlessness may not indeed turn into apathy, but subside into a healthy activity from which the symptoms of fever may have disappeared.

W. H. Mallock.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FRANCO-GERMAN CRISIS OF 1911

THE year 1911 was indeed a romantic one. Not only has Europe suffered from a new Franco-German crisis which nearly involved England and France in a great war, but—what is still worse—she has had to put up with a frightful accumulation of speeches and of magazine and newspaper articles, contributed by men who all professed to know the truth, though they were in fact contradicting each other in the most shocking way.

It is interesting to note that England has not been spared in that respect more than France herself. Some extravagant stories have been told by serious English papers about several French statesmen, whose secret intentions they apparently knew better than those statesmen themselves. But the most curious instance of that kind of literature is certainly Mr. E. D. Morel's recent book on *Morocco in Diplomacy*; a subject on which he has also written recently in this Review.[1] Although Mr. Morel's unfriendliness to France has been well known since he ruthlessly attacked the French Congo, while dealing with the undoubted evils existing in the Belgian Congo, his new appearance as a kind of German Siegfried is of a highly comical order. For now we hear from a British moralist that not only is France a wicked country, but that England herself behaved in a shameful way during the Franco-German negotiations: Germany alone was guiltless of any unfriendly design; she alone stuck to her treaty obligations; she never thought of doing anything unfair; in one word, she alone deserves to enter Mr. Morel's diplomatic heaven.

Such a pious indictment is bound to impress the public mind so long as no definite statement can be made as to what actually happened behind the scenes. It is only by setting forth the facts themselves that one can prevent reasonable people from wondering whether Sir Edward Grey did not really act as he did because he was afraid of *The Times*, or whether M. Caillaux did not make up his mind to sell France to Germany. Fortunately the facts are now available. Three books have just been published in Paris

[1] 'The National Interest in the Franco-German Dispute,' November 1911, and, 'The True Story of the Morocco Negotiations,' February 1912.

which supply nearly all the secret evidence that was still wanted. One has been written by the foreign editor of *Le Temps*, M. André Tardieu, and is entitled *Le Mystère d'Agadir*. The two others, *Le Coup d'Agadir*, by M. Pierre Albin, and *Chronique de l'an 1911*, by M. Mermeix, are from the pen of distinguished writers. Their respective value is, of course, a matter open to discussion. M. André Tardieu, for instance, is considered by Mr. E. D. Morel as a kind of Mephistopheles, whose sinister influence has been perverting not only France but also the British Foreign Office, ever since he once crossed the Channel. His book, which is, without any doubt, the ablest and the most considerable of the three, will therefore be represented by some as a mere collection of lies. To this it can, however, be answered that the three writers have written the history of the Franco-German crisis from three different and sometimes opposite points of view, and in these circumstances every reader is in a position to make a critical comparison between them in order to form his own judgment. In the second place, most of M. Tardieu's contentions are based on existing documents which he has been able to publish for the first time, and it is open to any serious student to check his quotations. As a matter of fact, the truth, or rather the approximate truth—for nobody except, perhaps, Mr. Morel can boast of being in possession of the absolute historical truth—appears in a fairly precise shape to anyone who has had the patience to peruse those three books. All the more so that M. Tardieu, not to speak of the others, has made a thorough effort to present the German case in an unbiased way.

What, then, are the disclosures brought out by such an inquiry? Does Europe still stand out as in Mr. Morel's book—on one side Germany entirely white; on the other, France and England equally black, with the possible exception of a few white spots which correspond to the Congo Reform Association and Messrs. John Holt and Co., of Liverpool? Put in those terms, the question is scarcely interesting enough for a Hyde Park open-air meeting. But without taking too seriously Mr. Morel's German propaganda, there are two important points on which the British public is bound to ask for more light.

The first one relates to the immediate causes which led to the sending of the *Panther* to Agadir. As England chose to stand by France, she has a right to know whether all the responsibilities for such a crisis were on the side of her friend. Was Germany totally innocent of the failure of the Franco-German agreement of 1909? Was the expedition to Fez and the French military interference in Morocco quite unjustified?

The second point is even more important, from a British point of view. Was Sir Edward Grey, were the members of the British

Cabinet justified in adopting a strong attitude in regard to the action of Germany as soon as the *Panther* had gone to Agadir? Would it have been safer for England—not taking the interests of France into account—to let things go their way, or even, as Mr. Morel suggests (*Morocco in Diplomacy*, p. 141) to insist 'on a treatment of Germany commensurable with Germany's legal position and with Germany's unquestionable rights?'

The facts which are now for the first time revealed to the public seem to throw on these two points a new and perhaps decisive light.

The Causes of the Crisis

There is not much doubt that the main reason for the violent way in which Germany intervened after the Fez expedition was that she was bitterly disappointed by the results of the Franco-German agreement of February 1909. That agreement had provided that 'in order to facilitate the execution of the Algeciras Act' both Governments 'chercheront à associer leurs nationaux dans les affaires dont ceux-ci pourront obtenir l'entreprise'; France undertook to safeguard the principle of economic equality in Morocco, and Germany recognised 'that the special political interests of France in that country were closely bound up with the consolidation of order and internal peace.' In consequence of this, both Governments gave their support to a number of Franco-German enterprises, which were started not only in Morocco itself, but also in other parts of Africa. The Union des Mines and the Société Marocaine des Travaux-Publics—two societies which were of international character, but in which France and Germany held the largest shares—represented the new policy in Morocco. It seems equally well established now, by a letter written by M. Pichon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the 5th of June 1909, that the French Government thought soon after of extending the Franco-German co-operation to the Congo. The idea was launched of bringing together the Sud Kamerun Gesellschaft and a French society, the 'N'Goko Sangha,' in order to form a Franco-German *consortium*, which would end, once for all, a number of disputes relating to the frontiers of the Kamerun and the French Congo. Later, at the beginning of 1911, both Governments tried to come to terms over a railway which would have crossed the German Kamerun and the French Congo from the South Coast of Kamerun as far as the Ubanghi. In short, during the two years which followed the agreement of February 1909 Germany was supposed to have given up her opposition to the extension of French political influence in Morocco, and France was supposed to be ready for any kind of industrial co-operation with Germany in Africa.

Unfortunately every one of the Franco-German economic schemes failed. The Union des Mines was paralysed from the beginning. The Société Marocaine des Travaux-Publics was never allowed to build either a road or a railway. The only benefit Germany secured took the shape of a sum of 600,000 francs, which was paid by the Maghzen to Herr Renschhausen, and of another sum of 6,000,000 francs, paid for the work done in the harbour of Larache. The Franco-German Congo *consortium* was equally unsuccessful, and so was the Franco-German Equatorial railway. It would be unfair to deny that the French Government was responsible for a number of those failures. Such was specially the case with the Franco-German *consortium* in the Congo. The scheme provided for the investment of German capital in a large part of French territory; it included the payment of a considerable compensation to a French company. It was bitterly attacked, in a more or less direct way, by several parliamentary groups, mainly by Mr. E. D. Morel's French friends. The French Cabinet did not feel strong enough to resist those attacks, and dropped the scheme after the Germans had been led to believe, for a whole year, that the matter was satisfactorily settled. Under those circumstances it is not surprising that the Germans should have thought they were being cheated. They had already found French diplomacy in their way in the Bagdad railway question, where France stood by England and Russia, and also in the Ouenza affair in Algeria, which has been at a standstill for many years owing to parliamentary opposition. They had, it must be confessed, certain good reasons to be dissatisfied with the working of the economic side of the 1909 agreement.

They would, however, in no case have been fully satisfied. Here comes in a disclosure, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Not only has the German Government been equally responsible with France for the failure of certain Franco-German enterprises (such as the Union des Mines, for instance, which found the Brothers Mannesmann in its way), but its general responsibility lies much deeper. Germany interpreted, from the first, the 1909 agreement as if France had bound herself to give to the Franco-German interests in Morocco a kind of monopoly from which every other nation, not excepting England, was to be totally excluded.

This has, of course, to be proved. When France and Germany agreed to 'associate their nationals in affairs for which the latter might obtain a concession,' it was generally understood in France, as in England, that neither country meant to infringe the economic equality established by the Algeciras Act. However, the way in which German diplomacy is used to interpret an arrangement of that sort was soon made clear. On the 2nd of

June 1909, only a few months after the agreement was signed, the German Government submitted to M. Guiot, representing the French Government, a memorandum in which it outlined the new Franco-German policy in Morocco which it desired to recommend.[2] According to that memorandum all the big undertakings in the Shereefian Empire were to be reserved to certain Franco-German groups. France would be free to open the door to representatives of other nationalities : however, every English or Spanish share in any enterprise was to be inferior to the German one and deducted from the French share. A difficulty arose at that juncture, from Article 107 of the Algeciras Act, which provided that every concession made in Morocco should be made by public awards without differentiating between nationalities. But the German Government thought that Article 107 should not be interpreted in a narrow sense, and it invited the French Government to ' put aside a fruitless and noxious competition,' suppressing the international equality which Germany had pretended to fight for up to 1909 and was going to claim again at the end of 1911. Morocco was to become a Franco-German hunting-ground.

The history of the negotiations which took place at the beginning of 1911 in connexion with the Moroccan railways gives a striking illustration of the practical meaning of the memorandum. It was in February 1911 that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was then M. Pichon, discussed for the first time with Baron von Schoen, German Ambassador in Paris, the construction of several railways in Morocco. The French proposal was that the Société Marocaine des Travaux-Publics should build two lines : Casablanca-Settat and Udjda-Muluya River, which were of a military character and therefore were not to come under the system of public awards. For every extension of those lines the French Government intended to observe Article 107 of the Algeciras Act, and asked the German Government to see that no German firm should compete in that matter with the Société Marocaine. But the German Government made, on the 2nd of March, a counter-proposal of quite a different character. It went so far as to ask that, for every possible railway to be constructed later on in Morocco, French as well as German enterprises should abstain from competing with the Société Marocaine. In other words, Germany wanted to create a railway monopoly in favour of one privileged Franco-German company only, to the exclusion of all foreign and, more especially, English interests. England would have had, naturally, to bear the consequences. In fact, it was the British Government which, having been consulted by M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador in London, plainly declared that Germany's proposition amounted to the creation of a Franco-

[2] See M. André Tardieu's *Le Mystère d'Agadir*, p. 28.

German condominium in Morocco. This was on the 14th of March 1911. On the 16th Sir Edward Grey told M. Cambon that such an economic privilege would injure British interests. England could only approve the refusal which France, under these circumstances, finally opposed to the German offer.

Such a profound difference of opinion was bound, sooner or later, to lead to a disagreement between the two countries. The situation was hopeless. On one side was Germany. She had only recognised France's special political interest in Morocco in order to try a new policy; instead of standing aloof and opposing French action without any solid profit for herself, she had made up her mind to induce France to break her general undertaking towards England, and she had meant to enter with France upon a joint economic conquest of Morocco. And on the other side was France, who had no reason whatever for shutting out her best friend, England, from Morocco, and who had thought that Germany would be satisfied with a limited and lawful co-operation. However weak M. Pichon was—for he did not dare to reject bluntly, as he ought to have done, Germany's Memorandum of June 1909—the fundamental contradiction between Germany's hopes and France's intentions could not allow a purely superficial concord to last very long.

The Franco-German understanding might still have lasted somewhat longer if, on the other hand, the French Government's action in Morocco had not been rushed by events. Critics of Mr. Morel's turn of mind have not hesitated to accuse French diplomacy of having deliberately violated the famous Algeciras Act, which Germany was apparently respecting in such an edifying manner. There was no need, so they say, to occupy Udjda and the Shawya with French troops; the siege of Fez was a mere pretence; France had pledged herself to respect the integrity of Morocco and the sovereignty of the Sultan; she had no right to intervene. The same set of people would very likely recommend that England should evacuate Egypt in order to restore there what might be called lawful anarchy. French opinion, indeed, is ready to acknowledge that France might have done better in Morocco; that by reinforcing in time the French military mission in Fez, or by raising, under her own guarantee, a large loan for the Shereefian treasury, she might have enabled the Sultan to fight in a more efficient way the insurgent tribes which nearly overthrew him in the spring of 1911.[3] But half measures of that kind would have done nothing but postpone a crisis which was bound to come, if only because the Moorish Government was rotten to the core and was quite unable to reform itself from within. At any rate, the position was becoming each year more critical. It culminated in

[3] See M. André Tardieu, *op. cit.* Part I. chap. ii.

the siege of Fez, the seriousness of which cannot be denied after reading the confidential reports which have just come to light. The most convincing is perhaps Commandant Brémond's report, dated the 24th of July 1911, which is a mere statement of facts. It shows, among other details, that the Shereefian army had, after the 11th of May (the siege lasted until the 21st), only enough artillery ammunition left for two engagements. The number of deserters was increasing from day to day. The remaining soldiers were plotting to assassinate their French instructors and to capture the foreign consuls. On the 19th of May 'the instructors had to keep apart from each other in order to make their simultaneous assassination more difficult.' We know from recent events that this was not an imaginary danger.

Faced by such a recurrent state of things France had to perform a difficult task. There was, first, the Algeciras Act, which did not expressly prevent her from intervening in the internal affairs of the Moroccan Empire; which even recognised her special interest by giving her a free hand on the Algerian border, and by entrusting to her officers the main share in policing the harbours; which, however, declined to give her the means of establishing order inside Morocco, thus withholding with one hand the very thing it was offering with the other. In the second place, France had assumed, in 1904 with regard to England, in 1909 with regard to Germany, not to mention other countries, a kind of moral responsibility as protector of European lives and interests in Morocco. In the third place, the Sultan was more frightened than anybody else, and was clamouring for help. The inevitable result of such a false situation was easy to foresee. Willing or not, France was to be dragged in. As a matter of fact, her decisive intervention—the expedition to Fez—was decided by men who had a marked preference for international methods as opposed to a policy of a protectorate.

But the rupture with Germany was, therefore, the more threatening. The economic condominium, which the German Government had tried to establish in Morocco after 1909, had fallen to pieces before it had ever worked, owing to the resistance of France, backed up in the matter by England. The political ascendancy of France over Morocco was, *per contra*, fostered by the events themselves. Germany was disappointed in a twofold way. Hence the crisis. Had French diplomacy been as subtle as Mr. Morel thinks it to be, it would have perhaps avoided the noisy demonstration of Agadir by meeting Germany halfway, and offering to negotiate again over Morocco as soon as the French troops started for Fez. This was at one time the writer's view, and subsequent events have shown that such a course would have been wiser. However, this lack of foresight does not in

any way alter the fact that the Agadir dispute was caused by Germany's disappointed ambition, and had, therefore, from its inception a particularly acute character.

England and the Negotiations

The acuteness of the crisis has been, nevertheless, ascribed by the British admirers of Germany to the selfish intervention of the British Government at the beginning of the negotiations, from the 21st to the 27th of July. According to Mr. Morel, Sir Edward Grey's warning to the German Ambassador and Mr. Lloyd George's speech were useless, for Germany never nourished any dark designs in regard to Morocco. Moreover, the action taken by the British Foreign Office was utterly wicked; France and Germany were both prepared to settle their differences in a friendly *tête-à-tête*,[4] and it was through fear of such a result that *The Times* began pouring oil on the fire. Neither is this all: Mr. Morel's contention is that Sir Edward Grey, frightened, of course, by *The Times*, made the French case, which was already intrinsically bad, even worse by encouraging the French Government to overlook Germany's unquestionable rights in Morocco. Never was a more violent accusation made against 'perfidious Albion' even by the most bitter enemy of England, at the time when Pitt's money was commonly supposed, in France, to be corrupting the whole of Europe.

Now the facts speak for themselves. Sir Edward Grey's action is not only fully justified by the diplomatic events which preceded it, but also by the subsequent development of the Franco-German negotiations.

It is already well known that when Sir Edward Grey gave the German Ambassador to understand, on the 21st of July, that England would not permit Germany to obtain a footing in Morocco, no assurance had yet been given by Germany to England that she would not land troops in Agadir, where the *Panther* had arrived on the 1st of July. Did Sir Edward Grey yield to a mere movement of impatience? Is it true that he had no right to suspect Germany's intentions? The Press campaign which was just starting in Germany points to the contrary. On the 13th of July —nine days after Sir Edward Grey's first and vague interview with the German Ambassador, and a week before Mr. Lloyd George's speech—the *Cologne Gazette* suggested that a partition of Morocco between France and Germany might be a way out of the difficulty. The idea was by no means a new one, for since

[4] M. Caillaux has been represented by Mr. Morel and others as having contemplated a complete reconciliation between France and Germany at the expense of the *Entente Cordiale*. Such an amazing statement is sufficiently refuted by M. A. Tardieu and M. Mermeix, and is not even upheld by M. Pierre Albin, who is personally hostile to M. Caillaux.

1904 the pan-German and German Colonial societies had repeatedly claimed a part of the Moroccan coast, and specially Agadir, for their country. The Mannesmann Brothers were, moreover, making a great fuss about Germany's interests in the hinterland of Agadir. The *Cologne Gazette's* suggestion was at once taken up by the whole Pan-German Press. The *Braunschweigische Landeszeitung* said, for instance :

> Herr von Kiderlen has awakened and enlivened our hopes. We share almost entirely the pangermanistic point of view. He has told us that, although the Kaiser has only recommended him to find an honourable solution, he will persist in claiming part of the south-west of Morocco.[5]

There was also a rumour in Berlin—the *Post* made it widely known—that Herr von Kiderlen and his secretary, Herr Heilbronn, had, in the course of several conversations (among others with Herr Erzberger, member of the Reichstag, Herrn Klaas and Rippler, of the pan-German League), indicated that they intended to find in the Suss (the hinterland of Agadir) Germany's share of Morocco. In a country like the German Empire, where the most violent papers are often in the hands of the Government at the very moment when they appear to be following an independent line, such utterances were to be taken seriously, the more so that the German Ambassador in London did not think it necessary to make any plain and reassuring statement.

But the German Press campaign was not all. The information which Sir Edward Grey received, not from *The Times*, but through M. Paul Cambon in London, and Sir Francis Bertie in Paris, gave him the best reasons to fear that the Franco-German negotiations, which had lasted for three weeks, were entering a critical phase. The beginning of the negotiations had not been especially alarming. As soon as the *Panther* arrived at Agadir the French Government had informed the British and Russian Governments that France would in no case abandon anything in Morocco, and that she was waiting for Germany to say what she wanted. To this the British Government had assented officially on the 5th of July. Two days after, Herr von Schoen told M. de Selves that Germany did not ask for territorial compensations in Morocco, but that both countries might come to terms over the Congo. This was telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey, who replied the same day that Great Britain did not object to compensations being granted to Germany in Equatorial Africa. Lastly, on the 9th of July Herr von Kiderlen roughly indicated to the French Ambassador in Berlin, M. Jules Cambon, that Germany was prepared to renounce completely her claims in Morocco if she received important colonial compensations elsewhere—in the Congo, for

[5] See also other quotations from newspapers in M. Tardieu's *op. cit.*, p. 429.

instance. This sounded somewhat reassuring for British interests, as England had never wished to oppose a Franco-German arrangement over the Congo; the only thing she could not admit—for obvious reasons—was that Germany should get a footing in any part of North Africa.

The Franco-German diplomatic conversations, however, almost immediately took a bad turn. First as to Morocco. Asked on the 13th of July what sort of *régime* Germany was prepared to recognise in Morocco, Herr von Kiderlen answered that she would simply grant France 'sufficient authority to preserve Morocco from anarchy.' Such a vague formula was rather alarming, for it amounted to the same offer as in 1909, and left the same door open to further difficulties with Germany—difficulties of exactly the same kind as those which had caused the clash in 1911. If France was to grant important compensations in the Congo, she ought to receive in exchange a full protectorate over Morocco, and to get rid of the misunderstanding underlying the 1909 agreement. At the same time, while going back on his Moroccan promises, Herr von Kiderlen put forward an utterly unacceptable scheme, according to which France was to hand over to Germany the whole of the French Congo from the river Sangha to the sea.

The extent of the German demands was made known on the 20th of July, by M. Paul Cambon and Sir Francis Bertie, to Sir Edward Grey. It is not surprising that the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs should have wondered what Germany was driving at. Perhaps she was contemplating a rupture. More probably she was only pushing her claims with regard to the Congo in order to ask for some territory on the Moroccan coast. At any rate, the question was worth asking. What the answer was, on the 21st of July, is known precisely from the best German source, the evidence submitted to the Committee of the Reichstag. The German Ambassador made a long, obscure declaration, in which he not only avoided giving any positive assurance as far as the landing in Agadir was concerned, but rather bitterly complained about England's attitude. Certain phrases of the declaration had even a threatening tone:

> If our proposals on the Congo are, as you say, unacceptable [said the Ambassador], this proves that France attaches less importance than is generally supposed to the free exercise in Morocco of pretensions which have never been made the object of an international decision. *She must then agree, as well, that a foreign warship may enter a Moroccan harbour.*[6]

The end of the declaration is even more disquieting:

> If you care so much for the integrity of the Moroccan territory, why don't you, first of all, ask France for explanations? The occupation of the

[6] The italics are my own.

Shawya, and the invasion of the whole interior of Morocco by the French army, amount, much more than the recent German action, to a decided interference in Moroccan affairs.

After the Press campaign started on the 13th of July, after the sudden change for the worse of the Franco-German conversations, such an answer could only lead Sir Edward Grey to think that something ought to be done in order to make Germany understand that she could not touch Morocco without injuring British interests. Hence Mr. Lloyd George's speech. The result was attained on the 24th of July, when the German Ambassador emphatically declared that no landing had taken place in Agadir and that Germany had never intended to create there a naval base. How useful British interference had been, not only to England, but to France, is clearly pointed out by M. André Tardieu :

> The first consequence [he writes] of the Anglo-German incident was that the German Government had evidently pledged itself to England not to seek for territorial advantages in Morocco. If one thinks of the uncertainty which prevailed in that respect, of the contradictory statements which had appeared in the German Press, of the utterances ascribed to Herr von Kiderlen, such a result had a real value. A real value first for England, who in 1911, as in 1904, did not admit the possibility of a German establishment in the Shereefian Empire; a real value also for France, whose interest in the matter was not less evident than that of Great Britain.

If any further proof should be deemed necessary of the wisdom Great Britain displayed when she interfered in the Franco-German dispute, it would be found in the difficulties which arose during the last stage of the negotiations. Some of Mr. Morel's main contentions are that the German Government has shown throughout an absolute straightforwardness; that it never made any objection to the establishment of a French protectorate over Morocco; that it defended Europe's interests in the Congo question against French selfishness; that Great Britain behaved, therefore, wrongfully when she showed the least suspicion of the German Government's intentions. Now it is true enough that Herr von Kiderlen expressed his willingness to let France be master of Morocco. But when he was asked in September to assent to a written definition of the *régime* which was to be set up in Morocco, then, with characteristic rapidity, he invented a score of new proposals. First of all, France was to have only a limited political control over Morocco; she was to occupy the interior of the country solely with the Sultan's consent; she was not to be entrusted with diplomatic representation of Morocco abroad, but only to be informed by Germany of all the diplomatic arrangements which might be made between the German and the Shereefian Governments. In the second place, Germany asked for a number of economic privileges. She was to be the dominant

Power south of the Tensift River, from Marrakech down to the southern border of the Suss : in that part of Morocco every enterprise would have to be 70 per cent. German and 30 per cent. French ; that proportion would be reversed north of the Tensift. Thus, after promising to be satisfied with the principle of mere economic equality in Morocco, if she only received proper territorial compensation elsewhere, Germany tried, as she had done in 1909, to create again for her own benefit an economic condominium equally distasteful to Europe and to France. It took M. Jules Cambon over one month—from the 4th of September to the 14th of October—to get from Herr von Kiderlen terms which, though not perfect, were at least more satisfactory.

Surprises of the same kind occurred during the negotiations relating to the Congo. On the 23rd of July Herr von Kiderlen had agreed with M. Jules Cambon that the right of pre-emption which France had possessed since 1884 over the Belgian Congo should in no way enter into the Franco-German negotiations. Nevertheless, at the very end of those negotiations, on the 26th of October, Germany suddenly asked that France should abandon that right in favour of Germany.[7] When the French Ambassador reminded the German Secretary of State that he had promised not to make such a demand, Herr von Kiderlen answered that he had changed his mind, as the compensations offered by France were so ridiculously small. To grant such a demand would have been as unlawful as dishonourable, for the right France possesses over the Belgian Congo cannot be transferred to another Power without Belgium's consent, and, on the other hand, such a cession would have been as dangerous for British interests as for France herself. The way out was found by the Russian Government, which suggested that both Powers should agree that, in case a territorial change should occur in the Conventional Congo basin, the signatory Powers to the Act of Berlin should have a word to say in the matter. That formula was submitted on the 30th of October by the French Government to the British, which approved of it. It was accepted by Herr von Kiderlen on the 1st of November, three days before the treaty was signed. Up to the very last moment Germany had driven such a hard bargain that a rupture was still possible, if not probable.

It would be foolish to deduce from all this that Germany must be severely blamed for the method she applied, either in the interpretation of the 1909 agreement or in the discussion of the treaty of last year. That method is always and everywhere the same. It consists in changing the principles each time they clash with the interests. Thus Germany stood for economic equality in

[7] That demand is construed by Mr. Morel to mean that Germany was afraid lest France might injure Europe by stealing the Belgian Congo for herself and her friends. (See *Morocco in Diplomacy*, p. 194.)

Morocco as long as she had no particular agreement with France. After February 1909 she tried to break that economic equality for her own benefit, and to drag France into a kind of condominium. Then again, during the summer and autumn of last year, she did her best to obtain for herself some important economic privileges in Morocco, and she returned later on to the policy of the open door only because she could not get a privileged treatment. The same variety of points of view can be observed in every detail of her action. According to circumstances, she would protest that she did not object in the least to French preponderance in Morocco, and would at the same time refuse to recognise the lawfulness of that preponderance. These changeable tactics have been often termed scornfully: Deutsche Realpolitik. As a matter of fact they amount simply to a very strong and practical conception of German interests. It would be as childish to call this an immoral diplomacy as it is to apply that flattering qualification to the diplomacy either of France or of England.

At the same time, however, the history of the past three years affords the best possible justification of the cautiousness shown by England, as well as by France, in their relations with Germany. It can no longer be disputed that, whenever the German Government signs a general diplomatic agreement, it does its best afterwards to carry the interpretation of such an agreement to the extreme point which corresponds to Germany's narrowest interest. It appears equally clear in the light of the facts that a diplomatic negotiation with Germany is never a safe one, and that the ground you may have gained on a German negotiator may be lost the moment after he has acknowledged it. For these reasons it is by no means absurd to fancy what might have happened had Sir Edward Grey supported France less firmly. The German demands might have been driven up to a point where French opinion, which backed up its Government very strongly during the last stage of the dispute, would have preferred the risks of a great war rather than an unfair settlement. A German landing in Agadir would have very likely precipitated a catastrophe of that kind. By expressing, at the most critical moment, England's will, not only to stand by France, but before all to defend British interests in Morocco, Sir Edward Grey has certainly done more to strengthen the peace of Europe than if he had listened to the peace-crank open-air preachers who are trying to ruin England for the benefit of humanity, even as the French unified Socialists are doing their best to kill their own country in the name of democratic principles. The crisis of 1911 is worth meditating over in that respect. It contains a lesson for the future.

PHILIPPE MILLET.

THE FAILURE OF POST-BISMARCKIAN GERMANY

THE rise of Prusso-Germany from insignificance to greatness has been meteoric. Two hundred years ago Frederick the First, the first King of Prussia, ruled over 1,500,000 people; and Berlin, his capital, had only 20,000 inhabitants when, in 1688, he succeeded his father. The country was scarcely civilised and very poor. Prussia held then a position in the world not dissimilar from that occupied now by Servia or Bulgaria. To-day the King of Prussia is at the same time Emperor of Germany. He rules over 66,000,000 people and Greater Berlin has a population of about 4,000,000. Since 1871, when the German Empire was founded, Germany's population has increased by 25,000,000, and that of Berlin has nearly quadrupled. In 1871 Germany was a poor agricultural country. To-day Germany is the leading industrial, commercial and maritime State on the Continent, and the richest nation in Europe, for her wealth is greater than that of France and of Great Britain. She has successfully challenged Great Britain's industrial supremacy—her industrial production is greater than ours—and she is now challenging our maritime supremacy as well. In a very few years she will have twenty-four Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts permanently in commission in the North Sea. Her political, military and economic progress appears irresistible.

The success of a nation depends upon the people, its rulers, and its institutions. In democratic countries the people are the most important of these three factors. The policy of the United States, Great Britain, France, is made by public opinion, by the ideals, the instincts, and the desires of the masses, sentiments which through public discussion have crystallised into a definite national policy. In democracies the nation rules, the government carries out the popular will, and the statesmen are merely the mouthpieces of the people. In monarchical countries, such as Germany or Russia, the process is reversed. The monarch is the source of all power. He governs with the assistance of

his councillors, and he, or his principal adviser, who acts in the monarch's name, lays down the national policy, which is carried out by his officials, and the people are expected to support and applaud him.

Since the dawn of her history Prusso-Germany has been under one-man rule. Her greatness and success are not so much due to the great qualities of the people as to the genius and the activity of her rulers and statesmen. The Great Elector, Frederick William the First, Frederick the Great, Stein, William the First, Bismarck, have made modern Germany. The rapid changes in the fortunes of Prusso-Germany show how much her successes and her failures have been due to the personal qualities of her rulers. Frederick the Great, who had successfully fought the combined armies of Austria, the minor German States, France, Russia and Sweden, died in 1786. At the King's death Prussia was considered to be by far the strongest nation on the Continent. His two successors were men without ability who merely preserved the old form and routine of government. In 1806, only twenty years after the death of Frederick the Great, the same Prussia which had defeated the world in arms during seven years of incessant war was knocked down at one blow and cut up by Napoleon the First. It had fallen like a rotten tree at the first blast. The strength of democratic nations depends chiefly on the people, that of highly centralised monarchies depends very largely on their rulers. Many think that the Germany of to-day is still the Germany of the heroic age, of William the First and of Bismarck; but may not her strength be over-rated? Frederick the Great had no successor able to take his place. Has Bismarck found a worthy successor or can Germany now be governed without a Minister of Bismarckian ability?

Germany's form of government is laid down in a written Constitution. According to paragraph eighteen of that document, the Emperor nominates and dismisses the Imperial officials, and these are responsible only to the Emperor. Parliamentary control of the Government does not exist. A German Secretary of State who is incapable or is obnoxious to Parliament may continue in office as long as he enjoys the Emperor's support. He can afford to smile at hostile majorities and at votes of censure of the Reichstag. His salary does not depend upon a parliamentary vote, and as the Reichstag's control over the finances is quite ineffective—according to the Constitution it is doubtful whether Parliament may repeal taxes which have once been voted—it cannot effectively use the power of the purse against an incompetent Chancellor or Secretary of State. The German

Ministers are the Emperor's servants, not the nation's servants. It is, therefore, clear that the high officials in Germany are exactly as dependent on the support of the Emperor, who at will can make and unmake ministers, as British Cabinet Ministers are dependent on the support of Parliament. Therefore, German Ministers are as anxious to carry out the Emperor's will as British Ministers are to carry out the people's will and Parliament's will.

The Government of Germany is not conducted by a Cabinet of Ministers of equal rank, but by a single Minister, the Imperial Chancellor. He alone is responsible for the conduct of all the Imperial departments. The heads of all the departments are responsible to him, and are his subordinates. An incapable British Prime Minister has little power for mischief. He may be guided or out-voted by his colleagues at a Cabinet Council. But a German Chancellor has no colleagues to guide and out-vote him. He has only subordinates. The joint responsibility of a British Cabinet is replaced in Germany by the joint responsibility of Emperor and Chancellor, and if a masterful Emperor gives the Chancellorship to a man of little backbone—and he can appoint whom he likes—he rules and his Chancellor becomes his secretary, his clerk, his mouthpiece. As Germany's policy is not directed by the collective wisdom of a Cabinet, but by a Chancellor who is appointed by the Emperor to whom alone he is responsible, Germany can be efficiently governed only if the Emperor and his Chancellor are men of eminence who are as well fitted for their posts as were William the First and Bismarck, for Emperor and Chancellor must work hand in hand.

Bismarck has had four successors: an able general; an outworn diplomat who became Chancellor at the age of seventy-five; a sprightly courtier-diplomat endowed with great social gifts; and an industrious bureaucrat without experience of practical statesmanship who occupies Bismarck's place at the present moment. When in the spring of 1892 Bismarck was informed that General von Caprivi intended to resign, he said, according to Harden: 'I am not pleased with the news. At least he was a general. Who will come next? That is the question. If you get for Chancellor a Prussian bureaucrat who has learned his trade solely at his desk, then you will see things happening which at present seem impossible.' Governmentalism kills individualism. Bismarck did not rise from the ranks of officialdom. He was an outsider and he believed that the well-diciplined, conscientious, and hard-working Prussian officials, who are slaves to precedent and routine, had not sufficient individuality and breadth of view for independent action.

Constitutionally Germany is, as Americans would say, a 'one man show.' Unfortunately for Germany, none of Bismarck's successors has been able to take Bismarck's place, nor has the Emperor been able to supply the ability which his four Chancellors lacked. William the Second is too versatile and too much dilettante to take seriously to the hard work and dull daily grind of government.

The German Government machine is the most elaborate in the world. It was devised and perfected by some of the greatest administrators the world has seen. Germany's official organisation is perhaps as imposing as ever, and the minor officials, with whom the public comes most in contact, are perhaps as good as they were in former days, but the machine itself is becoming rapidly out of date. Its wheels still go round as of old, but as some of the principal ones are getting badly worn, the machine is becoming more and more erratic in its running, and, worst of all, the absence of a capable controlling hand becomes more and more noticeable.

Of all the great departments of State the Foreign Office is the one which is most in need of able direction. It is most susceptible to controlling influences, to which it answers readily. It is the department where lack of statesmanlike capacity tells soonest. All the other Government departments may be run for a long time without glaringly palpable ill results. Not so the Foreign Office. Here routine and the little arts of underlings are of very little use, and incapacity on the part of the chief is rapidly translated into failure. As Germany is under one-man rule, we can measure the efficiency of her Government in its general activity most easily by the success or non-success of its Foreign Office, and if we apply the Foreign Office test we find that the post-Bismarckian Government of Germany has been a failure. In Bismarck's time Germany's foreign policy was universally and triumphantly successful. Since that time it has been practically universally unsuccessful, and has marched from failure to failure. By rashly interfering with many Powers in all parts of the world, Germany has estranged her old friends and has created for herself new enemies. Her failures are too numerous to count, and her successes too few and too small to mention.

In matters of foreign policy praise or blame must be meted out according to results. At the time of Bismarck's dismissal, the Triple Alliance was a solid and reliable partnership, and as France on one side of Germany, Russia on another, and Great Britain on a third were isolated, Germany's position in the world was absolutely secure. She dominated the Continent. Bismarck's principle was 'Divide et Impera.' He succeeded in keeping France and Russia apart. To weaken France, he

set France and Great Britain against one another by encouraging France's colonial and anti-British policy. To weaken Russia he increased the differences between her and Great Britain by encouraging Russia's Turkish and Asiatic aims. Great Britain, being threatened by France and Russia, naturally inclined towards Germany, and was Germany's potential ally.

Fear begets unity. At the Berlin Congress, Bismarck had set Russia against Austria-Hungary by depriving Russia of the fruits of her victory, and by giving Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. At the same time he had given to France Tunis, upon which Italy had the strongest claim. Thus he had created hostility between Italy and France. Austria-Hungary, being threatened by Russia, and Italy by France, desired Germany's protection. The Triple Alliance became a logical necessity. As the Triple Alliance was founded upon Austria's fear of Russia and Italy's fear of France, an improvement of Franco-Italian relations and of Russo-Austrian relations was bound to weaken it greatly. As, since Bismarck's dismissal, Italy and France have become fast friends, and Austria and Russia have arrived at good terms, Germany can no longer be quite sure of her allies. She can count upon Italy's support only in the event that Italy finds it profitable to support her. Italy has very long and extremely vulnerable coast lines. Besides she has great colonial ambitions. Therefore, it would be suicidal for her to pursue an anti-British policy or to help Germany in such a policy. Bismarck attached the greatest value to Great Britain's goodwill and support. In the first place he saw in her a 'potential ally' in case of a war with France and Russia. This will be seen from his speeches in the Reichstag and other pronouncements. In the second place, he recognised that Italy would be compelled to desert Germany if a situation should arise which might entail war with the greatest sea Power. For these reasons the maintenance of good relations with Great Britain was one of the principal aims of Bismarck's foreign policy.

By pursuing an anti-British policy, Germany has not only driven Great Britain from Germany's side and has driven her into the arms of France and Russia, but she has at the same time greatly weakened the formerly reliable Triple Alliance. Few Germans believe that Germany can count on Italy's support in the hour of need. Thus Germany has simultaneously created the Triple Entente and weakened, if not destroyed, the Triple Alliance. It is true the Triple Alliance exists still—on paper. However, Italy would not think of supporting Germany in a war against France, and still less in a war against Great Britain or against Great Britain and France combined.

On this point the *Hanoverscher Anzeiger* wrote on the 19th of January 1912 :

> The people must ask themselves: What is the reason for artificially prolonging the life of the Triple Alliance which has been doomed for a long time? With every prolongation, which has been effected with the greatest difficulty, that alliance has become more frail and more rotten, so that everybody is firmly convinced that it will not stand the strain of necessity. A German staff officer who would base his plan of campaign upon the assumption of Italy's support in case of a French attack upon Germany, would have every reason to anticipate dismissal for incapacity; and so would an Austrian strategist if he should reckon upon Italian support. This is generally known, and cannot be denied by professional diplomats. As at the commencement of a great war nothing is more dangerous than to allow oneself to be deceived, it would be better to see matters as they really are.

Few intelligent Germans reckon upon Italy's support. Most think that in a great European war Italy will either remain neutral or will be found on the side of Germany's enemies.

Austria's support has become less certain in consequence of Germany's isolation, and of the great risks which she insists upon running by her adventurous policy. It should not be forgotten that Austria-Hungary has many old grudges against Prusso-Germany, who has despoiled her from the time of Frederick the Great to that of William the First. Therefore it seems questionable whether Austria would, for Germany's sake, readily run the risk of a great defeat, a defeat which might result in her annihilation. Austria may, instead, try to reconquer, at Germany's cost, the leading position among the Germanic nations which she used to occupy. The States of Southern Germany are more Austrian than German in character, and these might come again under the sway of Vienna.

Germany has complained that she has been isolated and hedged about with a network of hostile alliances and understandings owing to British intrigues. In reality Germany has been isolated owing to the incapacity of her own Government, and especially owing to its anti-British policy.

A nation can safely embark upon a bold and costly transmaritime policy only if it is secure on land, if it either occupies an island, like Great Britain and Japan, or if it occupies an isolated position and cannot be invaded by its neighbours, like the United States. Germany has three great land Powers for neighbours. Two of them, France and Russia, are not friendly to Germany, and she cannot rely with absolute certainty upon the support of her third neighbour, Austria-Hungary, a fact of which Bismarck warned her in his *Memoirs*. Under these circumstances it is obvious that Germany's greatest need is not expansion oversea, but defence on land; that her greatest in-

terests lie not on the sea but on *terra firma*. Self-preservation is more important than glory. The Emperor has started Germany on her 'new course,' on the trans-maritime course, which broke up the Triple Alliance, created the Triple Entente, and threatens Germany's future. His picturesque dictum, 'Germany's future lies upon the water,' could appear logical only to those who forgot Germany's position on land. It has, of course, become the watchword of the German officials whom the Emperor has appointed—he would appoint no Chancellor opposed to his naval policy—and so Germany is throwing away the substance for the shadow.

Bismarck was constantly haunted by the thought of the formation of a great European coalition against Germany. This will be seen from his *Memoirs*, and from many of his letters and conversations. Bismarck's worst fear may be realised before long. Germany's post-Bismarckian diplomacy is doing its best to destroy the work of the great Chancellor. It has already destroyed Germany's security on the Continent. Yet there is no sign that the 'new course' will be abandoned. During twenty-two years of post-Bismarckian government German diplomacy has achieved nothing tangible, except failure. Its incessant and neurotic activity in all parts of the world has given to Germany a few worthless colonial possessions, but it should not be forgotten that the bulk of her colonies were peacefully acquired by Bismarck.

The same hand which has directed Germany's foreign policy with such marked lack of foresight and ability has directed her military and naval policy as well. For geographical reasons Germany's strategical position is precarious. Situated between France and Russia, she must be able to protect herself against an almost simultaneous attack upon her eastern and her western frontiers. Neither France nor Russia is similarly situated. France need protect only her eastern, and Russia her western, frontier against invasion. Therefore, the problem of mobilisation and defence is far more difficult for Germany than for her great neighbours. In view of the possibility that at the critical moment Austria might not aid Germany, Bismarck wished Germany to be so strong as to be able to hold her own single-handed against France and Russia combined. This will be seen from his speeches. Therefore he worked for the steady expansion of the army and neglected the navy. But in matters of defence Bismarck's policy has been thrown to the winds. Guided by the maxim 'Germany's future lies upon the water,' the leaders of the 'new course' have been so anxious to strengthen the navy that the German Army has been neglected

both quantitatively and qualitatively. The following figures tell their own tale :—

	Expenditure on the German Army Marks	Expenditure on the German Navy Marks
1901	677,932,000	194,892,000
1902	669,180,000	205,356,000
1903	659,970,000	212,628,000
1904	647,078,000	206,555,000
1905	697,126,000	231,483,000
1906	752,640,000	245,473,000
1907	806,831,000	290,883,000
1908	827,459,000	337,708,000
1909	854,784,000	405,568,000
1910	807,223,000	434,045,000

During the ten years 1901-1910 the naval expenditure of Germany has increased by more than 120 per cent. During the same period the expenditure on the army has increased by only 20 per cent. From 1901-1904 and from 1909-1910 the German military expenditure decreased. For Germany, which borders upon three great Powers, and which may conceivably be attacked simultaneously on several sides by a combination of Powers, the army is evidently a more important means of defence than the navy, for by sea no vital part of Germany can be touched. It appears, therefore, that Germany's expenditure on the navy has been comparatively extravagant, and that on her army scarcely sufficient. That impression is strengthened if we compare the rank and file of Germany's military and naval forces, for such a comparison yields the following results :—

	Rank and File of German Army	Rank and File of German Navy
1901	604,168	31,171
1902	605,811	33,563
1903	605,975	35,768
1904	606,872	38,406
1905	609,758	40,862
1906	614,353	43,328
1907	616,838	46,747
1908	619,040	50,323
1909	621,112	57,068
1910	622,285	62,013

According to the German Constitution every German citizen able to bear arms has to bear arms. Germany's population came in 1900 to 56,367,178 people. In 1910 it was 64,896,881 people, having increased by a little more than 8,500,000. It used to be the rule in Germany that a fixed proportion of the population, about 1.1 per cent., belonged to the standing army. That was the proportion in 1901, as a glance at the foregoing table shows. Between 1901 and 1910 the German Army ought to have been increased, in the normal course, by about 93,000

men, which is equal to 1.1 per cent. on the 8,500,000 people by whom the population has increased. But instead of adding 93,000 men to the standing army, Germany has added to it only 18,000, or but one-fifth of the normal number.

The German authorities tried to economise on the army by keeping its strength low. For instance, recently Germany raised a large number of companies armed with machine guns, partly by taking the necessary men from the infantry, and partly by reducing the horse artillery, losing thus twenty batteries. The reduction of the infantry, and especially of the artillery, has been much deplored by German military men.

How great the neglect of the German Army has been, and how insufficient is its strength, can be shown to any layman. The German race is at least as able to bear arms as the French race. Germany has a population of 66,000,000, France has a population of only 38,000,000. From these figures one might conclude that Germany should have a standing army at least 50 per cent. larger than that of France. However, a glance at the reference books shows that the standing armies of France and Germany are very nearly equally strong. This surprising result is easy to explain. The French train in the army all men able to bear arms, whilst the Germans train only two-thirds of the men able to bear arms and dismiss the remaining third for the sake of economy, spending the money saved on the navy.

Many leading Germans have become alarmed at the neglect of the Germany Army, and especially at the insufficiency of its numbers, a defect which is particularly dangerous in view of Germany's isolation. General von Bernhardi wrote in *Mittler's Almanach* : ' Of our young men of twenty years we put, in 1909, only 52.7 per cent. into the army, although of the 47.3 per cent. rejected only 6.54 per cent. were physically or morally unfit. Therefore Germany rejected 47.3 per cent. of her young men. How different is the action of France ! France recruited in 1908 81.19 per cent. of her young men. Of the remaining 18.81 per cent. 10.31 per cent. were unfit for military duty.' He complained that universal national service had fallen in disuse, although it is enjoined by the German Constitution. Major-General von Voss complained in the same book : ' France is the only country in the world which has introduced a system of real national service. In 1909 France put into the army 247,255 recruits, whilst Germany put in only 267,283, although the population of Germany is by 25,000,000 larger than that of France.' In *Der Tag* of the 10th of January 1912 General von Loebell complained that Germany raised only forty-four recruits per 10,000 of population, whilst France raised no less than sixty-three recruits per 10,000 of population. A leading article in *Die Post* of the

9th of January 1912 complained that the German Army was, in numbers, commensurate to a nation of 45,000,000 people, but not of 65,000,000. Many of the leading men in Germany have become so alarmed at the neglect of the army, and at the Government's unwillingness to strengthen it sufficiently, that, on the model of the German Navy League, a great Army League, the Wehrverein, has been founded, which is intended to force the Government to increase the army very greatly, by means of a great popular agitation. In consequence of this influential agitation, the Government was forced to act, and in the middle of April the German Government demanded an increase of 29,000 men in the peace strength of the army. The greatness of this sudden increase shows how much the army has been neglected.

Not only quantitatively but qualitatively as well has the German Army suffered during the 'new course.' German generals complain that promotions are made less by merit and more by favour than in former times. Similar complaints are heard in most Government offices. They complain that the officers are no longer as good as they used to be. Owing to the rise in wages the German Army can no longer obtain a sufficient number of good non-commissioned officers. The German war material also is scarcely up to date. The military outfit of France is superior to that of Germany. According to Lieutenant-Colonel Beyel, of the French artillery, and many other experts, the German artillery is inferior to the French. The tactics of the German Army have become antiquated. According to various German writers Germany has failed to learn the lessons of the Boer war and of the Russo-Japanese war. Major Hoppenstedt published in 1910 a book, *Sind wir Kriegsfertig?* in which he showed that the German Army is too much occupied with barracks-square drill and too little with warlike training. Many officers attribute the neglect of the army to the influence of the Emperor, who is severely criticised. William the First was a soldier by nature. The army was his principal interest. He did not understand the navy. He tolerated no flatterers, and knew no favouritism. He worked incessantly on the improvement of the army. William the Second has made the navy his hobby, and attends to the army perfunctorily, and many say that it is little better managed than his Foreign Office.

In 1911, during the time of the Morocco crisis, the German Government was very politely, but very firmly, informed by the Russian Government that a German attack upon France would immediately lead to a Russian attack upon Germany, while the language of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George left no doubt in Germany's mind regarding the attitude of Great Britain. As, in such a contingency, the support of Austria-Hungary would

have been more than doubtful, Germany found herself isolated and checkmated. An imprudent step on the part of her diplomacy or a chance shot at Agadir or elsewhere might have had the most disastrous consequences to Germany. The Government began to recognise that Germany might be attacked on three sides, that the army had been neglected for years, that the discreet but unheeded warnings of Germany's most experienced generals had been justified, that Germany's anti-British policy had isolated her and jeopardised her position. How very seriously Germany's military position has deteriorated during the last few years may be seen from the fact that the same people who used to discuss an invasion of England by a German army are now discussing the invasion of Germany by a British army. Defence Bills were hastily drafted. Some of the wisest Germans pleaded that Germany's whole efforts should be concentrated upon the neglected army which was vital to its existence, that an Anglo-German understanding should be sought, that England should not be provoked by additional naval armaments. However, the navy influences proved victorious. The German Navy was increased once more. The new Navy Bill provided for three large ships and 15,000 more sailors, increasing them to 80,000. The increase seemed small at first sight and attracted little attention. English writers, who had carelessly read the text of the new German Navy Bill, told us that the German fleet in permanent commission would be increased from 17 to 25 battleships. That increase is serious enough. However, closer examination of that Bill reveals the startling and disquieting fact that Germany will in a short time have not less than 38 large ships in permanent readiness which, at a moment's notice, can act as a striking force. According to the Navy Bill of 1900 and its various amendments, Germany will shortly have 61 large ships which, when approaching obsolescence, will automatically be replaced by Dreadnoughts. As the official life of the ships will probably again be shortened, I estimate that, twelve years hence, Germany will have 61 Dreadnoughts and more than 100,000 sailors. Are Englishmen aware that Great Britain will have to provide then, according to the principle of two keels to one, 122 Dreadnoughts and 250,000 sailors? As Great Britain is not willing to lose her naval supremacy without a struggle, Germany's naval policy is bound to increase Anglo-German tension still further, and to strengthen the bond between Great Britain and France and between Great Britain and Russia, to Germany's harm. In consequence of Germany's action more far-reaching diplomatic arrangements than those existing between Great Britain and France and Great Britain and Russia may become necessary.

Germany's naval policy instead of improving her military position has made it still more precarious and will give Austria-Hungary additional reasons for reconsidering her position. The net results of Germany's naval policy are as follows: Germany has built a fleet which is, and will remain, unable to meet the British fleet, and which therefore is militarily almost useless, and she has created that fleet at the cost of her political position. By her naval policy she has weakened her army, destroyed the Triple Alliance, and raised a powerful combination against herself. Nobody can doubt that owing to her military and naval policy Germany's loss in power and prestige has been greater than her gain in naval strength, and every well-wisher of Germany must fear that her naval policy will in the end involve her in disaster.

Not only politically and militarily but economically also has Germany lost ground, especially during the last few years. The maxim of all the German spending departments seems to be 'Money is no object.' During the last few years German Imperial, national, and local expenditure has increased at an unheard-of rate, and the expenditure has been provided for partly out of taxes and partly out of loans. The following figures are significant:

Amount of German Imperial Debt

	£
1888	36,050,000
1890	55,899,900
1900	114,925,000
1910	244,831,700

In 1888, when William the Second came to the throne, the Imperial debt stood at the insignificant sum of 36,050,000*l.* During twenty-two years of the Emperor's reign more than 208,000,000*l.* have been added to that debt in peace time, and of that enormous sum not less than 130,000,000*l.* have been added since 1900, the year when Germany's naval expansion began in earnest. We may say that the navy has added more than 100,000,000*l.* to Germany's Imperial debt. Of course, the loans raised were largely for 'other objects,' but these other objects would have been paid for out of the Empire's current income had not so much of the current income been spent on the navy.

Germany owes her industrial success very largely to her ability to produce cheaply, and the cheapness of her production was formerly largely due to the lowness of German wages. But wages are no longer low in Germany. Owing to a simultaneous great increase in German wages and in taxation, the cost of production has risen so much that many industries which produce goods that require much labour have begun to suffer. The finer productions require much, the coarser little, labour. How national

extravagance and higher wages are affecting Germany's manufacturing industries may be gauged from the following figures :

German Exports of	1905	1910	Difference
	Marks	Marks	Marks
Cotton goods	380,200,000	365,100,000	— 15,100,000
Woollen goods	293,700,000	263,300,000	— 30,400,000
Fine ironware	104,300,000	86,500,000	— 17,800,000
Clothing	114,700,000	73,900,000	— 40,800,000
Books, maps, etc.	96,400,000	62,200,000	— 34,200,000
Colour prints, etc.	79,500,000	49,600,000	— 29,900,000
Gold and silverware	117,100,000	43,200,000	— 73,900,000
Porcelain	64,600,000	38,800,000	— 25,800,000
Machines	290,500,000	500,400,000	+209,900,000
Coarse ironware	139,500,000	165,300,000	+ 25,800,000
Coal-tar dyes	100,700,000	125,800,000	+ 25,100,000
Iron wire	39,600,000	59,500,000	+ 19,900,000
Steel rails	34,100,000	54,800,000	+ 20,700,000
Raw iron	20,100,000	45,000,000	+ 24,900,000
All exports	5,841,800,000	7,474,700,000	+1,632,900,000

Germany's exports have risen very greatly between 1905 and 1910. Apart from machinery the increases have been particularly great in coarser manufactures, such as raw iron, coarse ironware, steel rails, &c., in which the labour cost is proportionally small. On the other hand, there have been during the same time very considerable decreases in the exports of cotton and woollen goods, clothing, fine ironware, gold and silverware, books, colour prints, porcelain, &c., in all of which the cost of labour is proportionately great. Through the increase in the cost of labour, which is largely due to the indirect effect of high taxation, and owing to the direct taxation put upon the manufacturers, many German industries have been, and are being, transferred to Austria-Hungary, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, &c., where wages or taxation, or both, are lower. The report of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce of 1909 complained that the ready-made clothes trade was leaving Berlin for London 'because wages are lower in London than in Berlin.' The reports of the British Consul in Frankfurt of 1908 and 1909 pointed out that German industries were being transferred to Great Britain in order to profit from the lower wages in this country.

During the last twenty years the German system of State insurance has been so often and so very greatly extended that its yearly cash cost exceeds at present 50,000,000*l.* per year, a sum almost as large as that expended on the German Army and Navy combined. That gigantic yearly expenditure acts as a severe tax upon industry. According to Steller's *Erhöhung der Gestehungs-*

kosten der Deutschen Industrien durch die sozialen Lasten the burden of State insurance per worker has increased in the case of the Köln-Nippes Cable Works from M.24.50 per head in 1900 to M.40.45 per head in 1910. In the Westphälische Drahtindustrie, Hamm, it has increased from M.23.72 per head in 1900 to M.44.87 per head in 1910. In the mine Gutehoffnung, Oberhausen, it has increased from M.41.75 per head in 1898 to M.91.89 per head in 1910. Germany's social policy is apparently beginning to have a restricting effect upon industry, and complaints about its burden are becoming loud and general.

The fact that German industry is no longer progressing as rapidly as it used to, and that it is apparently approaching the point where stagnation begins, is particularly noticeable in the shipbuilding and shipping industries. Here we find the following :

Iron and Steel Shipping Built in Germany

In 1890	100,597 tons
In 1900	235,171 tons
In 1910	253,613 tons

Between 1890 and 1900 the German shipbuilding industry expanded very greatly. Since 1900 it has expanded very little, and the shipbuilders are complaining loudly. If we now look at Germany's Merchant Marine we find that it has progressed as follows :

Tonnage of German Steamships

	Tons		Tons
In 1896 . . .	879,939	In 1908 . . .	2,256,783
In 1908 . . .	2,256,783	In 1911 . . .	2,396,733
Increase for period .	1,376,844	Increase for period .	139,950
Increase per year .	114,500	Increase per year .	47,000

Here we find again that the rapid progress of former years is no longer maintained, but has been replaced by a state resembling stagnation.

In Bismarck's time the German tariffs were simple, and they were made in accordance with national needs. They were just to all classes. Now they are made to suit the Government's parliamentary requirements, and they are largely shaped by party pressure. Moreover, the new German tariff is far too elaborate for practical purposes. Germany's industrial prosperity, which was created by Bismarck's wise fostering care, and especially by his tariff policy, is in danger of being destroyed by unintelligent Government action. Already great harm has been done to the national industries. In Germany's economic policy the absence of a guiding hand is as noticeable as it is in her foreign policy and in her military policy.

The absence of statesmanship and of common foresight into economic matters is particularly noticeable in the case of the

German Savings Banks. In these the enormous sum of 900,000,000*l.* is deposited, an amount four times as large as that in the British Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks combined; and these gigantic deposits are growing at the rate of 50,000,000*l.* per year, whilst the British Savings Banks deposits grow only by 5,500,000*l.* per year. The German Savings Banks are purely local institutions. Of their funds only about 10 per cent. are invested in the securities of the Empire and of the various States, 15 per cent. are invested in loans and Stock Exchange securities, which are not easily realisable, and no less than 75 per cent. are invested in urban and rural mortgages. The German Savings Banks deposits are repayable at short notice. Yet nearly the whole of their funds is tied up. Behind the British Savings Banks stands the Government. Their funds are invested exclusively in Government Stock. Therefore the British Savings Banks deposits can easily, and unconditionally, be guaranteed by the State, and the depositors can, in case of need, be paid in Consols. But as the German Savings Banks are run by the local authorities, towns, villages, &c., the State cannot very easily guarantee their solvency, and as they have no common financial reservoir from which they can replenish their funds in time of pressure, a great war might, and probably would, lead to the failure, or to the stoppage, of all, or nearly all, the German Savings Banks. Owing to the insecure position of the Savings Banks a war might cause in Germany by far the greatest financial catastrophe which the world has seen. Yet the Government has done nothing to provide against such a contingency.

German taxation, like the German tariff, suffers from over-elaboration in all its branches. In the desire to treat everyone with absolute justice and to prevent fraud, the various taxes are so finely graduated and differentiated, and so many hairsplitting regulations and safeguards have been devised, that their collection requires an enormous army of officials, and the cost of collection stands out of all proportion to the money produced, to the harm of the taxpayers. The fundamental principal of taxation, that the cost of collection should be small in proportion to the produce of the tax, has been forgotten. Here, as in other provinces of Government, the absence of statesmanship and the prominence of the underling are painfully apparent.

Germany, which used to be the best governed, is now merely the most governed, country in the world, and the defects of the Government in all its branches have created general dissatisfaction. Of that dissatisfaction the rapid growth of the Social Democratic party is the most noteworthy symptom. William the Second came to the throne in 1888. There was a General Election

in 1887, and since then the Social Democratic party has grown as follows :

Social Democratic Votes Polled at General Elections

In 1887	763,100
In 1890	1,427,300
In 1893	1,786,700
In 1898	2,107,076
In 1903	3,010,771
In 1907	3,259,000
In 1912	4,250,919

During the Emperor's reign the Social Democratic party has grown in the most extraordinary manner. In 1887 there were eleven Social Democratic members in the Reichstag. Now there are 110 members out of a total of 397.

More than a full third of all the German electors voted in 1912 for Social Democratic candidates. As the Social Democratic party had in 1911 only 837,000 members, of whom 108,000 were women, only 729,000 of the Social Democratic voters were avowed Socialists. The remaining 3,500,000 voters consisted very largely not only of independent working-men, but of men of all classes of society—bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, professional men, and especially Government servants, such as postmen, railwaymen, &c.; and these voted Socialist in order to register a protest against the Government. The 4,250,919 Social Democratic votes recorded in 1912 do not show that Socialism is widespread in Germany but that dissatisfaction with the Government is widespread. The people are dissatisfied, not because they are poor—a nation whose workers place every year 50,000,000*l.* in the Savings Banks is not poor—but because they have become impatient with the failure and mismanagement which have become characteristic of the German Government in all its activities. Governmental absolutism is tolerable only as long as it is successful.

The German people have scarcely any influence over the national legislation and administration because the officials are not responsible to Parliament. Although Germany possesses the most democratic franchise in the world, manhood franchise, and although plural voting is illegal, Parliament is powerless. The German people are tired of being governed 'from above' by an army of officials. They are tired of being tricked with the semblance of democratic institutions and of a democratic franchise. They wish to govern themselves. A conflict is bound to arise earlier or later between the German bureaucracy and the German democracy. It may arise very soon, and the result will show whether the people are fit for self-government.

The characteristic of Bismarckian Germany was efficiency coupled with frugality. William the First hated pomp and osten-

tation. He refused, for instance, to have gas and electric light installed in his palaces. In front of his plain wooden bed in Babelsberg was a carpet which had been knitted by his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and a simple wooden chair which had been made by his son, Frederick the Third. His example was followed by the German people. William the Second has preached frugality to his officers, but an area of luxury and waste has been introduced notwithstanding. The old Prussian virtues have disappeared. Riotous living prevails in Germany. Berlin has become the most immoral town in Europe. No less than 20 per cent. of the children born in Berlin are illegitimate. Hundreds of shady restaurants and cafés in which music and dancing takes place are permitted to remain open until four o'clock in the morning or all night long, and most Berliners are proud of the night life of their town, which puts that of Paris in the shade. An unnameable vice, which the French call *le vice allemand*, has permeated the highest military and social circles, as was seen at the Eulenburg Trial. Vice is paraded openly and shamelessly. The German police, which is always ready to interfere vigorously with political meetings, makes no attempt to interfere with the evil. The German Government sees apparently no reason for suppressing it. The old idealism of Germany has given way to a coarse materialism. Religious sentiment is disappearing.

The foregoing should suffice to show that Germany is politically, militarily, economically, administratively, and morally on the down grade. But it would be rash to conclude from the evidence furnished that Germany will continue declining, although she will very probably experience difficult times. Germany, being a one-man country, shows evidences of decline because she lacks the man whom she requires, and she will go ahead again as soon as she has a man who is able to control her gigantic Government machine. But will she find such a man? Many patriotic Germans doubt it. Therefore, some of them, remembering the invigorating effect of Prussia's defeat in 1806, actually wish for a disastrous war in the hope that it will re-create and rejuvenate the country. Others hope that the abolition of absolutistic and the introduction of parliamentary government will save Germany. The latter, therefore, welcome the growth of the Social Democratic party, and they would gladly see the outbreak of a conflict between Parliament and the Crown, even if it should lead to a civil war or the establishment of a republic. Among the leaders of German thought, deep pessimism and the fear of national disaster prevails widely. I have endeavoured to express their views in the foregoing pages.

J. Ellis Barker.

CABLES VERSUS *WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY*

THE so-called 'shrinkage of the earth' due to telegraphy has at all times a fascination for Imperially minded people; and it can certainly be claimed that the electric telegraph has done more than any other invention to promote unity and a better understanding between the different branches of a far-reaching Empire like ours.

Both cable and wireless telegraphy have, however, been peculiarly in the public eye of late. This is partly due to the continued agitation for an Imperial Atlantic Cable. It is, further, explained by the fact that the Government has (*a*) refused to be party to the proposed State Atlantic Cable and land-line connexion with the All-British Pacific Cable; and, on the other hand, (*b*) has announced its intention to take up a big scheme for establishing an inter-Imperial system of wireless telegraphy to the East and Far East. These decisions were brought out very clearly in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the 2nd of April.

On the above account, presumably, there has been great activity in both cable and wireless (Marconi) stocks. As is usually the case, public imagination has been carried away on altogether insufficient grounds. Thus, certain ('Eastern' and 'Eastern Extension' Companies') cable shares have fallen 7½ points in 100*l*., whilst quite an unwarranted 'gamble' has been proceeding in the holdings of the Marconi Company.

Another feature which has naturally aroused interest, and which may have had something to do with the recent traffic in telegraph stock, relates to cable tariffs. For a quarter of a century—year in and year out—I have urged: (1) That the Government should stipulate for tariff control in return for granting, or renewing, cable licences; (2) That a system of half-rates for messages deferred for twenty-hour hours should be introduced—partly with a view to turning the cable to better account during the more or less idle hours of the night, etc., but also as a service intermediate between the essentially speedy, yet expensive, urgent cablegram and the ordinary mail to distant

lands.[1] Both of these suggested reforms have now been taken up by an eminently able and active Postmaster-General : in fact, half-rates for deferred messages came into operation throughout the British Empire on the first day of the present year, whilst special provision has been added in the interests of the Imperial Press, whose cause has been warmly espoused by the Empire Press Union. Whether these innovations in the cable tariff have really had anything to do with the Stock Exchange activity in cable and wireless stock it is not, however, easy to say.

Imperial Wireless Scheme

Superior telegraphic facilities with the rest of the Empire are evidently recognised by the present Government as worthy of realisation. Indeed, both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have several times expressed themselves as highly favourable to cable communication as an alternative to Imperial Preference. It would seem, however, as though something, or somebody, has meanwhile convinced those in power that wireless telegraphy is a superior weapon to cables.

The nature and scope of the Imperial wireless scheme have already been described so often and fully in the newspapers that it is scarcely necessary to set it forth here. The Colonial Secretary (Mr. Harcourt) has referred to it as 'covering three-quarters of the world'; and, as his authority is irrefutable, that will well serve our purpose. It may, however, be added that one of the Marconi Company's circulars speaks of it as 'for the purpose of conducting a commercial telegraph service.'

The scheme has to come before Parliament for ratification; and the two important questions for consideration in this connexion will naturally be that of value on the one hand, and cost on the other. In opposing the project for a State Atlantic cable, the Postmaster-General (Mr. Samuel) said : 'In view of the fact that wireless telegraphy is making great progress, and undoubtedly has a great future, it would be in the highest degree ill-advised to press on the Government so large a capital expenditure.'[2] Yet the Imperial wireless scheme will in the end admittedly cost substantially more. If, however, it can be shown to be of greater value to the country, no fault can be found with this line of argument, though—as has been remarked by Mr. Page Croft in the House of Commons—we do not give

[1] I have never, however, favoured that which seems to be especially attractive to the lay newspapers, though not actually adopted by the authorities—*i.e.* the much talked of, but inexpert, proposal for 1*d.* a word throughout the entire world : firstly, because I am no believer in advocating things that do not appear to be practicable; and, secondly, because I am a firm advocate for a preferential inter-Imperial Telegraph Tariff.

[2] *Parliamentary Debates* (*Hansard*), 3rd of April 1912.

up building Dreadnoughts on the score of the development of aerial navigation. The ground covered by the Imperial wireless scheme is, of course, greater than that by the proposed transatlantic line; but it has to be remembered that the need for the latter has become accentuated by the circumstance that all our cable communication with Canada—affecting the whole of the Empire—is now under the control of two American companies. Moreover, the Imperial wireless scheme will be in competition with a cable system (providing an excellent, if costly, service) of a British Company, whereas the projected Atlantic cable would be in competition with foreign interests only.

Then, again, the Postmaster-General's main objection to the Atlantic line appears to have been that it would not be self-supporting. This he was very clear and definite about. Yet in regard to the Imperial wireless project—which, on the other hand, he referred to as 'a perfectly practicable scheme'—he contents himself with the statement that this will be 'not unremunerative to the Governments concerned'—without giving any particulars to support that view. It may, therefore, be pertinently but respectfully inquired, on what are the estimates of traffic for the wireless scheme based? The only commercial system of wireless telegraphy so far established is that of the Marconi Company across the Atlantic. Has this, as yet, shown signs of being a subject of profit? If so, how is it that the Government did not purchase the long-distance stations on each side (seeing that these are on British territory) when taking over the English coast stations? Then, again, if the traffic on the Marconi transatlantic system were at all material, it might naturally be expected that the transatlantic cable traffic would have been affected thereby. There are, however, no signs of this; on the contrary, the traffic has considerably increased during the period since the wireless service was established. Were it otherwise, there can be little doubt that cable rates would have been reduced to the same figure as the wireless tariff—or at any rate to something lower than that at which they have stood for the last twenty-four years.

Yet if adequate value is obtained for any expenditure which may fall on the general taxpayer, no fault, in my opinion, can be reasonably found.

The advisers to the Government seem highly optimistic in regard to the future effect of wireless telegraphy 'for linking up the Empire by rapid and economical transmission of news.' Let us hope that this optimism may be justified by practical results. It is now some years since I recommended just such a scheme—not, however, as a substitute for the Imperial cable project. In addition to non-urgent, purely personal, messages,

I am especially in favour of 'wireless' where it is desired to disseminate information, or news, to as wide an audience as possible—for, say, Imperial Press purposes. Thus it would also be of considerable value sometimes for leading an enemy astray. The fact that the system is comparatively ill-adapted to code work would often be immaterial, for even cipher codes are fairly readily deciphered, as was evidenced only recently when trouble was brewing between this country and Germany.

The objections to the particular proposal now before the public are : (*a*) that the route involves a wireless range associated with the heart of the European continent, which means that all our messages—possibly of an important State nature—will be open to interruption and eavesdropping at the hands of foreign countries; (*b*) that most of the stations will be situated in the tropics, where wireless working is notoriously unsatisfactory; and (*c*) that the amount of relay and retransmission work will be considerable, involving substantial time and material scope for errors.

Although it clearly redounds to the credit of the Government that it proposes to promote an industry whilst still in course of development, it may be doubted whether, when public money is required, the State is justified in adopting a comparatively untried method of achieving a given result. It would seem to me to rest with the Government first to prove that the results by the newer method, value for value, are superior—or at any rate equally good; and one question that may well be asked is : 'Has wireless telegraphy already proved itself to be sufficiently satisfactory, as compared with telegraphy by cable, to warrant a big inter-Imperial wireless scheme (out of public funds) in preference to a State telegraph system based on fifty years' trial and experience?' The recent wireless work at the seat of war near Tripoli does not seem to bear out the implied superiority of 'wireless' even for strategic purposes. On the contrary, only a small proportion of the messages from that quarter since the outbreak have come by 'wireless' as compared with those by cable. Moreover, though in the very heart of 'wireless' interests, two more cables have just been ordered for that vicinity by the Italian Government.

Monopoly and 'Write-Ups'

This 'chain of wireless stations' is apparently to be entirely on one system, the company concerned having alone the opportunity of equipment. The term of the agreement is twenty-eight years, whilst the earliest period at which it can be terminated is eighteen years.

There are manifest objections to lengthy agreements of this

sort—amounting to a monopoly in favour of one particular system—equally so whether cables or 'wireless' is concerned. The policy foreshadowed here appears to me, indeed, to constitute a distinct reversal of the altogether admirable policy of the same Government in the year 1907 regarding the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention. I refer to the policy of 'equality of opportunity' which I had the pleasure of strenuously advocating (for British systems generally) when giving independent evidence to the House of Commons Committee dealing with the subject. From the public standpoint there would have been the advantages of competition and comparison had the contract been split up among at any rate two vested interests.[3]

Moreover, there appears to be no provision in the agreement (though that is usual) to meet the contingency of an improved method being meanwhile devised by a rival inventor.

We live in an age of American 'Publicity Departments' for dealing with subjects in the literary columns of newspapers in place of the ordinary, straightforward advertisement. Many newspapers in this country have of late been well provided with such material in regard to this Imperial wireless scheme—often more or less in the same words. This 'booming' of 'wireless' has, indeed, seldom lacked extravagance at any time, and now shows signs of no diminution in outlay.[4]

In a recent article I read:

> Submarine cables may be cut, as has just happened through the action of the Italian fleet in the Mediterranean, but the wireless service is immune from interruptions of this kind. It is also free from those weather disturbances which have such disastrous effects on overhead wires.

Shallow-water cables are, of course, cut in time of war, and always will be. For this reason I have constantly argued in favour of deep-water cables in the open ocean, far removed from foreign waters and from trade routes such as the Mediterranean Sea; and it is on these grounds that I regard the Pacific route (approached from here by the Atlantic) so important for our communications with the rest of the Empire. Certainly wire-

[3] It cannot be suggested that the Marconi Company have any sole right in the matter; for, as already mentioned, I myself several years ago put forward such a scheme of Imperial wireless telegraphy—mainly for the simultaneous circulation of news throughout the Empire—as an auxiliary to the proposed All-British cable-chain.

[4] The fertile imagination of the journalist has been hard at work lately. Thus, it becomes second nature to a man who builds up a great superstructure in sensational head-lines to describe in much detail how the closing piece played by the band on the sinking *Titanic* was 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' We may next expect a head-line census of those who still find time, even under normally comfortable conditions, to say their prayers and go to church.

less antennae are not regarded by the enemy as a cable to be cut, but rather as something that forms a ready target for shooting down from a distance. The closing words of the above paragraph read very strangely immediately after one of the principal wireless towers has been completely swept away by a gale.[5]

The writer goes on to remark : ' A good deal has been said and written about lack of speed on the part of wireless messages. As a matter of fact, however, as many words—about thirty per minute—can be sent by the wireless agencies as by submarine cables, and the speed of the former is rapidly improving.'

The truth is that thirty words per minute is about the maximum speed by hand transmission, but long and busy cables—such as those across the Atlantic—are worked automatically at a speed of some fifty words a minute each way simultaneously, amounting practically in effect to 100 words per minute. Further, if traffic conditions warranted it, by means of a larger insulated conductor far higher speeds could be achieved—more or less closely approaching that on a land line.

Thus, wireless ' flashing '—as the wireless ' write-ups ' usually like to express it—is, comparatively speaking, often rather a ponderous flashing ; but so insistent has been the booming of wireless telegraphy lately at the expense of cables that the ordinary public might well imagine the latter were things of the past. A visit to a large cable-factory would, however, usually serve to correct that false impression.

Cable and Wireless Advantages and Disadvantages

We have now arrived at a stage when we may dispassionately review the respective merits and demerits of cable and wireless telegraphy, that being, indeed, the main purpose of this article.

Sureness.—The Postmaster-General was at some pains to point to the prospects of the proposed Atlantic cable being interrupted. On the other hand, he did not appear correspondingly to contemplate the possibility of interruption to the Imperial wireless system ; and it may, perhaps, be asked whether ' wireless ' has shown itself to be less prone to interruption than cables.[6] Further, when interrupted, is a wireless telegraphy system more speedily reinstated than a cable? So far as can be seen the reply is likely to be in the negative in both respects ; for, quite recently (as was remarked earlier), the wireless station at Nauen collapsed

[5] The degree of knowledge of the writer may be gathered from the sentence, ' A submarine cable cannot be laid over any great distance for less than half a million sterling.' Apparently the author imagines there is merely an indirect connection in the cost of a cable with its construction, and that the question of length is only roughly connected with this cost.

[6] The All-British Pacific Cable has only had one brief interruption, and that after a number of years' work.

during a gale at a cost of tens of thousands of pounds; and it has already been officially announced that the said station will not be again available for work for at least six months. Moreover, it took upwards of a year to reinstate the Marconi transatlantic station at Glace Bay.[7] On the other hand, the repair of a cable occupies more usually something in the neighbourhood of a fortnight, while its behaviour is at any rate independent of gales.

From the strictly strategic point of view any system of wireless telegraphy should obviously have certain advantages over a cable. These advantages have, at first sight, naturally appealed to the Navy, for by 'wireless' the Admiralty is put into possession of a means of direct and speedy communication with outlying fleets—*i.e.* with the ships themselves instead of with the cable station in their more or less immediate vicinity. This, however, is on the supposition of reliability; and before altogether settling which is likely to be the more valuable in time of trouble, it will be well to consider closely (*a*) which is the more vulnerable to attack, and (*b*) which is the more readily, or seriously, affected by weather and atmospheric conditions.

Secrecy.—As in the case of a letter conveyed by a third party, one of the requirements of telegraphic communication is secrecy. In this respect the cable obviously has the advantage. To illustrate the difference, indeed, I would remark on the constant reminders I receive that if the order of the two inventions had been reversed, the cable would have been regarded in the same wonderful light as that in which we all regard 'wireless'—coming as a boon, in fact, for confining the path of our messages direct to the individuals for whom they are intended. For purposes of analogy—but without straining the point too far—the protected (secret) message may be likened to Protection, while the free and open character of wireless telegraphy may be considered as corresponding to Free Trade. It is sometimes suggested that the use of a secret code meets all objections under this head; but, as I have already stated, the secrecy provided by codes cannot suitably be relied upon; moreover, in my opinion, 'wireless' has not so far reached a sufficient degree of efficiency to render it adapted to code work. I should add, however, that we can only consider things as they are to-day; and whether what I have stated will equally apply in the future is, needless to say, another question entirely.

Meanwhile, the adoption of different wave-lengths—even if it met the requirements of secrecy—would seem to have certain limitations. If, in fact, wireless telegraphy is to be enormously extended, with stations at constant intervals round our coasts, difficulties seem likely to arise.

[7] There are devices for obviating the necessity of high masts or towers, but these do not appear to have been turned to material practical account so far.

Speed.—The cable is certainly at an advantage in the matter of working speed, though that with 'wireless' has all along been a gradually increasing figure—as with the cable. The above remarks have relation to what may be termed the gross speed; but those of us who are concerned with observing what is going on in 'wireless' as with cables, know the vast difference in the two services on account of the numerous repetitions found necessary in 'wireless'—even in plain-language messages.

Accuracy.—Here, again, at the present time the cable is at a great advantage.

Disturbance and Interruption.—It is not an easy or a speedy matter to tap or cut a cable—or interrupt a message passing through it—if the said cable is laid in deep water. On the other hand, to disturb or interrupt or pick up a wireless message is a comparatively simple business: indeed, practically all the 'wireless' that is carried on may be said to be under unofficial observation daily. Thus, when it has been boasted that 'wireless' is a secret method of telegraphy, the opposite has been proved. Moreover, when it has been boasted that 'wireless' cannot be interrupted, that has been disproved. This was notably the case during a famous lecture on wireless telegraphy of some years ago, when the word 'RATS' came through on the receiving instrument (sent by an interrupter, who was forthwith termed a 'scientific hooligan') in place of the message that should have been received!

Another objection to 'wireless' as distinct from cable telegraphy rests in the fact that anyone having the requisite knowledge and facilities is in a position to send out messages without their source being readily detected—as was recently the case in the original false reports regarding the *Titanic*. It may be added, in passing, that the 'wireless' experiences connected with the *Titanic* tragedy, though certainly serving again to remind us of the great benefits of wireless telegraphy, have not altogether tended to greater confidence in that method of communication as compared with cable telegraphy.

The *Titanic* was surrounded by several ships, all within a more or less ordinary 'wireless' range; yet only some of these were in communication with that unfortunate vessel. Why was this? The answer is: (*a*) that some were not in any way equipped with 'wireless' apparatus; (*b*) that the power available on others was insufficient; (*c*) that in other cases the operator was off duty and without any understudy to look out for the very simple distress signal; (*d*) that in some instances, the installation being on a different system, communication was denied. If a certain tramp-steamer, close by, had had a wireless equipment on board, it is highly probable that the entire ship's company—

1635 souls—would have been spared us instead of 705. This, however, is on the supposition of there being no difficulty about, or objection to, intercommunication.

Those that were saved certainly owe their lives to wireless telegraphy and the Marconi Company in particular. On the other hand, it will be perfectly obvious to anyone who has followed up the matter closely that maritime wireless telegraphy, as an orderly and reliable service, compares, at present, very poorly with the service afforded by a cable. At the present time, what messages shall be sent or received appears to rest with the operator, independently of what is possible or of the captain's instructions. Seeing, too, that there is usually only one man on board who is conversant with the apparatus, it also depends upon whether he happens to be on duty or otherwise. As things stand at the moment, it is open to this operator to turn to personal account—with the Press or otherwise— anything in the way of news or information that he gleans during the working of his instrument. Again, there is evidence of considerable delay and interruption—and, indeed, interception of—messages. For instance, a 'Marconigram' sent by Mr. Bruce Ismay on the *Carpathia* was intercepted by the United States cruiser *Chester*, the contents being communicated to headquarters at Washington. Further, in the matter of delay, the same gentleman sent a wireless message from the said ship on the 15th of April which was only received in Canada on the 17th of April.[8] At other times there has been evidence of a perfect Babel of wireless telegraphy; and, altogether, a cable service worked under such conditions as the above would, I think, call for a good deal of comment. It is to be hoped, indeed, that wireless communication between ships, and between ship and shore, will be got under more satisfactory control and regulations in the general public interest, if it is to be of full value for saving life and property at sea. Possibly the *Titanic* Inquiry and the forthcoming International Telegraphic Conference may serve to bring this about. I trust so; for it is now some time since I urged on the Board of Trade that wireless telegraphy should be rendered obligatory for ships, under regulations that would certainly have obviated the sad experiences of this ill-fated vessel. To my mind, it is preposterous that one wireless system, though perfectly capable of communicating with another, should be in a position to refuse to do so; and certainly a continuous watch should be provided, subject to the Captain's direct control. 'Wireless' on board ship should, indeed, be recognised and regulated for with a view to the

[8] Major Archer-Shee recently asked a question in the House of Commons in regard to these irregularities, whereupon the Postmaster-General frankly admitted that certain confusion had arisen.

safety of every vessel plying the ocean—rather than merely in the interest of any particular ship—and a common fund provided accordingly.

COMPARISON OF CABLE AND WIRELESS SERVICES IN PRACTICE

One of many recent newspaper reports spoke of a wireless message between London and New York 'occupying on the average a few minutes less than two hours,' and added: 'This compares not at all unfavourably with the average time occupied in transmitting ordinary cable messages.' The truth is, however, that, in the usual way, a cablegram is sent between these points well within twenty minutes, whilst a Stock Exchange cable message is sent *and a reply received* within three minutes.

The Marconi Company has achieved much and deserves hearty congratulations and support. Yet the Post Office have not, so far, greatly encouraged wireless telegraphy for trans-atlantic purposes, notwithstanding the apparent preference of the Government for 'wireless' on the larger (inter-Imperial) scale. On the 5th of April I endeavoured to send a 'Marconigram' from a post office in London. This involved much consultation of the *Post Office Guide* by the clerk behind the counter. That great work proved, however, to be unequal to the occasion, for next day a telegraph-boy left a verbal message stating that the 'Marconigram' could not be sent. A call was, thereupon, made at the neighbouring district post office—to which I had been referred—and the information elicited was to the effect that the money collected from me was insufficient, partly because the charge was at too low a rate, and also because the 'routeing' instruction, 'Via Expanse, Dublin,' was necessary, and for this I, rather than the Company, must pay. Understanding that the money which had been remitted for the original message would be refunded to me by the sub-office from which the original 'Marconigram' had been sent, I then paid for a fresh message, the charge for two words, in addition to the telegraphic address, being 6*s*. 8*d*., instead of 7*s*. by cable (or 3*s*. 6*d*. deferred rate); so that there did not appear to be much economy in it—and certainly not, value for value, when the services are compared.

I was subsequently informed that it would be necessary to apply in writing to the General Post Office if I wished to have the charge of the original 'Marconigram' refunded; and that I must state all the particulars—even though it was through no fault of mine that the message was not sent. It is more than a month since these instructions were complied with, but up to the present only the usual printed acknowledgment has reached me!

Other Wireless Systems

The foregoing remarks have relation to the Marconi system, that being the only method with which the Government appears to be dealing as regards the Imperial wireless project, whilst it is also the only one with anything in the nature of a commercial service from our shores.

So far, notwithstanding the 1907 Radio-Telegraphic Inquiry, small encouragement appears to have been meted out to any rival system. It may be urged that other methods have been under official test, but that these are not as yet 'on the market' in a commercial sense. But without some definite encouragement in the direction of a contract it is, of course, very difficult for a private enterprise to make headway against anything in the nature of a monopoly. Those of us who are concerned with wireless telegraphy in a strictly impartial sense know that there is at least one system that is doing splendid work with undamped waves. By automatic transmission, this system has attained speeds over long ranges that compare most favourably with what has, as yet, been secured on a cable—and this, too, with excellent recorded signals.[9] It should, however, be added that, though admirably adapted to long-distance, high-speed, shore-to-shore communication, it does not appear to be well suited for installation on board ships, or for general intercommunication with other systems.

Possibly these objections would be stated as the reason why this system has not been accorded an opening over the Imperial scheme. Yet these grounds do not appear to be altogether sufficient explanation for the agreement arrived at solely with one company in regard to this far-reaching and obviously costly project. It has to be remembered that by the system referred to the necessity for relay work would be obviated. Another possible defence for the agreement would be on the score of the recent litigation in wireless telegraphy over which the Marconi Company has come out very successfully; and certainly in acquiring the Lodge-Muirhead system (with its 'receiver') the said Company has placed itself in a very strong position. But be that as it may, all agreements of this nature are invariably made to provide for litigation contingencies.

Government Inquiry

It would seem to me that the Government might suitably justify itself for the expenditure of public money solely on one particular system of wireless telegraphy in preference to the

[9] One advantage in the signals being recorded is that improper messages for dishonest purposes are thereby to a great extent obviated and are also more likely to be traced.

constantly urged Imperial Atlantic cable scheme; and that, to this end, an absolutely independent Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the relative merits (under the principal heads) of all existing methods of communication. Such a course would, indeed, be following on the lines of the Royal Commission of 1861 for inquiry into the best form of construction for a submarine telegraph cable—the labours of which served so eminently useful a purpose. If, as the result of such an inquiry, it can be shown that shrewd business-people are foolish in going on investing in cables—aye, and keeping their money in cables—those concerned may just as well know it, and the sooner the better.

Another inquiry that might usefully be made for confirming, or otherwise, the recently adopted Government policy, would be as to whether the Imperial wireless scheme—competing with British private enterprise and an excellent service—was more required than the previously proposed All-British link with Canada. If the answer happened to be in the negative, whether this latter link should be by cable or 'wireless' would depend upon the result of the other suggested inquiry. In any case it should be remembered that—so far as a second string goes—this is already available in the Marconi transatlantic service.

Colonial and Foreign Views

The views of the Government in regard to effective telegraphic communication do not appear to be shared either by the Colonies (which continue to press for the All-British line) or by our neighbours. If wireless telegraphy is more effective than the cable, how comes it that the Canada-West Indies Royal Commission of 1910 urged for the latter rather than 'wireless' for connecting up Bermuda with Barbados, Trinidad and British Guiana, even though expert wireless evidence was taken, and even though the cable was agreed to be more costly? The Commission only recommended 'wireless' for the purpose of connecting some of the other, less important, West Indian Islands, where the sea-bottom is eminently unfavourable for cables. The Home Government showed a disinclination to follow up these recommendations in the matter of cables, whereupon the Ottawa Conference of last month have now strongly confirmed them in the face of the Home Government's suggestion for wireless telegraphy.

And how do foreign countries act? Germany, France, and Italy all possess admirable wireless systems; yet all these countries, recognising the importance of being independent of our cable system, have established one of their own, and are continuing to lay down further lines. To take an example, the

German Government subscribes annually to two Atlantic cables no less than 85,000*l.*, and a further 75,000*l.* towards the German-Dutch cables to the East. Our American cousins, too, can hardly be said to lack in enterprise or appreciation of what the latest inventions can do for them; and the Western Union Telegraph Company of New York would scarcely have indulged in a new Atlantic cable, and practically bought out five British lines, if it had thought 'wireless' would prove more efficient in the end.

It will, of course, be generally admitted that competition by means of an inferior article is scarcely satisfactory, even though the terms may be more favourable; and it is to the credit of the Government that it presumably thinks to 'knock out' other countries in this matter; but *will* it?

Independent Conclusions

It must always be borne in mind that development cannot be reserved for either industry alone; and, though people seem to imagine that cable development is standing still, the reverse is very much the case, both technically and in a business way, the result being that the network of cables goes on increasing steadily from year to year—as much as ever; and, judging by recent events, there is no sign of any change in this respect.

For long-range shore work it would seem that the typical 'wireless' future lies before us primarily in the use of persistent oscillations, preferably generated by mechanical rather than physical means. Here we ensure securing all the advantages associated with the use of undamped oscillations—provided the mechanical problems associated with such a machine are capable of solution—without the objections attached to a more or less unstable arc. Such a system would not, however, adapt itself to ordinary maritime purposes.

Dealing with facts as they are to-day, my own view is that cable and wireless telegraphy each has its independent uses. Whilst we require more cables, I am also in favour of wireless telegraphy as an auxiliary service. I would, indeed, supplement every inter-Imperial cable by some wireless system, thereby affording a convenient test for the relative merits of cables and of different wireless systems.

Meantime, the Mother Country may any day be put to shame by our Dominions beyond the Seas—or by some Imperially minded individual—producing the necessary half-million capital to remedy our present position in regard to telegraphic communication with Canada and the All-British Pacific line to Australasia.

Charles Bright.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

(I)

SOME AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCES OF THE ORGANISATION OF A DISESTABLISHED CHURCH

A SPEAKER during the debate preceding the second reading of the 'Established Church (Wales) Bill' said that the right honourable gentleman in charge of the Bill was 'not giving to the Church in Wales the freedom he intended to give. What the Home Secretary was trying to do was to found a new Church.'

It is obviously a much more difficult thing to uproot an organism which is the oldest in a country than it is to plant a cutting from that organism in new conditions in a new land. But some information as to the organisation of an unestablished Church in the Empire may not be without interest and usefulness ere the details of the Bill come before the Committee of the House. Australia, as I have often ventured to say, is a 'testing shop' for social, political and ecclesiastical experiments. Almost as much can be learned from our failures as from our successes. And I may add that, in venturing to give some information upon this subject, I do not hold any brief either for the Government or for the Opposition. I am simply setting down the result of my observation, and my conclusions after sixteen years' work in Australia.

CONNEXION WITH THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH

Taking it for granted that the Government intends to give freedom to the Church in Wales, it is by no means certain that the Bill in its present form will realise such good intentions. The crucial point is not the attitude that the State proposes to take towards the Welsh Church. That is indicated by Clause 3 of the Bill. It is the conditions upon which the Welsh Church *after disestablishment* will hold its property. 'Established by law' is a popular phrase, but, like many other popular phrases, it is not easy to define. It is still more difficult to reduce within terms of law an institution not originally called into existence by statute. And the connexion between such an institution and the State, with which for very many centuries it has been identified, is still more difficult wholly to disannul. For instance, the Bill contains no

schedule of Acts repealed. It will be important to forecast accurately how a court would interpret an Act framed without such repealing clause. Again, how would a court interpret the franchise question raised in Clause 13 providing for the constitution of a representative body? These criticisms are not intended to be full. They are simply intended to illustrate the need for settling what will be the exact legal position of the Church in Wales in the case of disestablishment. The point has been raised by an acute Welsh correspondent of *The Times*, who writes :

> The attempt . . . to reduce a National Church to the level of a voluntary association . . . has resulted . . . in a half measure which would shatter the oldest organism in Wales . . . without endowing it with the independence which is held to be one of the blessings of disestablishment.

Australian experience here shows the unwisdom of trusting too much to good intentions. The English State, at least for forty years, has made no claim to any ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the British Colonies. The courts have declared that the 'law of the Church does not follow the law of the flag.' The English Church has told us that we shall render our best contribution to the Church Catholic by growing freely in our own environments. And in Australia until last year it was generally thought that the Church was quite free. In this conviction the Church organised itself as completely, although perhaps not as efficiently, as possible. Serious doubts as to the reality of that freedom, however, were expressed from time to time, and consequently the General Synod, at their 1910 session, sought legal advice in England. It is now common knowledge, although it is not officially announced, that the General Synod Committee have been advised that the Anglican Churches in Australia and Tasmania are all tied up in such a fashion that, although they are free in the eyes of both the English and Australian States, they are legally (in the eyes of the courts) subject to the same laws as are binding on the Church of England. The authorities of the Church are not competent to permit the use of any services not provided by the Book of Common Prayer which an English Bishop cannot lawfully permit in his diocese in England. The Australian courts must regard as binding, in matters respecting the proper use of property, the decision of English courts. And any persons in possession of Australian Church property disregarding such decisions must be regarded as guilty of a breach of trust, and be dealt with accordingly. This surprising state of affairs obviously is a serious weakness to the Australian Church. It is safe to say that it was not contemplated by those who framed the organisations of the Church there. A simple method of putting the position right undoubtedly can be found, but until the matter is put right all Church organisation in Australia is in an exceedingly

unsound condition. It is necessary to understand this state of affairs to obviate any confusion between the organisation of the Australian Church and the basis upon which that organisation rests. It has also a bearing upon the future of the Church in Wales. It will be a cruel wrong to leave the Church in Wales deprived of endowments, suffering from all the inconveniences of establishment with no corresponding advantages.

Connexion between a Disestablished Church and the State

Assuming that the Government honestly intend the Church in Wales to be really free, that is, not fettered by any vexatious restrictions similar, let it be said, to those in France, the exact connexion with the State demands more careful consideration than it has received in the Bill. Here also something may be learned from Australia.

So far as all the States of the Commonwealth are concerned, the Church in Australia is completely and entirely free. Nowhere does the Church occupy a different position from that of any other religious body.

The form of legal connexion with the State varies, however, in the several States. In Queensland the connexion is of the simplest character, and for that reason it is the most satisfactory. The Synod of each diocese in Queensland is incorporated under the provisions of the 'Religious, Educational and Charitable Institutions Act of 1861.' The method of incorporation and the subsequent relationship with the Government is identical in the cases of all religious bodies. Friendly Societies are incorporated under the same Act, and have a similar connexion with the State. Each body corporate is competent, so far as the Queensland State is concerned, to make its own laws, to exercise its own discipline and to settle its own qualifications of membership. It must do this by the principles of the law of contract. But since no citizen can contract himself, or be contracted by others, out of his civil rights, the decisions of any Church court are open to review by the Civil courts so far as they affect property and other civil rights. Thus the Queensland State, while it gives absolute freedom to the Church 'to decree Rites or Ceremonies,' and makes no claim whatever to 'authority in Controversies of Faith,' protects, in such matters, alike the civil rights of the Church and of the individual. Either might otherwise suffer from the effect of some *odium theologicum*, which may easily arise so long as men are men and associations are associations.

In this connexion there is a striking similarity between Queensland and Roman law. Although there may have been no official relationship between the Christian Churches of the first century and the pathetic *collegia funeraticia*, yet the inference is

very convincing that the rights obtained by the many charitable associations which sprang up in the early Roman Empire were for a time available to Christians as well. In other words, the Christian Church was probably first recognised by the Roman State as a collection of local 'friendly societies' or local 'burial clubs.' It is, therefore, interesting to note that a similar relationship exists in the most democratic country in the world. It is scarcely less interesting to find that this relationship is considered to be eminently satisfactory to-day. This point is worthy of note by English statesmen.

The Basis of Organisation in a Disestablished Church

Any Government disestablishing a Church which it does not wish to disable or destroy, must be satisfied that freedom will not entail anarchy in Church organisation. To prevent such a state of affairs arising in Queensland, Church people themselves adopted what is generally known as the 'Consensual Compact.' In other Australian States an endeavour was made to settle the conditions of relationship within the Church by successive Acts of the respective State Parliaments. This method, although in force outside Queensland, is both cumbrous and unsatisfactory. There is no apparent desire on the part of members of Parliament to hamper the progress of Church Bills in the Australian Legislative Assemblies and Councils, yet there undoubtedly exists a danger of improper interference while any Bill is in its Committee stages. And, owing to pressure of other parliamentary business, even Church Bills may share in the 'slaughter of innocents' at the end of almost every session. In Queensland, where the law of contract is the basis of Church relationship, there has been little or no need for appeals to the State Parliament. All members of Synod, including the Bishop, all churchwardens, readers, schoolmasters, and other office-bearers must sign a declaration of submission to Synod. The Bishop's declaration in the diocese of North Queensland is as follows:

> I, A.B., chosen Bishop of the Church and See of North Queensland, do promise that I will maintain and teach the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England as acknowledged and received by the Synod of the Diocese of North Queensland; and I consent to be bound by all Canons and Regulations of the Synod now or hereafter in force; and I hereby undertake immediately to resign the said Bishopric and all the rights and emoluments appertaining thereto if sentence requiring such resignation shall at any time be passed upon me after due examination had by the Tribunal acknowledged by the said Synod for the trial of a Bishop in accordance with the Determinations of the General Synod.

The declaration required from others is in the following form:

> I, A.B., declare that I am a *bona-fide* member of the Church of England, and that I am a communicant of the same, and I submit to the authority

of the Synod of the branch of the Church of England in the Diocese of North Queensland established by a Constitution agreed to on the 13th of June, 1883, and I consent to be bound by all the provisions of the Constitution and by all the Canons and Regulations now or hereafter in force so long as I hold any office, appointment, or emolument in or under the said Synod. And I hereby undertake immediately to resign my office or appointment and all the rights and emoluments appertaining thereto if sentence requiring such resignation should at any time be passed upon me after examination had by the Tribunal appointed by the Synod.

The Government of a Disestablished Church

Where the State gives real freedom to a Church the details of government are properly outside its province. It will be sufficient if the government is carried out in an orderly fashion with due regard to the just rights of the individuals concerned. The form of government in an unestablished Church is instructive, however, and the method by which an efficient system of government is best reached is very important. Here much can be learned from Australian failures.

The Government of the Church in Queensland is effected by Diocesan Synods, and in certain defined matters by a Provincial Synod created by the dioceses in 1905. In still wider matters, such as the election of a Primate, the formation of provinces and the constitution of an appellate tribunal, rules are made by General Synod of all Australia, and these rules or determinations are *accepted* by Provincial Synod for all the Queensland dioceses. This point should be noted because the greatest cause of weakness to the Australian Church has been the recognition, made during the early days of Church organisation, of the diocese as the unit of Church life. The Church has progressed to the organisation of Provincial Synods and a General Synod, but the determinations of General Synod are still not binding in any diocese until the diocese itself has accepted it. Some dioceses, in point of fact, have never accepted some particular determination. Other dioceses have subsequently repealed their acceptance for purposes of their own. Others, again, have repealed Acts, and have failed to accept amending determinations of General Synod. Consequently the larger organisation of the Church has been reduced to such a tangle as might fill any jurist with despair. The worst is that the Australian Church has not profited by its own experience. The amazing error of making laws which are dependent upon constituent bodies for their efficacy has been repeated in the Provinces of New South Wales and Victoria. In Queensland only a better state of affairs exists. But the point which is of interest in England is that the experience of Australia shows that the true unit of effective Church Government is a central body.

Presuming that the Church in Wales is disestablished, this point should be clearly borne in mind by those responsible for the organisation of the Church. With a vivid knowledge of the weaknesses of Australian organisation, I could not help feeling relief, almost delight, that the Welsh Church Bill provided for the recognition of a representative body, although I may add that a remark of Mr. McKenna to the effect that the Government contemplate differentiating between a representative body and a Synod has done much to modify my first feelings. A single administrative body should render it possible from the first for Church development in Wales to be planned from the centre rather than from the extremities. Let the aim be to make the representative body the parliament of the Church, supreme in its own sphere.

But, if the experience of an unestablished Church is of any value, there must be a strong representative basis for that representative body. Free Churches will not tolerate a predominantly *ex-officio* representation. There is no provision in Queensland Synods for the inclusion of a solitary clerical or lay member who sits by virtue of an office. The Bishops themselves represent the suffrages of the Church as a separate order.

The organisation of the parishes, so far as it affects self-government, is also a matter of primary importance, but the amount of self-government should be determined and delegated by the representative governing body of the Church. I can foresee nothing but weakness for any unestablished or disestablished Church if development is allowed to proceed from the parishes to the representative body.

Church Courts

The formation of Church Courts is provided for in the Bill, and these are probably essential. In Australia the Church has organised diocesan and provincial courts, and a Judicial Committee of General Synod. In Queensland the procedure of the Supreme Court of the State, both in hearings and in appeals, has been adopted alike in the Bishops' court and in the Metropolitan's court. But by a curious development it seems likely that the Civil Courts will almost invariably be used where rights of property are involved, except in comparatively unimportant cases. It is felt not only by the defendants, but by the appellants, that there is a certainty of better justice being done in courts where the judges are better trained in sifting facts and weighing evidence. It goes without saying that in Queensland the Civil courts administer, in Church matters, association, that is Church, law except where civil rights are otherwise affected thereby. This fact is worthy of note, although it may not be approved, and although Church courts may still settle many disputes which it is better should not be taken into Civil courts.

Electoral Qualifications

The electoral qualifications of Church members have not apparently been considered in the Welsh Church Bill. It is a matter in which the Church in Queensland has made some valuable experiments. And while the qualification is not yet exactly identical throughout Queensland, development is proceeding in various dioceses upon much the same lines. At first the qualification for a parishioner was left as vague as it is now in England. Next a written declaration of *bona-fide* Church membership was required, with proof that the candidate had contributed a certain fixed sum during the previous year to Church funds. This monetary qualification was manifestly undesirable, and a very strong effort was made to insist upon a communicant qualification instead. It was decided in 1906, largely through a traditional dread of tests, to make a loophole for the 'accustomed attendant' who might or might not be a communicant. The declaration in North Queensland at present runs :

> I, A.B., declare that I am a baptised member of that branch of the Holy Catholic Church commonly known as the Church of England in the Dioceses of Australia and Tasmania : that I am of the full age of twenty-one years, that I am a communicant as defined by the Book of Common Prayer (or that I have been an accustomed attendant for the twelve months last past at —— Church within this district) ; and that I am not registered in any other district as a Parishioner.

It may, *en passant*, interest the supporters of Women's Suffrage to learn that women have equal voting power with men. They are at present excluded from Church offices and from Synod, but I am not prepared to maintain that such exclusion is rational, or that it is likely to continue.

A great deal can be said against the theory of enfranchising the 'accustomed attendant.' In practice it is found that the loophole is seldom utilised. It is becoming more and more felt by the laity that a parishioner should be in full communion with the Church. The canon at present sets Holy Communion as a *standard* rather than a *test* for parishioners. None the less, the trend of Church opinion is towards insisting that only those who are communicants shall take any part in the elections of the Church. The importance of electoral qualifications cannot easily be overestimated. In both England and Wales at the present moment the position is simply chaotic.

Church Appointments

The basis of all Church appointments in Queensland is strongly democratic. The parishioners elect the churchwardens, the auditors, the lay members of Synod, the parochial members of the nomination board for the appointment of their respective rectors and vicars, and two-thirds of the number of the parochial

council. The members of Synod, clerical and lay, elect in Synod the diocesan members of the nomination board. The diocesan members act in all appointments. The parochial members act only in the appointments affecting their respective parishes. The members of Synod also elect the Bishop when a vacancy in the see occurs. The Bishop, therefore, holds office and authority by virtue of a democratic vote.

The method of election of a Bishop in open Synod is often open to grave criticism in practice, although it usually results in the selection of 'safe men.' The choice of Bishops by a Prime Minister, on the other hand, although it may be wrong in theory, works out in practice extremely well. I am unable to suggest any completely satisfactory plan of electing Bishops in an unestablished or disestablished Church. On the whole, I think it is better to have a committee of clergy and laity appointed by each Diocesan Synod, and called a Bishops' Election Committee, who shall, acting together with the provincial Bishops, make an election. A method of escape can be arranged in case of deadlock.

Endowments and Finance

Questions connected with the justice of disendowing the Church in Wales do not fall within the lines laid down for this article. But the payment of clergy is a constant source of anxiety in a Church where there are no parochial endowments. The experience of all Free Churches is identical on this point. There is a general movement throughout Australia towards payment through central diocesan funds. It has everywhere been found practically impossible otherwise to guarantee a fixed and reliable stipend to any clergyman coming to a parish. Payment is made by results, and the clergy very often receive much less than they were led to expect when they were appointed. This 'payment by results,' satisfactory as it may appear in theory, in practice renders it not only difficult to obtain clergy for particular appointments, but it militates against men of education and power coming forward for ordination. The clergy never expect, in Australia, large salaries, but, like men in any other walk of life, they wish their small stipends to be secure. The present system also tends to make congregations and clergy regard constant popularity as being the chief qualification of a clergyman—a very regrettable and dangerous view of the Christian ministry. The remedy for this seems to be the payment of clergy through a central fund—parishes paying into the diocesan office the parochial contributions to stipend, and the office paying out the full stipend every month to the particular clergyman. To bring this into practice a central clergy endowment fund will be necessary in order to assist poor parishes to pay a living wage, and to adjust any temporary deficit

in the parochial contributions. This method of payment, where it is worked well, has been found to promote security and sound finance. If the Church in Wales is disestablished and partially disendowed, it is devoutly to be hoped that a central endowment fund sufficiently to augment contributions from poor parishes will be formed at the beginning. Otherwise the work of the Church will be temporarily paralysed at least in the poorer parts. The fund should be vested in the central governing body for administration. For this purpose it is necessary to constitute the representative governing body as a 'corporation sole' to ensure corporate action and continuity of tenure as trustees.

This point has been provided for in the Bill, and it has been clearly provided that the representative body should be the trustees and administrators of all Church funds so far as the Government is concerned. But as I have already indicated, from an answer made by Mr. McKenna to a question by Mr. Ormsby Gore it would seem probable that the Government contemplates making some amendment in Committee by which two Church bodies will be created—a representative body to 'hold and manage Church property,' a Synod 'with power to lay down and alter the doctrine, discipline, rules and articles of the Church in Wales.' Here there arises a grave danger of dual control and probable antagonism. Why cannot Synod be constituted a corporation with both powers in its own hands? Australian experience is entirely in favour of an undivided control.

Again let me say, I hold no brief either for the Government or for the Opposition. I have tried to the best of my ability to avoid taking sides, but I venture to hope that the experience of an unendowed Church may be of interest and use to both parties. Government statesmen, in my humble judgment, will not be just if, in their desire for what they believe to be national justice, they end by leaving the Church in Wales crippled and unable to fulfil its mission. Opposition Churchmen, also in my humble opinion, will not be wise if in their opposition to the present Bill they fail to present, at least in Committee, some definite constructive plan for a disestablished Church in Wales in case the present Bill become law.

GEORGE H. FRODSHAM,
Bishop of North Queensland.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

(II)

THE CLERGY AND DISESTABLISHMENT: A REPLY TO THE REV. FRANCIS POWELL

If Mr. Francis Powell's exposition of the reasons 'why some of the clergy will welcome Disestablishment' [1] be intended as a serious contribution to the discussion on Welsh Disestablishment, it is open to the same criticism as most of the speeches of Ministers on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. These speeches are said, not unjustly, to have been vague dissertations on the abstract desirability of Home Rule for Ireland, and practically to have ignored the Bill which was supposed to be their subject. Mr. Powell's article shows no interest whatever in the Government's proposals for dealing with the Church in Wales, but merely uses the agitation against those proposals as a convenient text to urge immediate disestablishment of the Church in England. Mr. Powell may reply that the greater includes the less, but this is hardly practical politics at the present time. Nevertheless his arguments are well worth discussion, if only because they are opposed to the opinions of the great majority of his clerical brethren, and probably a still greater majority of the professed laity of the Church of England. People who place themselves in disagreeable antagonism to the greater number of those among whom they live and move and have their being have, as a rule, not only courage, but good reasons and a good conscience.

Mr. Powell admits readily enough that Establishment is not a definite status given by the State to the Church by a special Act at a certain definite time, but he does compare it to the setting up of the territorial forces. 'Where,' he asks, 'would be the *amour propre* of our territorial forces if, in defiance of the nation's will, they objected to their disbandment?' But the analogy does not hold good. The territorial forces are purely a State creation for State purposes only, and have neither use nor meaning apart from the State. But Mr. Powell assuredly does not so conceive of the Church. The statement would be erroneous even in respect of establishment. It has been, he admits, the growth of long ages. 'Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo' is the true account of the relations between Church and

[1] *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1912.

State. The one Church with her one Faith gave to the uncivilised tribes whom she found here the unity Constantine hoped she would give to the decaying Roman Empire. By her example those tribes developed into one nation, by her the nation was admitted within the Christian commonwealth, through her it was brought under the influence of the civilisation and learning of the rest of Christendom. Naturally the Church, which was co-extensive with the nation, although never merely identified with it—still less looked upon as its creation, even in the aspect of 'establishment'—was regarded as the source and centre of all that was highest and best in the national life; hence the continuance of that common growth and mutual support which afterwards came to be called Establishment and almost defies analysis. There is not, then, the smallest resemblance between the Church and the territorial or other forces in respect of their relations with the State. But perhaps even the territorial forces might, without any damage to *amour propre*, protest against disbandment if a foreign force had just invaded the land and were threatening the national existence. Establishment means the outward and visible recognition of Christianity by the nation as the true religion, and of the Church as the Society which brought her that religion, and in which it has concrete embodiment. The Church is surely not clinging to privilege—what privilege does she possess? Are not the Nonconformists rather the 'spoilt children' of the nation now?—but is simply clinging to the post of duty, if she strains every nerve to preserve that recognition, in the hope of making it again the reality it once was.

This brings us to Mr. Powell's palmary argument. 'That both Church and State,' he writes, 'are weakened through Establishment few intelligent observers can fail to notice.' If, indeed, he can make that good, the question is settled. But he makes no attempt whatever to show that the State, even from his point of view, has been let or hindered in any good course by her connexion with the Church. It is against the Church, as established, that his diatribe—he must allow me the word—is directed; and the head and front of the Church's offending seems to be that the immense majority of her clergy and zealous laity decline to support the Liberal party.

> It was the attitude of the Church as a whole [he tells us] during the last two General Elections, when it is not too much to say that the hard-won liberties of our race were in considerable jeopardy, which made the writer vow that never again would he support the Establishment.

Well, well! It is quite impossible for Mr. Powell to understand that many of us thought, and still think, that 'the hard-won liberties' were not only threatened but have been seriously

injured by the party he admires? It is impossible to argue the question here, but a conscientious man may surely believe, and do his best to make others believe, that a practically unchecked Single-Chamber Constitution, modern party discipline being what it is, is likely to be as injurious to liberty, as unjust and tyrannical, as the government of Louis the Fourteenth. Mr. Powell is shocked at the idea of the Church siding with those who desired to maintain what he calls 'the absurd veto of the House of Lords upon the legislation approved by a huge majority of elected representatives of forty-five millions of people.' Considering how divided the country is on the question—although only six or seven millions out of Mr. Powell's forty-five millions possess votes—these remarks are more like an extract from a violent Radical leaflet than a serious criticism of the Church. More unjustifiable still is his unwarrantable assertion that the Church 'would rather the food of the poor were taxed instead of the unearned increment of the landed property of the rich.' It must be obvious to anyone not blinded by party spirit that a Tariff Reformer may be as anxious to benefit the poor as the most uncompromising Cobdenite, and that he advocates his policy as the very best method of raising wages and curing the evil of unemployment. Since he has the opinion of nearly the whole civilised world, outside Great Britain, on his side, it is supremely ridiculous to make the Church's support of such a policy—if she does support it, which Mr. Powell does not prove—a serious reason for advocating her disestablishment.

Another count in Mr. Powell's indictment of the Church is what he assumes to have been her attitude on the question of Chinese labour in South Africa. Really this is a dangerous subject for Mr. Powell's friends. Has he quite forgotten Mr. Winston Churchill's famous admission as to 'terminological inexactitudes'? The fact that the Liberal party has been remarkably shy of raising the taunt of 'Chinese slavery' of late years, which would have been worked for all it was worth had the Unionist policy been really so immoral as was alleged in 1906, tends to show that Mr. Churchill's phrase was a true but charitable description of an outcry that was none too creditable in regard to the language used.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Powell further in the instances he gives of the political obliquity of Churchmen in general. In nearly all his cases the accusation is that they have not supported several of the measures of the present Government.

> What plagues and what portents! What mutiny!
> What raging of the sea! Shaking of earth!
> Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors,

> Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
> The unity and married calm of States
> Quite from their fixture!

because a majority, possibly a large majority, of Churchmen cannot see their way to support Mr. Asquith! It is, alas! true enough that many a time the Church, in the person of her leaders, has advocated, or at least supported, a policy that we now see was mistaken and wrong. No society that has endured for many centuries, no nation either, is there that has not cause to blush for many errors, and that has not many a time, with the best intentions, 'come short of its suppose,'

> Sith every action that hath gone before
> Whereof we have record, trial did draw
> Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
> And that unbodied figure of the thought
> That gave 't surmisèd shape.

But it may fairly be said that a party which has been avowedly attacking the Church in her schools and—in the case of Wales—in her possessions and immemorial status cannot fairly complain if very many Churchmen find themselves driven, sometimes against their will, to support for the time being the opposite party. Nor can that attitude, in view of the admitted zeal, activity, and devotion shown by the Church of England during the last sixty or seventy years, be by any process of reasoning alleged as a sufficient cause for condemning her as incorrigibly wrongheaded and obstructive, and therefore terminating her long connexion with the State.

Mr. Powell, however, does not rely only on the fact that most of the active supporters of the Established Church are hostile to the present Government. He brings a formidable series of charges against the Church for her action in past times, taken from an article in the *Times*, published, it would seem, some years ago, in which that journal acknowledged that the Establishment was in favour of most of the wrongdoing, and against most of the improvements, of the Governments of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. These charges are fortified by an appeal to Lord Morley's remarks upon the same subject.

It cannot be denied that this attack is far more justified than the attacks on the Church of our own day which have occupied our notice hitherto. But is Mr. Powell right in charging the *Church* ('the Church as a whole' is his phrase in one passage) with all these misdeeds? Surely the guilty parties he is thinking of were the bishops in the House of Lords. The bishops are not the Church. There is no reason to suppose that during the

period in question they paid much attention to the opinion of clergy or laity. They were appointed for political reasons, and what the Government sought for, when bishops were to be appointed, was supporters; and (if the popular phrase may be allowed me) they 'saw that they got them.' Hence the bishops of those days were as certain to 'vote straight' as the member of Parliament is now. They voted with the party that appointed them. It is a mournful reflection for Churchmen that the State so abused its trust, and could find some clerical accomplices; but surely in this case the State itself, which made the appointments for such reasons, was the guilty party. The voice of the rank and file of the clergy was stifled, and Convocation was not allowed to meet 'for the despatch of business.' Parliament itself was supposed to represent the laity, but the unreformed Parliament was returned chiefly by the interest and often by the nomination of Whig and Tory grandees. In very truth it was the rank and file of the Church which brought about the reforms enumerated by the *Times* and quoted by Mr. Powell. It was a soldiers' battle certainly, but the soldiers really are a part of the army. To take some of Mr. Powell's instances: the Parliament that abolished the slave trade was exclusively a Church Parliament; so was the Parliament that repealed the Test and Corporation Acts; so was the Parliament, with hardly an exception, which granted Roman Catholic Emancipation; so was the Parliament, with a few exceptions, which abolished slavery; and William Wilberforce, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, was a Churchman and a representative of the most living and vigorous Church party of his day. If the 'Church as a whole' had opposed those reforms, not one of them would have been carried in those days. So in regard to the Factory Acts. Lord Shaftesbury, a typical Evangelical Churchman (who was that first and before everything), was the hero of the fight, and John Bright, the Liberal, and the Manchester school were not absolutely conspicuous champions of that reform.

We might go further and retort upon Mr. Powell that, during the greater part of the time referred to in his extract from the *Times*, the predecessors of the present Liberal party were in power and had the appointment of the bishops in their hands. For a century after the Revolution of 1688 (except for the latter years of Queen Anne's short reign) the Whigs were in power, 'the party of progress,' and the leaders of the Church obediently followed them. And that was, strange to say, the century of the Church's most conspicuous failure. It is a retort as fair as the charge. But, in sober truth, neither the one nor the other is very convincing. The fact is that during the eighteenth century the Church, in spite of being established, was

too weak and also too much occupied with the prevalent unbelief to dream of giving a 'lead' to the Government of the day. It seemed to the most thoughtful prelates of the time that the best that could be hoped for was that, with pain and difficulty, the Church might keep the banner of Christ still flying. Surely Mr. Powell has not forgotten Bishop Butler's lament that 'it is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious.' Again, in the first part of the nineteenth century, the bloody issue of the French Revolution and its culmination in the career of Napoleon did very much to make people suspicious of the very name of reform. The argument of the 'thin end of the wedge' is often a most mistaken one, but it is very intelligible and not wholly inexcusable in those who believe that they have already seen the wedge driven home in a neighbouring land with the most disastrous results. Neither the *Times* writer, nor Mr. Powell, nor Lord Morley appear to have thought of these explanations. They have regarded the bishops of those days (though they did not comprise 'the Church as a whole') rather as dummy antagonists to be set up and riddled with the shot of Liberal criticism than as human beings, not wholly unintelligent, and not proved to be unkindly, but swayed—as most men are—by the fears and alarms and also by the difficulties and obscurities of their day.

It may be rejoined that, at any rate, all these blunders were due to the fact of establishment, for if the State had not possessed the appointment of bishops, the Church might have chosen leaders who would have spoken with her voice and not have compromised her so gravely. If this be Mr. Powell's contention, he will find that the majority of Churchmen agree with him. But the right of nomination to bishoprics is not of the essence of establishment. In Scotland, too, there is an Established Church. The State, however, does not appoint its General Assembly nor its Moderator. Freedom to choose its own rulers could be granted to the Church in England as well as in the Scottish Establishment, without any interference with its established position or its endowments. Nor need the bishops be members of the House of Lords. The kirk has none of its ministers sitting there by right of office. Assuredly one need not advocate the immediate pulling down of a house because its roof needs repair.

Mr. Powell is well warranted in pointing out the great difficulty experienced by the Establishment in dealing with its own abuses. He must, however, admit that the chief reason for this, during the last thirty years at any rate, is the unrelenting hostility and obstruction on the part of Liberal members of Parliament. What enormous difficulty Archbishop Benson had

to contend with in his struggle for the Act for the removal of evil-living clergy and for the Benefices Act! Even such purely domestic matters as the division of overgrown and unwieldy sees were not allowed to be non-contentious by small knots of Liberals who, for the most part, did not profess to be members of the Established Church. Who is responsible for the failure to pass the Bishoprics Enabling Bill during the last two or three years? To obstruct every effort on the part of the Church authorities to obtain leave to reform abuses, and then to taunt the Church with those abuses, and even make them a pretext for her disestablishment, is flagrantly unjust and ungenerous. If advocates of Disestablishment in Parliament would, as a matter of honour and decency, treat purely Church measures with the same respect and consideration as was shown by the whole House to the Act for uniting the Bible Christians and the United Methodist Free Church, or the Act settling the difficulty between the Free Kirk in Scotland and the 'Wee Frees,' clergy like Mr. Powell would not long have to complain that the Church's most flagrant abuses are left untouched. Mr. Powell is quite justified in expressing disappointment that more was not done in this direction during the ten years that the Unionists were in power. His disappointment is shared, doubtless, by many of those who are strongly opposed to the opinions set forth in his article. Still, it is fair to remember that those ten years included the years of the Boer War, and the schism in the Unionist party caused by the violent differences on the subject of Tariff Reform; and also that what time Parliament could spare to the Church was wasted in absurd and unprofitable discussions on the question of 'Ritualistic practices.' Indeed, the Kensit movement, which began in 1898, by re-enkindling party differences in the Church—which were on the high road to healing—made it very difficult even for Churchmen to unite in urging non-contentious but necessary measures.

One other reason for Disestablishment is alleged by Mr. Powell. It deals with very serious matters indeed. Freedom from State control will enable the Church to 'restate the whole Christian position,' and to do away with 'our narrow, stereotyped formulae which tend to sterilise living thought.' These expressions are so general, and all that Mr. Powell says on this subject is so vague, that one is not quite sure what he means. If by 'restating the whole Christian position' Mr. Powell means no more than doing for this twentieth century what St. Thomas did for the thirteenth, there is no possible obstacle now. The Angelic Doctor neither asked nor needed any change in the Creeds or the Liturgy. Or does he mean such a revolt from the doctrinal teaching of the Prayer Book as Luther inaugurated in

Germany? But Luther did not wait for any change of 'narrow stereotyped formulae.' He convinced people first—in spite of 'Establishment'—and then the congruous changes came naturally. There is really nothing to prevent Mr. Powell and the clergy who think with him from doing the same thing now. If they have a message for our day and generation, let them deliver it and face the consequences. That is what Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas did; so did Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin; so did Laud and Wesley; so did Venn, Romaine, and Newton; so did Newman, Pusey, and Keble. Nothing whatever can be done until they convince the existing clergy and lay members of the Church. Were the Church disestablished to-morrow, the same clergy and laity would be there to oppose and reject Mr. Powell's 'restatement,' as they oppose and reject it now, if it be inconsistent with the historic Faith for which they are zealous. Before Mr. Powell asks for Disestablishment, in order to make this restatement he should tell us what it is. It may be Catholicism, it may be Modernism, it may be Evangelicalism, it may be Ritschlianism, it may be the New Theology. Obviously it is some kind of change in the Prayer Book and Articles that he desires, for anything else can perfectly well be done now. Revision of the Prayer Book is going on now in Convocation. If it comes to nothing, it will be because the rank and file of the Church—the very people who would have charge of a revision if the Church were disestablished—will have none of it. A revision opposed by such representative men as the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Newbolt and Lord Halifax would have even less chance then than now.

We must admit, sadly enough, that 'many fine young minds,' as Mr. Powell says, 'go to the Universities with the intention of becoming ordinands who are repelled' by present circumstances. Their doubts go down to the root of things: doubts concerning the Divinity of Christ, concerning miracles of any kind, concerning the Sacred Scriptures, concerning the supernatural. But the abolition of the old religion and the invention of a new one is a strange way of solving their doubts, even if the new one were falsely labelled 'Christianity.' But would Disestablishment lead earnest Churchmen to consent to this? Let Mr. Powell look round at those Churches in communion with the Church of England which are not established, and which are free to believe and do as they please. What have they done in the direction he appears to indicate? Let us omit the Australian Church, parts of which seem to have bound themselves to make no change that has not been authorised by the Church of England. Has the Church in South Africa done anything towards the 'restating' of the whole Christian

position? The Episcopal Church in the United States is free enough; but neither has she committed herself to any religious revolutions; nor has the Church in Canada; nor the disestablished Church in Ireland; nor the Episcopal Church in Scotland. We need not disestablish the Church either in Wales or England in order to enable her to do something that none of her disestablished or non-established sisters have done, and that it is morally certain she herself will not do.

What we have to do—it sorely needs doing—is to learn how best to commend the old Faith to those who at present do not see how to reconcile it with modern thought; not to offer them a new one of our devising, which will only go the way of all fancy religions.

In conclusion, it may be said—it ought to be said—that Mr. Powell is by no means without justification in the reproach (quoted from Bishop Gore) which he levels at the mass of Churchpeople in regard to their 'blank and simply stupid refusal . . . to recognise their social duties.' There are, of course, notable exceptions to be found, no doubt, in every diocese; but they are to the great mass rather as the pelican in the wilderness. But while acknowledging this to the full we may venture to suggest that there is some palliation for their attitude. We are bound to admit that, as Mr. W. S. Lilly tells us in the article immediately preceding Mr. Powell's, 'the great problem now before the world is the reorganisation of industry upon an ethical basis.' Churchpeople are bound as members of the Kingdom of Christ to do all they can to contribute to its solution, and for past failure there is nothing left but confession and amendment. But their apathy has not always been due to selfishness or neglect of known duty. It is often the result of utter perplexity. Many of us do not see our way to accept State Socialism as the cure. The remedy appears worse than the disease. Syndicalism, again, seems a worse remedy still. The Liberal party, as such, does not appear to have any policy in this matter any more than the Unionists; although the latter do suggest Tariff Reform, which may possibly be of use, but in itself is mere tinkering. Most of us are without the time or means—possibly without the capacity—to dive right into the question for ourselves. We should, it may be hoped, recognise and support a good solution when it is offered, but it has not yet come. And so we sit still and wait. It is, no doubt, blameworthy, but 'is there not a cause?'

At least we may be excused for saying that Disestablishment has not the remotest bearing on the question.

A. St. Leger Westall.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE ODES OF HORACE

HORACE has with justice characterised Pindar as the great untranslateable. With still greater justice it may be said that his own Odes defy the translator's art. When the *Dublin University Review* was started under happy auspices more than half a century ago, the editor declared that there were two kinds of literary effort to which he would invariably refuse a place in his pages. These were Vice-Chancellor's prize poems, because they were immature, and renderings of the Odes of Horace, because they were impossible.

Even the great poets, Milton and Dryden, have not achieved absolute success in dealing with single odes, and we may fairly hold that of those (more than fifty in number) who have essayed a rendering of the whole body of the Odes few there are of whom it can be said that even half of their renderings read like English poems and at the same time recall the manner and art of the Roman lyrist. The Odes are exquisite exotics, miracles of diction and metre. It is hard to trace in them any ordered train of reflection or sincere vein of sentiment; but the easy handling of imported metres, new to Latin and invented by inspired Hellas, as well as the happy daintiness and dignity of language, undoubtedly comes as near to absolute perfection as it is given to human art to approach.

Many of the translators, in setting forth the principles which have guided them, have put forward views about the general character and salient attributes of these charming poems which are mainly just and reasonable. One, among the most recent and certainly the most eminent of them all, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, lays down as an undoubted truth a proposition which is wholly untenable and absolutely misrepresents the character of the Odes. He thus writes in his Preface to the third edition (1895):

> There is, in my view, one special necessity of translation from Horace, which has, so far as I know, heretofore received in many quarters what seems to me a very inadequate share of attention: that is to say, the

necessity of compression. . . . Without compression, in my opinion, a translation from Horace, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian, ceases, that is, to represent the original.

This is diametrically opposed to the true view of the case. Hear Sir Stephen De Vere, one of the very best of the translators, whose version appeared the year before Gladstone's :

No classical author is so difficult of translation as Horace. His extraordinary *condensation*, so little in harmony with the English language or the usual current of English thought; his habit of embodying in one sequence a single idea connected through all its phases by an almost imperceptible thread; the 'curiosa felicitas' with which he draws a picture by a single epithet, such as 'fabulosus Hydaspes,' 'placens uxor'; his abrupt transitions; the frequent absence of a connecting link enabling the modern reader to track the pervading idea of the poet through the apparently disconnected passages of the poem . . . these are a few of the obstacles with which a translator of Horace has to contend.

Having laid down an entirely unsound principle, the Right Honourable versifier proceeds to apply it—we will see with what result. It is excusable, perhaps, to dwell so much on what is certainly the least successful attempt to transplant the priceless exotics of the Latin lyrist. But the eminent name on the title-page has carried into a third edition a book which without it would not have had half a dozen readers; and it is painful to think what an impression about Latin poetry will be conveyed by it to those who have no Latin, and cannot see for themselves that the volume has in it no trace either of poetry or of Horace. The book on its appearance was welcomed with eulogy quite undeserved by the English Press, receiving from the *Quarterly Review* a paean of laudation.

Let us examine a few examples of that 'compression' which is so indispensable. To take the first ode, the picturesque expression

Metaque fervidis evitata rotis,
The turning-point grazed by glowing wheels,

appears as

The goal well shunn'd.

Is this compression, or is it mangling and mistranslation? Everything is omitted that is picturesque in the image of the chariot grazing the turning-point with glowing wheels. *Meta* is the turning-point which was at the end of the *spina* (or central ridge running the length of the oval racing-track) farthest from the winning-post. This turning-point the charioteers naturally tried to cut as fine as possible. The Gladstonian phrase, if it meant anything, ought to mean 'the prudent abandonment of chariot-racing.' Compression of this kind is characteristic of the

book throughout, but it reaches its climax in the story of the Danaids (III. xi.). Perhaps the most familiar phrase in Horace is 'splendide mendax.' How is it reproduced? It is not reproduced at all. It is omitted, burked, doubtless in the interests of compression. Other choice phrases which have become household words are slurred and spoiled. 'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice' is 'The stars to kiss my head will bow.' In no other version do the stars come down to the poet. Horace and all his other translators make the poet ascend to the stars. 'Dilapsam in cineres facem' (IV. xiii.) is 'Once a flambeau; now an ash.' 'Dulce est desipere in loco' is hardly suggested by ''Tis well to rave in time and place,' and still less can the fine phrase 'famosis laboribus,' so vigorous in Calverley's 'all thy studious infamies,' be recognised under the poor guise of 'All thy plots new scandal make,' which does not even give the meaning of the words. In the same ode (III. xv.) 'nequitia' is 'knavish tricks,' a 'damnosa hereditas' from the National Anthem. The word is a very strong one. 'Harlotry' would hardly exaggerate its force. The eminent statesman had forgotten the atmosphere which encompasses Latin words. We doubt if he ever felt it. The study of the Latin language was rudimentary in Oxford when Gladstone won his First. It has since advanced 'by leaps and bounds,' to use the statesman's own phrase. There are not a few serious misapprehensions of the meaning of the Latin text, but we will not advert to these. Our essay aims at estimating the literary qualities of the versions, not their scholarship or accuracy.

Gladstone in his preface lays down a law, as we have said, which is absolutely fatal for the rendering of Horace, in calling for compression while extreme condensation is the leading characteristic of the original; this law he obeys with disastrous results. He adds another admonition to translators, which is quite excellent (indeed, almost superfluous), but which he habitually violates. It is that the translator

> should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes, and should avoid those irregularities in the use of the English genitive which are so fatal to euphony.

Yet we have *set* rhyming with *unbusièd* (p. 33), *wrecked* and *erect* (p. 130), *abyss* and *frees* (p. 138). Of cacophonous inflexional forms we have such genitives as the *Edons'*, *clients'*; such verbal inflexions as *equipp'st*, *flung'st*; and such rhythmical blots as *Elian*, *Argian* (dissyll.) and *Patarean*, *Romulean*, *Anchisean* (trisyll.). Moreover, such words as *pate*, *nape*, and such phrases as 'quitting earth *for good*,' 'the day's entire' for

'the whole of the day,' are quite alien from the distinguished and refined diction of the Odes, which even avoid diminutives. Nor can we patiently endure 'poetic licences' redolent of Sternhold and Hopkins, like the omission of the article in 'Myrtoan wave' (compare 'Like pelican in wilderness' in the famous perversion of the Psalms), and inverted order of words, as in II. xiii. :

> On evil day thou planted wast.

The version as a whole takes its place beside our English metrical version of the Psalms. The undeniable eminence of Gladstone as a speaker would lead a reader who recognises a certain kinship between political oratory and literary faculty to surmise that he might have been more successful, or certainly would not have failed so completely, if he had not disabled himself by his ill-judged attempt to 'abridge the syllabic length of the Latin text, and to carry compression to the furthest practicable point.' Yet sometimes we find thoughts and phrases introduced without any warrant in the text, either to achieve a supposed beauty of expression, as in 'The flood of thy Licymnia's hair' for 'crine Licymniae,' or to eke out the rhyme, as in III. xxviii., where the italicised words are due only to the translator :

> Up, Lyde, *that fine juice*
> *Old* Caecuban, produce;

and *ibid.* 16 :

> Then, *when the hours grow dim,*
> *Old* Night shall have her hymn;

and in I. ii. 10 :

> The elm-tree top to fishy kind
> *Gave harbour.*

Now Horace never thought of a harbour for fishes, which indeed would seem superfluous.

In III. i. 33 in the Latin

> Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt

there is no 'think' or 'spy,' as in

> Their realm is less, the fishes think,
> When buildings in the sea they spy.

Are we captious in seeing a ludicrous image, and recalling an occasion on which the fishes are said to have become profane under 'the sun's perpendicular heat'? Again, we are offended in III. xxiv. 54 :

> Nescit equo rudis
> Haerere ingenuus puer,
> Venarique timet.

We are aware that in old-fashioned English 'to clip' means to surround, encompass,' hence (perhaps) 'bestride,' but in

> Our highborn youth nor hunts nor rides,
> He cannot clip his horse's sides,

we cannot but think of the accomplishment rather of a groom than of a highborn youth; while in the same ode 'filthy stuff' is solely *metri gratia*, like 'affront the skies' in IV. xi. 12, 'begun and ended' in IV. vi. 40, and 'till their blood runs icy cold' for 'exanimari' in III. xii. 2. On the other hand, 'splendide mendax' (III. xi. 35) is untranslated, like 'Troiae prope victor altae' (IV. vi. 3), and 'renidet,' almost a keynote of the ode (III. vi. 12). A strange phrase in the poem on the abduction of Europa is not so much a piece of padding as a mistranslation. Europa (III. xxvii. 38) asks herself is she 'awake or dreaming':

> vigilansne ploro
> Turpe commissum?

This appears as

> Ah, the awakened sense
> Of sin!—

a sentiment which will appeal (perhaps) to the nonconformist conscience, as 'engender heat' for 'torrere jecur' will recommend itself to 'scientists.'

The choice of metres is a most essential matter in the rendering of the Odes. It is obviously incumbent on the translator to render in one and the same metre all odes which Horace has written in this or that metre, Alcaic or Sapphic or Choriambic. Gladstone repudiates this obligation on the quite insufficient ground that Horace has in many cases employed the same metre for odes the most widely divergent in subject and character. In other words, the translator is a better judge than the poet on the delicate question of the auspicious marriage of metre with matter. Gladstone's favourite rhythm is the octosyllabic, which is used effectively by Swift and Butler, and which (with variations) achieves some dignity in the oriental love-tales of Byron and the Border minstrelsy of Scott; but it is quite unsuitable to reproduce the effect of Horace's higher flights in Alcaics and Sapphics. Let us observe how mean is the octosyllabic metre of Gladstone in the fine Alcaic ode (I. xxxvii.) on the death of Cleopatra, and how the better-chosen measures of other translators have raised the tone of the poem. We give the final and loftiest stanzas:

> Ausa et iacentem visere regiam
> Voltu sereno, fortis et asperas
> Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
> Corpore combiberet venenum.

Gladstone.

Bold to survey with eye serene
The void that had her palace been,
She lodged the vipers on her skin,
Where best to drink the poison in.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

In her realm once more,
Serene among deserted fanes,
Unmoved 'mid vacant halls she stood,
Then to the aspic gave her darkening veins,
And sucked the death into her blood.

Theodore Martin.

So to her lonely palace-halls she came,
With eye serene their desolation view'd,
And the fell asps with fearless fingers woo'd
To dart their deadliest venom thro' her frame.

F. L. Latham.

She dared upon her palace lying low
To look with face serene; nor did she shrink
Grim snakes from fondling, that her body so
Might in its life-blood their black poison drink.

Conington.

Amid her ruin'd halls she stood
Unblench'd, and fearless to the end
Grasp'd the fell snakes, that all her blood
Might with the cold black venom blend.

Conington's version of the next verse—

Deliberata morte ferocior—

is singularly fine :

Death's purpose flushing in her face.

Martin rises to the height of the subject in the last stanza :

Embracing death with desperate calm, that she
Might rob Rome's galleys of the royal prize,
Queen to the last, and ne'er in humbled guise
To swell a triumph's haughty pageantry.

This is surely the loftiest of the Odes. Many would crown that on Regulus (III. v.), but it is disfigured by a lamentable bathos in its last stanza.

De Vere and Conington, it will be seen, have used the same metre—a stately one. Latham has chosen one longer by a foot in each line, while Martin employs a modification of the *In Memoriam* stanza. Gladstone alone sinks to a rhythm redolent of the nursery moral lyre :

Bill Davis was a dunce and fool,
He would not go to Sunday-school.

The famous Amoebean ode, III. ix., so much admired by a great scholar that he said he would rather be its author than be King of Spain, is better turned by Gladstone, but we have again

his favourite creeping octosyllabics. The last two stanzas are his best, though 'resign' in the third line should be 'resigned,' and we have never met a fickle cork. We will compare his version with others :

Horace.

Gladstone. What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke?
If auburn Chloë I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

Lydia.

Though fairer than the stars is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

Horace.

Lord Derby. What if the former chain,
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,
And once more bow beneath the accustom'd yoke?
If Chloë's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

Lydia.

Tho' bright as Morning Star
My Calaïs' beaming brow;
Tho' more inconstant far
And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou,
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.

Horace.

Conington. What now, if Love returning
Should pair us 'neath his brazen yoke once more,
And, bright-hair'd Chloë spurning,
Horace to off-cast Lydia ope his door?

Lydia.

Though he is fairer, milder,
Than starlight, you lighter than bark of tree,
Than stormy Hadria wilder,
With you to live, to die, were bliss for me.

Horace.

Walker. What if old love return and bring once more
Our sever'd hearts beneath its yoke of brass,
And thrust be gold-hair'd Chloë from the door,
That opes for slighted Lydia to pass?

Lydia.

Tho' fairer he than radiant star, and thou,
More light than cork, in temper dost outvie
Rough Adria's angry sea, with thee I'm now
Well pleased to live, with thee not loth to die.

All the above versions, except the first, seem to have something of poetry and something of Horace. Lord Derby, it will be observed, omits 'levior cortice.'

We have inveighed against octosyllabics, and we must protest against one other metre used (so far as we know) only by Sir Theodore Martin, who in his other metric effects is, perhaps, the happiest of the translators. It is the tinkling cymbal of Moore. Unless the subject is weighty and serious, anapaests degenerate into doggerel, as in

> I myself, wooed by one that was truly a jewel,
> In thraldom was held which I cheerfully bore,
> By that vulgar thing, Myrtale, though she was cruel
> As waves that indent the Calabrian shore.

The same rhythm has utterly vulgarised the pretty ode to Xanthias Phoceus (II. iv.). Surely hardly anything could be more alien than this from the distinguished manner of the Horatian Odes. Yet Martin is one of the best translators, disputing (in our opinion) the primacy with De Vere and Conington. As examples of the art of these three, we would offer, in addition to extracts already made, the following characteristic specimens. De Vere and Martin are champions of freedom, and never bald. Conington is wonderfully successful in steering clear of the reefs of baldness while hugging the shore of the text :

'Felices ter et amplius' (I. xiii. 17).

Martin.

> Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever,
> Are they whom true affection binds,
> No cold distrusts nor janglings sever
> The union of their constant minds,
> But life in blended current flows
> Serene and quiet to the close.

'Somnus agrestium' (III. i. 21).

De Vere.

> Sleep hovers with extended wing
> Above the roof where labour dwells,
> Or where the river murmuring
> Ripples beneath the beechen shade,
> Or where in Tempe's dells
> No sound save Zephyr's breath throbs thro' the silver glade.

'Irae Thyesten' (I. xvi. 17).

Conington.

> 'Twas wrath that laid Thyestes low;
> 'Tis wrath that oft destruction calls
> On cities, and invites the foe
> To drive his plough o'er ruin'd walls.

On the whole, perhaps, Conington is the most successful of those who have essayed what many would call an impossible feat,

one in which even the august hand of Milton did not maintain its sureness of touch, though in his sonnets to Laurence and to Cyriack Skinner he gives the express quintessence of the manner of Horace, far more perfectly than Marvell in his *Ode on the Return of Oliver Cromwell from Ireland*, which has been called the most Horatian poem not written by Horace. Conington sometimes treats us to a delightful reminiscence of English poetry, as in II. ix. :

> The rain, it rains not every day
> On the soak'd meads.

His weakness is that he sometimes introduces a thought or figure not to be found in the original, a practice to be condemned, even though the figure be in itself beautiful and poetical, as in

> *A spectral form* Soracte stands.

It is a worse fault to emulate the conceits of the Elizabethan age, as in the somewhat cruel ode to poor *passée* Lyce (IV. xiii.) :

> The white has left your teeth
> And settled on your brow.

However, he does not taunt her in Gladstone's rude phrase as

> Once a flambeau, now an ash,

but more courteously deplores her as

> A fire-brand, once ablaze,
> Now smouldering in grey dust.

His choice of metres is very happy. We only regret that he has not made use of the *In Memoriam* rhythm so happily employed by Calverley in I. ix. 21 :

> Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
> In what dim corner lurks thy love,
> And snatch a bracelet or a glove
> From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

It may be interesting, after the longer extracts, to compare the different versions of expressions which have won their way into common use, and become household words. Such is 'simplex munditiis' in the famous ode to Pyrrha (I. v.) :

Gladstone.	With simple care.
Conington.	So trim, so simple.
Martin.	With all thy seeming-artless grace.
De Vere.	In simple neatness artfully arrayed.
Thomas Hood.	With cunning carelessness.
Latham.	In unbedizened neatness fair.

'Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem' (I. xxii. *fin.*).

Gladstone. Thy voice, thy smile, my Lalage,
I'll love them there.

De Vere. I'll love and sing my Lalage,
Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

Conington. That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
Shall still enchant me.

Martin. Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice e'en there
I will adore.

E. Yardley. Yet laughing, lisping Lalage
For ever will I love.

Latham. My Lalage's sweet laugh I still shall love,
Her prattle sweet.

'Splendide mendax' (III. xi. 35).

Gladstone. Omitted.
Lord Lytton. By glorious falsehood.
Martin. Magnificently false.
De Vere. Nobly untrue.
Latham. Gloriously false.
Conington. That splendid falsehood lights her name
Through times unborn.

'Voltus nimium lubricus aspici' (I. xix. 8).

Gladstone. And face Ah! perilous to view.
Conington. That too fair face that blinds when look'd upon.
Martin. And face too dazzling for eye to 'bide it.
Latham. And look too bright for mortal eye to endure.

'Domus exilis Plutonia' (I. iv. 17).

Gladstone. Pluto's cribbing cell.
Conington. The void of the Plutonian hall.
De Vere. Pluto's gloomy mansions.
Martin. The starveling house unbeautiful of Pluto.
Sargent. Pluto's narrow house. (So Latham.)

'Fheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni' (II. xiv. 1).

Gladstone. Ah Postumus! Devotion fails
The lapse of gliding years to stay.

Conington. Ah Postumus! They fleet away,
Our years.

De Vere. Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away.

Martin. Ah Postumus, the years, the fleeting years,
Still onwards, onwards glide.

Lord Lytton. Postumus, Postumus, the years glide by us.

Latham. Ah Postumus, ah Postumus, away
Glide the swift years.

'Placens uxor' (II. xiv. 21).

Gladstone. Winsome wife. (So Martin.)
Conington. Your lovely bride.

De Vere. Thy gentle wife.
Lord Lytton. Wife in whom thy soul delighteth.
Latham. Thy wife adored.

'Fortiter occupa portum' (I. xiv. 2).

Gladstone. Hold the port: be stout.
Conington. O, haste to make the haven yours.
Martin. Boldly seize
The port.
De Vere. Hold fast the port.
Latham. Abide
Fast in the haven.

'O matre pulchra filia pulchrior' (I. xvi. 1).

Gladstone. Fairer than thy mother fair.
Conington. O lovelier than the lovely dame
That bore you.
De Vere. O fairer than thy mother fair.
Newman. Fairer child of mother fair!
Latham. O daughter fairer than thy mother fair.

'Cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
Claudere lustrum' (II. iv. *fin.*).

Gladstone. Eight my lustres,
And my shield my age.
Conington. A rival hurrying on to end
His fortieth year.
Latham. One whose life hastes to close in its decline
Its fortieth year.

'Odi profanum volgus et arceo' (III. i. 1).

Gladstone. Begone, vile mob, I bar my door.
Conington. I bid the unhallowed crowd avaunt!
Martin. Ye rabble rout, avaunt!
De Vere. Away, ye herd profane!
Latham. I hate and banish hence the godless crowd.

'Divitias operosiores' (III. i. *fin.*).

Gladstone. Wealth that taxes toil and time.
Conington. More laborious luxury.
De Vere. The dull load of luxury.
Martin. Wealth which new-born trouble brings.
Latham. Riches that but add a heavier load.

'Non sine Dis animosus infans' (III. iv. 20).

Gladstone. A charmèd life by heaven's command.
Conington. The child's inspired: the gods were there.
Martin. By the gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.
Lord Lytton. Infant courageous under ward divine.
Latham. An infant by the gods inspirited.

We might perhaps fitly conclude by giving a few examples of the earliest renderings, and one (Mr. Latham's) which we believe

to be among the very latest. The first comes from the ill-fated Earl of Surrey, and was written about 1545. It is a version of II. x. ('Rectius vives'), of which we give a few lines :

Whoso gladly halseth the golden meane
Voyd of dangers advisdly hath his home
Not with lothsome muck as a den uncleane,
Nor palace-like wherat disdayne may glome.
The lofty pyne the great winde often rives,
With violenter swey falle turrets stepe,
Lightnings assault the huge mountains and clives.
A hart well stayed in overthwartes depe
Hopeth amends, in swete doth fear the soure.

Under Charles I., William Cartwright, a distinguished scholar of Oxford, translated IV. xiii. ('Audivere, Lyce'), of which the following is a stanza :

Thou wert awhile the cried-up face
Of taking arts and catching grace,
My Cinara being dead;
But my fair Cinara's thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw.
Till thou contest with th' aged daw.

Milton's and Dryden's versions of single poems are so well known that we will content ourselves with a few lines of Dryden's magnificent paraphrase of III. xxix. ('Tyrrhena regum progenies'), of which it has been said that it is probably the one poem written in imitation of Horace that surpasses the original. It is a challenge to Fortune :

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise and clouds grow black,
If the mast split and threaten wrack?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth unto the main.

The following is a characteristic specimen (I. vi.) of the art of Mr. F. L. Latham, of Brasenose College, Oxford, the most recent wooer of the Odes, whose volume appeared in 1910 :

Who Mars in adamantine vest arrayed
Shall fitly write, or with Troy's dust asmear
Merion, or Tydides by thine aid,
Pallas, of gods the peer?

I sing of revels, I of wars of maids
With neat-trimmed nails keen against youths to fight,
With empty heart, or, if some flame invades,
With heart as ever light.

The last stanza is happily turned by Whyte Melville, especially the pretty phrase ' vacui sive quid urimur ' :

> Bards of the banquet's rival jests are we,
> Or amorous struggles of the wanton fair,
> Touch'd by love's glowing dart or fancy-free,
> Still merry, still devoid of care.

If anyone thinks this graceful verse almost runs into numbers, let him observe how it comes out in the triscelerate octosyllabics so dear to the aged statesman :

> No: me the feast, the war employs
> Of girls (their nails well clipt) with boys,
> Me fancy-free or something warm;
> My playful use does no one harm.

The last verse can hardly be called English for

> Non praeter solitum leves.

We cannot refrain from adding the felicitous stanzas of Conington and Martin :

> Feasts are my theme, my warriors maidens fair,
> Who with pared nails encounter youths in fight;
> Be Fancy free or caught in Cupid's snare,
> Her temper still is light.
>
> Heart-whole or pierced by Cupid's sting,
> We in our airy way
> Of banquets and of maidens sing
> With pared nails coyly skirmishing
> To keep young men at bay.

Widely divergent in their views as to the best method of rendering the Odes of Horace, in one point the translators are agreed. Nearly all of them proclaim in their prefaces that these delightful poems are untranslatable, at least into verse. Mr. Godley, of Magdalen College, Oxford, whose masterly versions we have not quoted, as lying, like Wickham's, outside the scope of our article, which deals only with metrical versions, puts the case well :

> Essays in translating the Odes metrically have never yet been crowned with any real success: they have not so far accomplished anything, save, indeed—and this is itself a gain—that they demonstrate by actual experiment the peculiar evanescence of a lyric charm which is so intimately bound up with the genius of the poet, perhaps with the Latin language itself, that it cannot survive transplantation. . . . These essays will no doubt continue to amuse the leisure of scholarly dilettantists. But the result will be negligible till some really great poet gives himself to the task; and their very magnitude makes great poets too careful of their reputation to attempt a labour where failure is damaging and success, after all, would hardly immortalise.

The late Dean Wickham and Mr. Godley have produced prose versions of the Odes which touch perfection in their scholarship and elegance of style. It is no exaggeration to say that they contain in them as much poetry as the most poetical of the metrical versions. We almost regret that Mr. Godley has made the great refusal of metrical garb. His poems in *Oxford Echoes* and elsewhere show him to be richly endowed with just that kind of literary artistry which might have fitted him to cope with the 'curiosa felicitas' of the Latin lyrist.

We thankfully record our gratitude to those who have delighted us with a rare orchid or splendid jewel here and there. But we must protest against such as, in the interests of compression, have crushed basketfuls of choice exotics into a shapeless mass. Nor can we commend those who use the Odes as little more than pegs on which to hang their own wares. Nearly all the translators admit (as we have observed) that the Odes are not capable of reproduction, yet they are not deterred from attempting the impossible. A medieval philosopher proudly vaunted his faith in the words 'Credo quia impossibile.' We would suggest as a motto for the numerous transplanters of the Odes 'Reddo quia impossibile.'

R. Y. Tyrrell.

THE ULSTER SCOT IN THE UNITED STATES

In the eighties of the last century, just before entering political life, Mr. Roosevelt wrote a remarkable book, entitled 'The Winning of the West.' The region treated of in his inspiring and vigorous pages was not, however, the later West of common parlance, with its cattle ranches, gold mines, grizzly bears, and 'bad men,' but the West of the preceding century, those fat, rich States which lay just behind that section of the great Appalachian chain commonly known as the Alleghanies. For this very reason, perhaps, though the book took its place at once as a standard work in the United States, it seems to have reached few British readers. Some sense, possibly, of the atmosphere in which its scenes are laid was requisite for a full appreciation of what was indeed something of an epic, written as a labour of love by an author then singularly well equipped for doing justice to so fresh, attractive and stirring a subject. To the few in this country who had breathed the atmosphere and knew the scenes it treated of, the book was an unqualified delight. Yet there is some reason to believe it never found its way into Ulster; and this is singular, since it was incidentally an eloquent and glowing tribute to the notable part which the expatriated Scotch-Irish had played in the making of the United States. The very fact indeed that it was not written from an Ulsterman's point of view, or by an author connected with that stock, or with any design whatever upon a Scotch-Irish public on either side of the ocean, should make such a tribute the more significant.

Now the 'American-Irish' of ordinary current speech, otherwise the Catholic Irish element of to-day, are, as a type and community, a product of the nineteenth century, chiefly associated in the American mind with populous centres, and certainly more with politics than with pioneering. The Scotch-Irish American, on the other hand, belongs emphatically to the eighteenth century, and emerged from his pioneering labours, as Mr. Roosevelt declares, 'an American of Americans.' Of the causes of these great and lamentable flights of Irish Presby-

terians across the Atlantic the author said nothing, and possibly knew little. He was not inditing a record of the Scotch-Irish, but of the perilous laborious advance of the white man across the Appalachian ranges and the creation of those great States beyond now broadly known as the 'Middle West'; and the Ulster immigrants happened to be the breed that took a foremost part in the enterprise.

It seems almost imperative, however, that a word or two should be said of the generally-forgotten but deplorable proceedings which in a brief space expelled a sufficient number of the hardy Scotch Protestants who had settled in Ulster to fight the American wilderness with such effect as vitally to influence that country's destiny. So far as Englishmen or Americans know anything at all of the planting of the six counties of Ulster under James the First, there is, I conceive, an inclination to picture the original colonists as entirely or chiefly Scotsmen. A glance over the Statutes of the Ulster Plantation, with the full lists of the Undertakers, shows the confiscated lands of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the numerous lesser chiefs involved in their rising, to have been about equally divided between lowland Scottish and English; the former coming mainly from the counties of Dumbarton, Dumfries and Renfrew, and the latter, curiously enough, less from the northern than from the southern half of England, Norfolk and Suffolk being conspicuous. This may account for the statements made in contemporary letters that the English, for climatic reasons, could not stand the transfer as well as the Scots, while from their higher conceptions of comfort they were less contented and successful as settlers. The grants, for which nominal head-rents were paid, consisted of uniform tracts on three scales of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres respectively, with obligations to erect 'a castle or house of stone surrounded by a bawne,' or walled yard, suggestive of the Border Pele Tower and Barmykin. About a third of the land was precisely specified as demesne, the balance to be planted with tenants from England or the Scottish lowlands, in proportionate and specific numbers, whose houses were to be erected adjoining the bawne—a needless injunction one might fancy! Heavy bonds of performance were given by the grantees. The whole business was thoroughly carried out as we know, and proved materially a complete success. The area at disposal was nearly four million acres; but large portions of this were distributed between the church, the university, the free grammar schools and a few other beneficiaries, while the City of London had all or most of the county called by its name. Lastly, a certain number of the dispossessed natives, the 'meer Irish' as the Statutes have it,

were replaced, but mostly on small holdings and on the poorer lands.

In spite of the massacre of 1641, by which many thousand settlers, at the lowest estimate, lost their lives, the Ulster colony must have made amazing strides, and that, too, without any serious assistance from later immigration. For at the opening of the eighteenth century some 30,000 of its people sailed for America, and altogether within thirty years thrice that number, mainly Scottish Presbyterians, shook the dust of Ireland off their feet. For by this time they were more numerous in the North-East than their English fellow-colonists, chiefly Episcopalians. One would expect in such a situation to write 'co-religionists,' but this would be indeed the climax of irony, seeing that religious intolerance was a leading factor in the prolonged and disastrous leakage.

The first stimulus to Protestant emigration was the destruction of the Irish woollen trade through the jealousy of English manufacturers, and the Ulster exodus, estimated at 30,000, was merely her large contribution to the general stampede of English, Scottish, or Huguenots, from all over Ireland which it occasioned. But the protracted and even more serious drain which followed was less the fault of England, whose statesmen indeed made languid protests, than of the precious Parliament in Dublin. To be quite fair to that eloquent assembly, the final blame rests with its Upper House, or, to be yet more concise, with that astonishing group of well-endowed persons, its bishops, who with brilliant exceptions are surely the most complacently preposterous figures in modern history. But it is enough here that they were the chief instruments in retaining the Presbyterian two-thirds of the British garrison in Ulster under humiliating civil and military disabilities. One would hesitate to quote the glowing periods of Mr. Froude in unsupported evidence on contentious points of Irish history. But there is nothing contentious in this. All are agreed, and he puts a common truism, as might be expected, more trenchantly than the rest.

In 1719 a slight concession was wrung from the Dublin Parliament giving the Presbyterians legal permission to erect, and worship in, their own chapels. The Irish prelates who swooped down in many cases from London, Bath, or Paris to oppose it 'were panic-stricken, that the men who saved Ireland from Tyrconnel, who formed two-thirds of the Protestant population of Ulster, were free to open chapels of their own. Though they were incapacitated from holding public employments, though their marriages were invalid, though they were forbidden to open a single school, or hold any office in town or country above the rank of a petty constable, their mere existence as a legal body was held

as a menace to the Church. Vexed with suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts, forbidden to educate their own children in their own faith, treated as dangerous to a State which but for them would have had no existence, and associated with papists in an Act of Parliament which deprived them of their civil rights, the most enterprising of them abandoned the unthankful service. And then recommenced that Protestant emigration which robbed Ireland of the bravest defenders of the English interest, and peopled the American sea-board with fresh flights of Puritans.' But it was not the already occupied sea-board that they peopled; so we purpose here to continue the story so far as the limitations of space admit of.

It is not so much the truculency of the dominant religious faction which provokes astonishment, for that was characteristic of the period everywhere, but the political fatuity of this particular exercise of it. Moreover, the Ulster Presbyterians were after all dissenters but in a technical sense, not as English nonconformists who had broken with the Establishment of their country. These people were hereditary members of a communion that was recognised by King and Parliament as the Established Church of Scotland, enjoying, like that of England, the remnant of the pre-Reformation Church endowments. In Scotland Episcopalians then, as now, were dissenters. But they suffered in the eighteenth century under no disabilities, though for the most part Jacobites; whereas the Ulster Presbyterian was a staunch whig, and supporter of the reigning family! Even the Irish Parliament viewed this drain on Protestant Ireland with anxiety. Indeed, commissioners were appointed to inquire into the cause; which, for an Assembly whose sense of humour was traditionally its strongest point, is excellent. However, it got its information in Blue-book form, and did nothing for sixty years. Meanwhile, as has been stated, 100,000 Ulster Scotsmen left the country within thirty years. For the succeeding forty there was a small but continuous outflow till the further great flights of 1772-4, of which anon.

Now the drift and distribution of the Scotch-Irish emigrants from the very first was as unusual as it proved consistent, but was accounted for in great part by the sentiments they carried with them. Most of the American Colonies south of New England, save the later one of Pennsylvania, either preserved the Anglican establishment or had a strong Anglican flavour in their governing classes. This alone, though there were no bishops, was enough to intimidate these Presbyterian exiles. Nor had New England, so late in the day, any great tracts of unoccupied lands worth having. Yet more, she was herself a group of militant theocracies, and would have given but dubious welcome to a rival form of

Calvinism, and one too so historically opposed to her own.[1] So the larger portion of this exodus, sailing week after week in the comfortless little ships of that day from Belfast and Derry, headed for Philadelphia, while a substantial minority made for Charlestown, South Carolina. It would seem in both cases that the Ulsterman had made up his mind to have nothing more to do with any Governments, British or Colonial, civil or religious. In South Carolina, though a fairly tolerant province, he made his way rapidly through civilisation and settled along the then unoccupied foothills that rise gradually to the most southern section of the Alleghanies. The larger northern stream pressed through the fat sea-board Quaker districts of Pennsylvania, pushed past the German farmers of the second belt, and flung themselves with no little daring upon the perilous Indian frontier and the straggling northern section of that mighty forest range.[2]

Now the Alleghanies traverse a south-westerly course, roughly speaking from Pennsylvania to Georgia; a huge natural wall, forming at that day the western barrier of Maryland, Virginia, and the two Carolinas; a deep range of successive ridges, rising in places to four, five, and in North Carolina even to six thousand feet.

Between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic lay the lower country, from one to two hundred miles in width: where in this eighteenth century dwelt the whole population of our middle and southern colonies, say a million whites and four hundred thousand negro slaves. In 1730, to take a pertinent date, these provinces had some hundred years more or less of existence, and were rapidly growing in population, with but slight assistance from immigration, which, save in Pennsylvania, had long ceased to arrive in any strength. The sea-coast regions were the seats of now old-established communities, giving gradual way to a back belt of country still in process of taming by the first or second generation of its occupants. There was still a great forest solitude between this 'back country' and the Alleghanies, and into this along the foot of the mountains the bulk of the Scotch-Irish pressed their way. As will have been gathered, they struck the range near its two extremities at points some 700 miles apart. The larger groups in the Pennsylvania foothills pushed gradually south, while the Carolina borderers pressed north, till long before the Revolutionary war the two streams had met and

[1] Some of the Scotch-Irish emigrants did go to New England, where they found themselves in many cases compelled to pay dues to the Congregational churches.

[2] Some did not go so far, but settled on the edge or within the radius of 'back-country' civilisation, and were supplied with ministers by the Scottish Presbyterian Church.

linked together a continuous and steadily advancing barrier against the Indian, who roamed among the troughs of the Alleghanies and was in considerable strength behind them.

These mountains were then the western limit of the British Empire. Behind them, short of the Spanish and French territories in the remote West and far South-West, all was a shadowy no-man's-land, vaguely claimed by three nations but virtually held by the most formidable savage warrior, in his own woods, that the world has ever seen. It was the Scotch-Irishman's destiny—if deliberate choice can be so termed—to encounter him in the continual twilight of his own thick forests for three, or even four, generations, and finally to push him out of the far richer transmontane country of the Ohio and Eastern Mississippi basin. Mention too may be incidentally made of the great French scheme of trans-Alleghany dominion, and indeed of a French North America; the attempt at which took shape in 1754 and culminated in the American wing of the Seven Years' War, Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, and the ultimate expulsion of the French power from the continent.

But the long-drawn line of Scotch-Irish fortified settlements cared less than nothing for British Imperial conquests, and very little at that time for Pennsylvanians, Virginians, or Carolinians, within whose several jurisdictions they nominally lived. Indeed, they saw nothing at all of their fellow-colonists but such detached fragments as broke away from colonial civilisation from time to time and went West to join them. They remained, in short, a people unto themselves; whether planted upon the headwaters of the Potomac, the James, the Roanoke, or the Peedee, just 'mountainy men,' as they were called by these others, sheltering far in their rear and themselves less capable of fighting Indians, from whom they had long been removed, than even the British regular of Braddock's day. But the passion for the wilderness which turned these Ulstermen into experts provoked at the same time the inevitable hostility of the savage. The farmer or weaver of Ulster underwent no little transformation amid such grim and stern surroundings, though his grit one may be sure lost nothing by them, and when he emerged again into the civilisation that his fathers had won from the wilderness, he found no trouble in playing a leading part in it. But in the meantime a glance at him during the process would assuredly have astonished his stay-at-home kinsfolk in Antrim or Down! He was a farmer so far as was needful and practicable out of reach of all markets, though as often as not his corn was planted and his grass mown with the long-barrelled, short-stocked, ponderous, small-bore rifle, upon which his life so often hung, placed ready and loaded against a handy stump. What sheep he could protect from the bears and wolves, together with a patch of flax, provided his family with

covering and clothing. Swarthy as an Indian and almost as sinewy, with hair, the object sometimes of no little pride, falling to his shoulders from beneath a coon-skin cap, a buck-skin hunting-shirt tied at the waist, his nether man encased in the Indian breech-clout, and his feet shod in deer-skin moccasins completed the picture. A hunter, indeed, pre-eminently, not merely for the venison, wild turkey, and bear-meat that more than supplemented his frugal fare, but pelts were almost his sole marketable commodity. Once a year trains of pack-horses laden with the season's spoil of a settlement would go jangling eastward to the border market-towns, returning with salt and iron, articles of vital import to backwoods life. Indeed, a bushel of salt, so laborious was its carriage, was worth a cow and a half!

Such, in the rough, as regards externals, was the Ulster borderer: a type of thousands in the transition period from the civilisation which, though needing him, heaven knows, badly enough at home, drove him out to be the stoutest creator of that other civilisation of which he became later on such a conspicuous figure.

The Alleghanies, with their spurs and lateral ridges, are assuredly the most beautiful mountains in North America—putting the Rockies out of consideration as appealing to a quite different standard. The Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Laurentians of Lower Canada are at a distinct aesthetic disadvantage from the almost unrelieved monotony of pine forest which covers them. This great eighteenth-century frontier rampart, on the other hand, was clad to its very summits, ridge behind ridge, as it often is yet, with a rich canopy of deciduous foliage. Oak and chestnut, poplar and maple, beech and hickory, elm, walnut and ash here interlace their boughs. Intervals of pine, hemlock, or cedar strike but sombre note here and there amid the lush verdure of early summer, or the gorgeous curtain of red, gold, and saffron which, with a radiant splendour unmatched in New England or Canada, hangs from the blue autumnal skies. For a touch of the Southern atmosphere begins to creep over these mountains. A certain indescribable 'hardness,' which attaches to the region of greater climatic extremes to the northward, sensibly vanishes. The lights become softer and richer, the sun both in its rising and its setting more lavish of great effects. Among the woods, too, is always the music of falling waters: pellucid mountain-streams, burrowing their way down tortuous glens, ablaze in June, beneath the grey columns of the forest, with the purple flare of rhododendrons and the ivory gleam of kalmia.

Such was the country which confronted the Scotch-Irish borderer, along his far-extended line, till quite late in the century

his vanguard crossed to the fat lands that proved his ultimate reward. The first generation, whose apprenticeship must have been severe and pangs of nostalgia acute, had to find consolation in the absence of bishops and all forms of interference by any Government. Their sons, accomplished frontiersmen, knew no other life, while the constant influx of later recruits from over-sea had in these pioneers ready instructors in the arts of the wilderness. The Scotch-Irish, to be sure, by no means monopolised the whole strength of this frontier. But they formed its backbone—its controlling element—and set the tone to which all comers conformed. For numbers of adventurers or needy souls from the settled regions cast in their lot with them. Wild or penniless younger sons from the plantations, where entail and primogeniture still flourished, passed through the back counties, their usual resort, and were caught by the fascination of the wilderness. Rough men, too, of wandering habit came here, whether of English, Scotch, Swiss, or German blood: Daniel Boone was of English stock; George Rogers Clarke was an Anglo-Virginian, Sevier, a Huguenot; while Shelby was of Welsh origin—to mention a few conspicuous names. But Scotch-Irish was the dominant strain, and once a mountain-man, nationality had little further significance.

Their small settlements lay mostly in the well-watered valleys among the foothills of the main range. Two rows of cabins of squared logs would stand face to face, their back walls thus forming a compact outer defence; loopholes were pierced for the long-barrelled rifles, while the end of the little street could be readily closed at a crisis.

In the more dangerous posts—for localities naturally differed in this respect—there was a block-house to which the defenders, if hard beset, could retire with their families as the garrison of a medieval castle in like predicament abandoned the inner bailey for the keep. Around the village spread the clearings, their outer fringes still bristling with raw stumps, such as you may see anywhere in the folds of the Alleghanies to-day, and beyond the stumps or the huge skeletons of 'belted' trees was the interminable mysterious forest, whence issued every enemy of the settler, human fiend or predatory beast. Every borderer was an expert shot and a skilled axeman, for the rifle and the axe were the tools essential to life. Physical courage and normal honesty were his title to recognition. Nothing else very much mattered. Their rifles were inordinately long and heavy, bored out of solid iron for small bullets of sixty to the pound, and carrying with precision up to about eighty yards. In past years spent near this old stamping-ground of the Scotch-Irishman I have frequently handled surviving specimens of these portentous, ill-balanced

weapons, some of which were nearly six feet long, and I have seen one or two that only a strong man could hold to his shoulder. But the old backwoodsmen, as a matter of fact, fired when possible from a rest. Every settlement, or group of settlements, possessed a rough military organisation with an appointed leader. But effective discipline, with such heady individualists, was out of the question. The advantage here lay, curiously enough, with the Indians, who by this time were all armed with the rifle, and almost as good shots as the borderer. But efficient as the latter became in every art of forest-warfare and the chase, he could never conceal himself or follow a trail with the consummate craft of the savage. The latter, too, in an action between large war-parties could maintain an extended line in the thick woods with an accuracy beyond the power of any large body of white men. Lastly, he was obedient to his leaders, and, above all, knew exactly when to give up the game and vanish, at which he was a past-master. Of ordinary fear the Red Indian knew nothing, but he held on principle that to fight on for mere bravado and court defeat or even a drawn battle was mere foolishness—poor strategy, in short. For his numbers were limited, and he was really anxious 'to fight another day' to better purpose. In the innumerable sanguinary contests on the frontier between single men or small groups, the borderer held his own: combats that began with the rifle from behind trees or logs, to be often continued by a hand-to-hand fight with tomahawks, and always terminating with the last horror of the scalping-knife. As regards hostilities on a larger scale, however, the battle of the Great Kenawha in 1774, where over a thousand of either colour were engaged, is said to be the first occasion in which a force of borderers ever defeated an equal number of Indians. This is subversive of our accepted ideas of savage warfare, which are accustomed, with good reason, to picture small companies of Britons defying the rage of heathen hosts. But the conditions here were peculiar, as will be patent on a moment's reflection.

The borderers were in a chronic state of more or less warfare with the Indians. The country just beyond the Alleghanies was the common hunting-ground at that time of both the North-Western and the Southern tribes. They resented the intrusion of the 'long hunters' who, in twos and threes, or even alone, would thread the remotest forests for months at a time, under incredible hardships and dangers, fascinated, as it were, by their own dare-devil powers. But, above all, the savage dreaded the slow advance of the settlements, with the result that these last could never feel really secure, and a successful raid on a frontier settlement was in truth a frightful thing. For it meant not merely death and destruction, but for the men protracted horrible

tortures, for the women slavery and degradation. Yet the bloody tale is full of those extraordinary instances, not of mercy—for the Red man was frankly devoid of that amiable characteristic—but of caprice which spared and even cherished an occasional captive. Enoch Ardens figured in frequent incidents of the frontier, where an unwritten law gave the woman her choice between the first husband and the one in possession. Such religion as survived among these descendants of the Covenanters was nominally Presbyterian, and there were even a few log churches. But there was no exaltation of the occasional wandering preacher. On the contrary, in his rousing exhortations he had to be careful of the *amour propre* of his touchy audience lest peradventure he should find himself in the brook!

Nor, again, was there much left of the technical observances, the scriptural searchings, the ardent theological controversies and hair-splittings which distinguished their covenanting forefathers, or their own North British kinsmen. But they retained the designation of their creed, at any rate, and in later days of peace and plenty their descendants mostly resumed their position within its orthodox fold. Sunday seems to have been observed, when convenient. There were a good many Bibles, too, and even a few secular books on the frontier, and the rudiments of education were fairly well maintained. There seems to have been, on the whole, a certain rough-and-ready sense of religion, curiously mingled with a secular truculency that the strain of such an existence naturally fostered. Morality took care of itself, as in the respectable classes of the Southern States, where a detected breach of it was avenged to the death if there were any male relatives to take the part of the woman. Rough justice was meted out to the thief, from death in the case of a horse, to a flogging for a bag of meal. The women and children were treated with kindness and affection; the boys trained to the rifle from a tender age, and taught to take their place at the loophole in case of need. The pastimes of the frontier consisted of shooting-matches, short-course races on the lean, hardy little nags which every man possessed, and last, but not least, wrestling contests. These often degenerated into those savage mauls of biting and 'gouging' that for some inexplicable reason obtained among all types of the common people throughout the Middle and Southern States, and are referred to with horror by English travellers of the period. But such documentary evidence is superfluous. For within my own memory the backwoodsmen of the Southern Alleghanies occasionally indulged in these brutal contests, which seemed so paradoxical among men of British stock. They went out of fashion with the introduction of the revolver after the Civil War. But in the seventies there was still here and

there a veteran 'champion' in the remoter counties, who bragged of his prowess in these appalling rough-and-ready fights. For some were quasi-friendly contests, though only terminating with insensibility, and often the permanent disfigurement of the vanquished. The traditional procedure of a competitor for honours at this brutal business was to leap on a stump, crack his heels, flap his arms, and crow in imitation of a rooster (for cock-fighting too was popular), proclaiming at great length, and in a sort of bastard imitation of the boastful Indian brave chanting his war-song, the frightful punishment he would administer to anyone foolhardy enough to accept his invitation.

The most wholesale catastrophe that ever befel the Scotch-Irish frontier was after Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela in 1755. This sheep-like slaughter of the first British regular force ever seen in America was a moral disaster, and brought the Indians, egged on and often led by the French, in their whole strength against the frontier, which was rolled back along its northern half in an orgie of blood, fire, and massacre—upon the terrified outer belt of civilisation behind them. Even the planters of the Maryland and Virginia low country began to quake in their beds; for they weren't fond of fighting at that time, as their deplorable apathy throughout this whole French war conspicuously demonstrated. Their Legislature had rather grudgingly supplied young Colonel Washington, himself of backwoods experience, with a thousand mutinous militiamen and equally inefficient officers. The father-to-be of his country, then stationed in the Shenandoah Valley, speaks of them, and indeed of the whole attitude of his own colony, with scorn and indignation. The sight of the fugitive settlers drove Washington half frantic in his impotency to advance with such a ragged and ill-found regiment, 'mumbling property and liberty' at every touch of discipline. Hundreds of families were flying eastward through the passes, with heartrending tales of the desolation, death, and worse they had left behind them. The smug Quaker Legislature of Pennsylvania for long declined to provide a man or a dollar. They were safe themselves, and war was against their principles. The Scotch-Irish borderer within the limits of that colony, raging at the ruined homesteads and mangled corpses of his compatriots, threatened to ride on Philadelphia. After infinite delay and one ludicrous panic that the wild frontiersmen were actually upon them with immediate designs on the peaceful burghers' scalps, some tardy measures for defence were taken. It was not, however, till the French were driven out of the Ohio Valley two years later that the fiendish work was entirely stayed, and peace restored upon the extreme northern frontier, hitherto the less dangerous section. The Quakers had always cherished a

particular antipathy to the Presbyterians. Henceforward we may be sure it was returned with interest.

It seems just possible that the reader may have formed an impression that these borderers were mere nomads, advancing as it were *en bloc*. If so, I must hasten to correct it. The advance was made gradually from position to position by the more adventurous souls and the surplus youth. The rough clearings remained in their owners' hands, to become in time smiling fields, and the log cabins to be replaced by comfortable homesteads. The wave of colonial civilisation in the rear gradually swept in. New counties were formed, with their Court-houses. Churches and schools arose, and the Scotch-Irish belt became by degrees absorbed into the normal life of the colony. But it never lost its racial flavour, and of this vitality the beautiful Shenandoah Valley in Virginia is to-day an admirable illustration. It is the most ornate and best-farmed region of that State, lying between the lofty narrow wall of the Blue Ridge and the main Alleghany chain, and containing four counties and probably 150,000 souls. The dominant racial note is still Scotch-Irish, and 'The Valley' is regarded in Virginia by its mainly English-descended and easy-going people as a Scotch-Irish district, and distinguished for certain characteristics not shared by the typical Virginian of the slave districts, as many years spent near its edge gives me good reason to know. A superiority in farming, in thrift, and the fullest measure of all the essential virtues were always frankly conceded to the Scotch-Irishman. Indeed, his comparatively well-tilled fields, his roomy substantial barn and modest but neat dwelling, were in sufficient contrast to the slovenly farming, the poor out-buildings but more pretentious dwelling, of his eastern neighbour. He had not, as a rule, cared to own many slaves before the War, for practical not conscientious reasons, and showed his sense thereby. But his neighbours were accustomed to qualify their encomiums by certain criticism of his hardness at a bargain, his lack of gratuitous hospitality to the casual wayfarer, his reserve and other traits inscrutable to the more expansive soul of the Anglo-Southerner. Indeed, in the hearing one might almost fancy the latter a Kilkenny squireen discussing the farmer of Down or Antrim, for their temperamental antipathies were of much the same nature.

About 1772 came another great flight of Presbyterians from Ulster. Though their civil disabilities still remained, this later dislodgement was mainly provoked by large and sweeping evictions on several great estates. To be precise, numbers of long leases terminated about this time, and, with but slight regard for the thrifty, long-seated tenant, the farms were relet virtually to the highest bidder, and the Celtic population of optimistic

temperament, and not as yet of the emigrating habit, entered joyfully into the competition. According to Dr. Reid, a fourth of the rural Presbyterian population of Ulster now crossed the seas —a certain nobleman of large possessions, and a commoner of great estate, seem to have been the chief offenders, followed by many other landlords. This provoked riots and counter-riots, and created the 'Peep o' Day Boys' and 'Catholic Defenders,' and no end of that turbulence familiar to the miserable annals of Irish history. 'It is rare,' says Mr. Froude, 'that two private persons have power to create effects so considerable as to assist in dismembering an empire and provoking a civil war [the Irish rebellion of '98]. One was rewarded with a marquisate, the other with a viscountcy. If rewards were proportioned to deserts, a fitter retribution to both of them would have been forfeiture and Tower Hill.' For this last exodus is commonly credited by historians with contributing in great abundance to Washington's armies. This is probable, as numbers of these 30,000 exiles would have scarcely yet settled down, and so be ripe and ready for an adventure that must have marched at the moment with their embittered feelings. The real borderers, however, took no great part in the War of Independence. Their sympathies would have been almost to a man anti-British, but they were too remotely situated to feel strongly about questions which they neither understood nor were directly affected by. Above all, they had the Indian danger ever present at home. The Shenandoah Valley sent numbers of riflemen, while a thousand mounted men from the much remoter settlements in the North Carolina mountains made in 1780 one flying march into the zone of war, fought on their own account the dramatic and victorious battle of King's Mountain against Ferguson and his Tory militia from the Carolinas, and went back again to fight for their own homes against fresh Indian attacks. The crowning achievement, however, of the Ulster immigrants was the leading part they took in the perilous settlement and peaceful occupation of Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee at the close of the century. Of all the older stocks who helped to make the United States, it is quite certain that none in proportion to its numbers has deserved better of the Republic, or produced in after years more men of mark in every department of life. No other, perhaps, has proved in this respect its equal.

A. G. Bradley.

RIVAL LAND POLICIES

In a recent debate in the House of Lords the Duke of Marlborough appealed to the Government to make a full statement of their land policy, to which Lord Crewe replied that it was sufficiently indicated in the measures which the Government had passed into law. It seems to me a much more pertinent question to ask what is the land policy of the Unionist party. There is no lack of material from which an answer to that question might be deduced, ranging from Mr. Jesse Collings' Purchase of Land Bill to the suggestions of Sir Gilbert Parker and the Small Ownership Committee, not to mention Mr. Ellis Barker's drastic proposals for the compulsory expropriation of the existing race of landlords and the establishment in their place of 5,000,000 small freeholders. But when we look more closely into the matter, two points of interest emerge. In the first place, it is instructive to notice that the specific proposals which are put forward emanate mainly from men who cannot be regarded as specially representative of the landed interest or of agriculture. I believe that the late Lord Salisbury was once irreverent enough to describe Mr. Jesse Collings as an inveterate Cockney, and certainly neither Sir Gilbert Parker nor Mr. Ellis Barker have hitherto been recognised as agricultural experts. I should be the last person to say that for that reason their proposals are unworthy of serious consideration, but it is at least permissible to note that the Unionist party, who have always affected to jeer at the Liberals for their alleged lack of practical knowledge of land and agriculture, are now being led on these questions by a trio of townsmen. There are some interesting comments on this point by a Unionist writer in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*, who speaks of 'a vast and ridiculous scheme for peasant proprietorship,' and appeals to Mr. Bonar Law to 'refuse to allow urban members to impose their theoretical views on the agricultural members of the party.' In the second place, it is worthy of notice that the official leaders of the Unionist party have been extremely cautious in their endorsement of the details of the policy that they are being pressed to adopt. It is true that Sir Gilbert Parker extracted a commendatory letter from Mr. Balfour, which is printed in the introduction to his book, *The Land, the People, and the State*, but the

letter is full of the characteristic reservations of which its writer is such a master. It is true also, I believe, that Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain have included in their platform speeches references to the need for land reform on a basis of ownership. From Lord Lansdowne, on the other hand, we have had not so much a declaration of what the official Unionist policy is, as what it is not, when he replied to me in the House of Lords that in his opinion it would be a great misfortune to the country to substitute for the present system of land tenure some vast system of land purchase under which every occupant of a farm might be converted into a small landlord.

But, after all, in spite of the traditional cold water which the official leaders of the Tory party always think it their duty to pour upon the projects of their more enthusiastic followers, I suppose it may be accepted that the Unionist party do propose, if and when they are responsible for the government of the country, to initiate a scheme of State-aid occupying ownership. Certainly the average voter is justified in his belief that the Unionist party believes in occupying ownership, while the Liberal party, which in this instance at least is the more truly conservative, believes that tenancy is the system best suited to the needs of agriculture in this country. In every rural constituency the emissaries of the Rural League and the rank and file of Tory speakers are hard at work promising the electors that, if they will return them to power, the same facilities as the State has given to Irish farmers will be extended to their English brethren, and that they are to be enabled to become their own landlords by annual payments which will be little, if at all, larger than their present rents. Farmers' clubs and Chambers of Agriculture all over the country are encouraged to pass resolutions in favour of Mr. Jesse Collings' Bill, and the small holders are told that, instead of being the tenants of a harsh and exacting landlord in the shape of the County Council, they are all to be converted into freeholders, enjoying the 'magic of property' under their own vine and their own fig-tree. Now all this is an extremely plausible and attractive picture, and it is worth while to consider whether there is any possibility of its realisation, and whether the basis of ownership on which it is to be created is really a sound foundation for agriculture in this country, or a desirable end, either from the point of view of the State or from that of the individual farmer or small holder.

The Irish Analogy

In the first place, it is necessary to say a few words about the alleged Irish analogy. It may be an effective rhetorical point for the platform to ask why the State should not assist English

farmers to purchase their holdings on the same terms as are given to Irish farmers, but such a question ignores entirely the fundamental differences in the conditions of the two countries. In Ireland, owing to the fact that it was the practice for the tenants to do all the improvements, permanent as well as temporary, on their farms, a system had grown up, partly by custom and partly as a result of legislative enactments, under which the tenant acquired an interest in his holding far in excess of what was due to him for his improvements. Under the system of Free Sale, he obtained a saleable property in the right to the occupancy of his farm, which often amounted to as much as 5*l.* an acre, apart from ordinary tenant-right, as it is understood in England. The result was that incoming tenants were hopelessly burdened, landlords were reduced to mere rent-chargers with no responsibilities or obligations, and a perfect tangle of dual ownership grew up, which became so intolerable that the only solution was to buy out one of the parties. Accordingly the State came to the rescue, and by the gift of a sum of 12,000,000*l.* and a loan which will probably amount to 180,000,000*l.* the knot was cut, and the tenants are becoming the absolute owners of their holdings by payments extending over a period of sixty-eight and a-half years.

The position in this country is exactly the opposite. Almost all the permanent improvements on agricultural land are made by the landlords. The system of tenancy has not broken down, the worst evils of dual ownership have been avoided, and there has been practically no demand for Free Sale. It is surely an extreme instance of the irony of fate that a policy, which has been largely the outcome of legislation consistently denounced by the Tory party for twenty years, should now be proposed to be applied to a country where the exceptional circumstances which were the only possible justification for its adoption in Ireland are conspicuous by their absence. If further evidence were needed of the false analogy of the Irish case, I would refer Mr. Collings and his friends to Lord Lansdowne, who is himself an Irish landlord intimately acquainted with the whole history of the question. Speaking in the House of Lords on the 7th of March last, he said: 'I quite agree that the Irish analogy is not one which can be pressed when you are talking of the system of land tenure in this country. As we all know, we have had in Ireland to pass through something like an agrarian revolution. We had to find a way out. Our legislation was, as I conceive, not very well devised in its earlier days; we had to find a way out, and we found one by resorting to State-aid land purchase. In Ireland, however, the agricultural system had broken down, while in this country it has not only not broken down, but it has been wonderfully successful, and it has been one which has tided landlord and

tenant over an extremely anxious and difficult time. I for one should infinitely regret to see that system disappear entirely.'

In the face of the radical difference in the conditions of the two countries, it is surely nothing short of dishonest to delude English farmers into thinking that any Government is the least likely to propose to apply the Irish Land Purchase Acts to England. And yet we find Mr. J. L. Green, the Secretary of Mr. Jesse Collings' Rural League, asserting before Lord Haversham's Committee that 'whatever is good enough for the Government of the day to do for Ireland, the farmers of this country ought to have the same privileges.' Is it any wonder that as a result of this unscrupulous propaganda the Central Chamber of Agriculture, the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, the Farmers' Club, and no fewer than 168 other Chambers of Agriculture and Farmers' Associations have passed resolutions in favour of Mr. Jesse Collings' Bill? I do not blame them, but it is difficult to speak with sufficient restraint of those who are deluding them with vain hopes. It is high time that English farmers were told definitely by the responsible leaders of the Unionist party that they have no intention of adopting Mr. Collings' Bill, if they wish to absolve themselves from complicity in the charge of obtaining votes under false pretences.

Financial Difficulties

But even if the position in this country was at all analogous to that in Ireland, financial considerations alone would present an impassable obstacle to any proposals for land purchase in England on similar lines to those adopted in Ireland. We have recently been told by Lord St. Aldwyn that there never was a piece of more unsound finance than the Irish Land Act of 1903. When that Act was discussed, we were told that the problem to be dealt with would represent a capital of something like 100,000,000*l.* This has proved to be a serious underestimate, and it is now agreed that not much less than 180,000,000*l.* will be required, and, further, it has been necessary to raise the annual instalment for principal and interest from 3¼ per cent. to 3½ per cent., while the bonus, which was to have amounted to 12,000,000*l.*, will probably reach 20,000,000*l.* The obligations under the Irish Act are already as much as, if not more than, the State can finance, and if a similar policy were initiated for this country, the amount involved would be increased sixfold. It is obvious that if the purchase instalments are not to exceed considerably the rents at present paid, the State would have to provide a bonus of at least 120,000,000*l.* for English landlords, for there is no reason to believe that the Tory party will induce the landlords to accept terms less favourable than those granted to their Irish *confrères*;

and the total amount of the loan for land purchase would not be less than 1,000,000,000*l.* It is the merest midsummer madness to dream that any responsible Government could adopt a policy which would mean not only a State grant of 120,000,000*l.* to a particular class, but also would hopelessly disorganise the money market for generations.

Mr. Jesse Collings' Bill

It may be said that Mr. Jesse Collings' Bill only provides for the issue of 10,000,000*l.* for the purchase of their holdings by sitting tenants, but it must be remembered that in this matter it is the first step that counts. If the Government once embarked upon a policy of State-aided land purchase, it would be impossible to draw the line at 10,000,000*l.* and to refuse to the great majority of sitting tenants the facilities which had been afforded to a favoured few. Moreover, the advocates of the Bill do not pretend that it can be so limited. What they want is to get the principle accepted, and they display a touching innocence when the question of ways and means comes to be considered. Mr. Green told Lord Haversham's Committee that the Bill leaves it to the Government of the day to find the money, and under cross-examination he first suggested that the money should come from the same source as the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets money for old-age pensions from—namely, taxation—and then withdrew that answer in favour of a suggestion that a guaranteed land stock bearing interest at 3 or 3¼ per cent. might be issued. The whole of Mr. Green's evidence before the Committee is extremely instructive as an illustration of the 'sloppy' finance on which the Bill is founded.

Lord Dunmore's Bill

In addition to Mr. Jesse Collings' Bill, another proposal has been put forward, for which I understand Sir Gilbert Parker is largely responsible. I refer to Lord Dunmore's Small Ownership and National Land Bank Bill, which was introduced into the House of Lords last year. This Bill proposes to set up a National Land Bank with a nominal capital of 5,000,000*l.*, and with power to issue debentures to the extent of 25,000,000*l.* bearing interest at 3½ per cent. guaranteed by the Government. The Bank is to lend 80 per cent. of the value of the land to be purchased, charging 4 per cent. interest, to include sinking fund, and the County Councils are to be compelled to advance the remaining 20 per cent. on the security of a second mortgage. This Bill was pulverised by Lord Belper, speaking on behalf of the County Councils' Association, and by Lord Faber, on behalf of the bankers, and though it received the barren compliment of a second reading, nothing more has been heard of it.

Cash Deposits

Before leaving this subject, there is one further point to which reference should be made, and that is the question of a cash deposit. It appears to be an essential part of the Unionist policy of land reform that the whole of the purchase money shall be advanced, and that no deposit should be required from the purchaser. It is true that this only follows the Irish precedent, but here again it is necessary to point out that the example of Ireland is irrelevant. What the State advances in Ireland is the value of the landlord's interest, which is very far from being the full value of the land. The value of the tenant's interest in Ireland is very much greater than is ever the case in England. It is probably never less than one-fourth of the value of the land, and in many cases it is as much as one-half, so that, although the purchasing tenant is not required to make any cash payment, the value of his interest in the land affords a good margin of security for the advance from the State of the whole of the value of the landlord's interest. In England the position is quite different, and it is very doubtful if any Government would feel justified in advancing the whole of the purchase price of a holding to the sitting tenant. The question has been considered by many Committees, including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Select Committee on Small Holdings in 1889, Lord Onslow's Departmental Committee on Small Holdings in 1906, and Lord Haversham's Departmental Committee this year, and they have all agreed with practical unanimity that it is essential in the interests of the State to require some cash payment from a purchaser. If this is fully realised by the farmers and small holders, I am confident that we shall hear little more of the burning desire for ownership which we are told exists at present.

The truth is that the practical financial difficulties in the way of any large scheme of State-aided purchase, which shall be at the same time acceptable to the purchasing tenants and safe for the State, are insuperable. Farmers, quite rightly, will not look at any scheme which would lock up part of their working capital, or which would involve the payment of purchase instalments appreciably larger than their present rents; landowners, quite naturally, are not prepared to accept less than the market value of their property, and would probably object to being paid in bonds rather than in cash; and the State, quite obviously, ought not to be asked to provide out of the pockets of the taxpayers the money necessary to make up the difference between what the farmers will pay and what the landowners will accept.

Is Occupying Ownership Desirable?

It may, however, be worth while to consider whether, supposing that some financial genius is successful in preparing a sound scheme of State-aided purchase, it would be to the advantage of the State as a whole, to the industry of agriculture, or to the individual farmer or small holder that it should be adopted. On this question there is much to be learnt from the experience of the past. At one time the number of occupying owners in this country was very considerable, but the great majority have disappeared owing to one of two causes, both of which are still operative. In a country like ours, where so much of the land has a value in excess of what it is worth as the raw material of agriculture, and where there is a demand for land on the part of men who are prepared to pay for the social and political amenities which its possession confers, the small freeholder was in the past, and will in the future be, tempted to sell by prices which will give him an income in excess of what he could obtain from the cultivation of the land. A large number of the old yeomen have been bought out in this way. A still larger number went under in the bad times of agricultural depression. The Royal Commission on Agriculture of 1893 reported that 'occupying owners, whether yeomen or small freeholders, are weighted with a burden of debt which places them, in such times as have been recently experienced, in a worse position than the tenant farmer,' and the evidence in support of this opinion is overwhelming.

To give only a few instances, the late Mr. S. B. L. Druce, the well-known Secretary of the Farmers' Club, expressed the opinion that the tenant farmer is in a better position as a farmer than the occupying owner. Mr. John Treadwell said 'the occupying owner is worse off than any other class of farmer.' Mr. Clare Sewell Read said 'yeomen have been hit hardest of all: they have had to bear both the losses of the landlord and the losses of the tenant'; and Mr. Wilson Fox reported that 'the general conditions of the small freeholders in the East of Lincolnshire is that they are working like slaves to earn interest for moneylenders.'

The Object of the State

From the point of view of the State, it is no exaggeration to say that occupying ownership is the worst possible system. It is one that contains within itself the seeds of decay, and nothing is more certain than that as soon as it is established, the occupying owner will tend to disappear and the old process of consolidation of estates will begin again. It cannot be sound policy for the State to risk its credit for the promotion of a system which will be only temporary, and will require to be done all over again in

the course of a generation or so. So far as small holdings are concerned, the important thing for the State is to proceed on lines which will ensure not only their creation, but their preservation, and for this purpose a system of tenancy under a public authority is far more effectual than any system of ownership. As Mrs. Wilkins has pointed out, ' if small holdings are offered to the agricultural community on the basis of ownership, machinery must continually be available to replace those which rapidly disappear at the other end of the process. It will not have been done once for all. As fast as one estate is cut up, large farm-houses divided, fences erected, we must expect to see, as we are seeing now, hedgerows levelled and two houses thrown into one.' On the other hand, a system of tenancy under a public authority guarantees that the land, so long as it is wanted for small holdings, will always be occupied by genuine small holders. The picture that is drawn by the advocates of ownership of the peasant proprietor handing on his property to his descendants to the third and fourth generation is a very idyllic one, but, unfortunately, it does not correspond with the facts. I am quite certain that there are far more cases of long-continued occupation of a holding by the same family among tenants than among occupying owners. I am told that in one large parish of 12,000 acres in the Eastern counties there are only two cases in which a small freehold has remained in the possession of the same family during the last forty years, and it is a complete delusion to suppose that, if you set up a system of small ownership with the help of the State, the descendants of the original purchaser will necessarily continue to carry on the cultivation of the land after his death.

Disastrous to Agriculture

Further, is there any reason to believe that it would be to the advantage of the agricultural industry as a whole to promote a system of occupying ownership? It is notorious that on most small freeholds little or nothing is spent on repairs, and the houses and buildings are inferior and dilapidated; while there is no reason to think that the land will produce more under a system of occupying ownership than under a system of landlord and tenant. The Richmond Commission of 1879-1882 reported as follows :

> Changes have indeed been suggested with a view to encourage the establishment of a peasant proprietary. While we deem it highly expedient to facilitate and cheapen the transfer of land, we are of opinion that no special facilities should be given to stimulate the artificial growth of a system which appears to be ill adapted to the habits of the people or to the condition of agriculture in this country.

The Welsh Land Commission, of which I was Chairman, were of opinion that 'the agricultural industry is likely to be carried on more profitably upon a well-regulated system of tenancy than by yeomen proprietors,' and they added that 'the multiplication of small agricultural owners is not an advantage in the general interests, and in the long run it tends to lower the standard of comfort and to oppose obstacles to progress in every direction.' Mr. James Macdonald, the Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, in his excellent pamphlet on *Systems of Land Tenure*, says 'it is indeed the firm conviction of the writer that the extensive conversion of the tenant farmer system into occupying ownership would end in disaster to British agriculture.' Mr. Anker Simmons, a land agent of large experience, in a paper read before the Farmers' Club, said that in his opinion 'it will be a bad day for English agriculture and those who are engaged in it if the old system of landlord and tenant is abolished in favour of a return to that of occupying ownership.' Such quotations might be multiplied indefinitely, and in view of the fact that under our traditional system of landlord and tenant we have succeeded in obtaining a larger return of agricultural produce per acre than is the case in any other country, and that our live stock is acknowledged to be the best in the world, he is a bold man who can maintain that better results would be obtained under a system of occupying ownership.

Useless to Farmers

From the point of view of the individual farmer or small holder, the objections to ownership are manifold. It is important to remember that it is the use of the land that the farmer wants, not its ownership, and it is undeniable that capital employed in the cultivation of land returns a much higher rate of interest than capital employed in its ownership. Mr. James Macdonald states that the return a landlord obtains from the ownership of agricultural land rarely exceeds 3 per cent.; but no farmer would be satisfied unless he obtained a return from his capital of 8 or even 10 per cent., and it is economically unsound to devote any part of the capital which should be utilised in the working of the farm to acquiring the freehold. It may be said that Mr. Collings' Bill would not require the farmer to lock up any of his capital in this way, but I have already given reasons for thinking that no Government would be justified in dispensing altogether with any cash payment. Further, occupying ownership is an actual impediment in the way of a man who aspires to rise. Under a system of tenancy the utmost mobility is obtained, and a man can move from one holding to another with

the least possible inconvenience and expense. Under the ownership system he must find a purchaser for his holding, he has to accept the market price of the day, and he may be able to move only by sacrificing a considerable part of the capital he has sunk in his holding. Mr. Anker Simmons in the paper to which I have already referred said that he could not call to mind a single case of a man who purchased his farm ever adding to it, and I have no doubt that his experience would be confirmed by most large land agents. On the other hand, numerous instances can be given of men who began as tenants of a few acres, who have gradually increased their occupations till they are now farming hundreds and even thousands of acres. For the small holder in particular tenancy offers far greater advantages than ownership. One of the principal objects in providing small holdings is to supply an agricultural ladder, so that a man who begins by making a success of a small allotment may gradually rise, until he becomes the tenant of a large farm. What is wanted is an elastic system which will suit the needs of each man at different periods, so that he can increase his occupation, if necessary, when his family is growing up, and reduce it again when they are in a position to take separate holdings for themselves.

Mortgaging and Subdivision

The facilities which a system of ownership offers for mortgaging and excessive subdivision are obvious, and even if restrictions are imposed to prevent this during the period while the small holders are paying the instalments on their purchase money, they cannot be retained when the loan has been paid off. In the words of Lord MacDonnell, 'the process is this: first there is a period of prosperity with a rise in the standard of comfort; then follows indebtedness, slight at first, but ever growing with the facilities which are readily afforded by the usurer. Next comes mortgages, and then comes subdivision and sale to meet the mortgagees' claim. Finally comes the crash, and the grandson of the peasant proprietor becomes the tenant on his former patrimony, while the usurer becomes the rack-renting landlord, a landlord of a far worse type than any which Ireland has presented in the past.' If the secrets locked up in the lawyers' offices of the provincial towns could be revealed, we should find that in numberless instances the lawyers themselves were the only people who have benefited from the system of occupying ownership.

Another serious objection to ownership arises in the case of the death of the owner, which in the great majority of cases

involves either the sale of the land, in which case it may disappear as a small holding, or its subdivision among his family, with the result that a number of uneconomic holdings are created, none of which are large enough to support the holder.

The Magic of Property

The advocates of ownership are very fond of quoting Arthur Young's famous saying that the 'magic of property will turn a desert into a garden and sand into gold,' though they forget another saying of his that 'it is unprofitable to farm a small property as owner instead of renting a large one from another person.' But apart from the fact that the 'misery of mortgage' may, and often does, entirely destroy 'the magic of property,' it must be pointed out that the choice is not between tenancy and absolute ownership, but between tenancy and a strictly limited and restricted form of ownership. None of the occupying owners created by any system of State-aided purchase can expect to be in the position or to have the privileges of ordinary landowners during their own lifetime. All they can hope is that at the end of a period extending over some sixty to eighty years, their sons, or more probably their grandsons, will enter into the full fruits of ownership. Under the Irish Land Act the tenant proprietor cannot subdivide his holding or sublet or devise it to more than one person, and he cannot raise a mortgage on it for more than ten times the purchase annuity. Under the purchase provisions of the English Small Holdings Act, subdivision and subletting are prohibited, the holding may not be used for any other than agricultural purposes, not more than one house may be erected on it, and that only with the consent of the County Council; and, in certain circumstances, the Council may order the holding to be sold to them or to another person. Can it be seriously maintained that such restricted ownership offers any greater incentive to industry and enterprise than security of tenure at a fair rent under a public body?

Occupying Ownership Abroad

Sir Gilbert Parker and his friends seek, however, to justify their policy by an appeal to the experience of foreign countries, and it may, therefore, be desirable to point out that a candid and impartial examination of the conditions abroad affords little encouragement to us to reproduce those conditions here. In France we are told, on the authority of M. Leconteux, Professor of Rural Economy at the Institute, that of the 8,000,000 proprietors in that country, 3,000,000 are on the pauper roll, while of the remainder 600,000 were so poor that they were only able

to pay five centimes each as their contribution to the State. He says 'getting rid of one order of landlords and their rents, they have subjected themselves to another, though invisible order, the mortgagees, and to their heavier and more rigid rents.'

M. Lafargue in his *Relèvement de l'Agriculture* says that 'the condition of agriculture brought about by our subdivision of land and the distance from each other of the morsels belonging to one owner, condemn a man to work such as animals and machines ought to execute, and not only reduce him to the level of a beast, but curse the soil with sterility.' Mr. Rowland Prothero writes that the French proprietor is 'worse housed and worse fed than the English labourer. His cottage is generally a single room with a mud floor, in which he and his family and his live stock live, eat, sleep and die. From morning till night his toil is excessive and prolonged; female labour is the rule; children are continuously employed, while his little property is often mortgaged. A. Young talks of the magic of property; but there is such a thing as the demon of property. The French peasant, in his desire to add to the little property, hoards and then mortgages his property to buy more, and is often thus prevented from cultivating what he has to the best advantage. Speak to a French peasant proprietor, and I have spoken to many of them, and he will at once tell you of the hardness of his lot, of the pinching and scraping which is necessary to keep the little land together, and of the constant anxiety of his life.'

In Italy, under a system of peasant proprietors, we are told by the *Times* that 'the growth of debt, want of credit, scarcity of labour—brought about by emigration—the ruin and gradual disappearance of peasant proprietors, all causes which act and react upon each other, have conduced to a state of things which grows increasingly worse each year'; and Baron Sonnino says 'agriculture is perishing, the country is being depopulated, losing the most healthy and vigorous of its labourers, and the portion of the rural population which does not seek exile plunges deeper in misery every day.' Even in Denmark, which is supposed to be the paradise of the small holder, we are told by Mr. E. A. Pratt that 'though nominally the peasant proprietors who constitute so important a section of the Danish people are freeholders, practically they are saddled with a mortgage debt estimated at 60,000,000*l.*, and representing 55 per cent. of the value of their farms, with buildings, stock and implements'; and the Scottish Agricultural Commission reported that the occupying owners of Denmark were, as a rule, little better off than a good ploughman on a Scotch farm.

Conclusion

The truth is that the advocates of ownership are more concerned with the political than the economic aspect of the question. They are in favour of using State credit to establish a body of occupying owners who will form a 'bulwark against Socialism' and a useful addition to the ranks of Tory voters. They are also influenced by the fact that their Tariff Reform policy offers little, if any, benefit to the agricultural interest. They have, therefore, cast about for a land policy which is to be the country cousin of Tariff Reform, and which they hope will be the sugar coating to induce the agricultural voter to swallow the bitter pill of Protection.

The only persons who would benefit from the establishment of a system of occupying ownership by means of State credit would be the present race of landlords, owing to the fact that sitting tenants endowed with the loan of public money on easy terms would naturally give a larger price for their holdings than any other purchaser; and I am certain that there must be many members of the Unionist party who regard with great misgivings the adoption of a policy which is not wanted, which is alien to the traditional system of this country, which is opposed by practically every non-political student of the question, and which would open the door to a huge amount of land jobbing with public money.

What the farmer really needs is security of tenure. That is the policy of the Liberal party, and every attempt to carry it out is met by the persistent opposition of the Tories. They fought compensation for disturbance in the Land Tenure Bill of 1906 with the same vigour and with the same lack of success that they have opposed every step in the direction of increased security for farmers. Now the time has come for a further advance. The Government propose to give farmers whose holdings are sold the right to claim an extended notice, enabling them to remain in their farms for two years at least from the date of the notice to quit, which will go far to mitigate the hardship incurred in those cases where a farmer has to leave his farm within a few months of the sale of the estate. Personally, I look forward to the day when every tenant farmer shall be entitled to claim that any dispute with his landlord as to the rent paid for his holding shall be settled by arbitration; and when every agreement for the letting of a farm shall contain a clause allowing the tenant to vote as he likes, to pray where he likes, and, subject to reasonable covenants, to farm as he likes, and providing that no notice to quit should be given on account of difference of political or religious opinions.

Lincolnshire.

PAULINE DE BEAUMONT

SOME Frenchwomen are typical of an age, an art, a movement. La Reine Margot sums up the splendid, generous, non-moral, spacious-minded Renaissance. The Grande Mademoiselle, that great Rubens figure, with her helmet and her floating scarlet draperies, her clouds and spears and cupids, thrones it above her generation. Madame de Staël on the one hand, and Madame Roland on the other, embody the French Revolution—its ceaseless talkativeness, its eloquence, its violent self-absorption, its remorseless logic; Madame Récamier, with her genius for listening and her unerring mental sympathies, was the soul of the Salon; and there are other women, the most attractive—subtler beings, half forgotten—who are found off the high-road loved by literary tourists and history-trippers, and strewn with their papers (or ought we to say documents?)—figures that linger in the by-paths of history and are known but to a few. These few love them. Charles Lamb says that the name of Michael Drayton has a finer relish to his ear than that of Shakespeare. And this personal touch it is that we feel in our relations with those beings of the past whom we have made our own. Such a figure—more so almost than perhaps any other—is that of Pauline de Beaumont, the woman who loved Chateaubriand and was, for a space, beloved of him; the friend of Joubert, the critic and *confidante* of André Chénier and of Madame de Staël; the centre of the knot of distinguished men and women who gathered round her between 1799 and 1802 in her little salon of the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, where, for the last two years, Chateaubriand reigned supreme. She had lived through the French Revolution, had lived through it against her will, for that awful earthquake had taken every near relation she had. It ruined her health, it destroyed her faith, it darkened her soul, it may be said to have shortened her life.

She only lived for thirty-five years. And she had about her the fitful melancholy, the kind of elusive grace, of one who was destined to spread her wings early—whose foot hardly learned to tread the earth. Her friends called her 'the Swallow,' and there was indeed something light and intangible about her, something that, living in the cold, did not forget the sun, longed for it, made for it, never reached it. Hers was an intimate charm, unsuited

to the big world—the charm also of a character of contrasts delicately interwoven: passion and calm, ardour and unbelief, tenderness and bitterness, playful serenity and heart-searching tragedy. There is something arresting in a young woman whose favourite books were Plato's *Phaedo*, Voltaire's *Letters*, *Tristram Shandy*, and the *History of Port Royal*. 'I like,' she said, 'the mind to be a Jansenist, and the heart just a little bit of a Molinist.' At one moment she seems quite simple; turn over the page and she baffles you. A friend, a poet, once gave her a seal engraved with an oak. 'A nothing agitates me, but nothing shakes me' were the words that he put upon it, and she kept them as her motto.

Pauline de Montmorin was born in 1768, the same year in which, a few months later, René de Chateaubriand also saw the light. Pauline's father came of the old family of the St. Hérems, one of whom, the Governor of Auvergne, had refused to carry out Charles the Ninth's orders to massacre the Huguenots at the time of St. Bartholomew's Eve.

M. de Montmorin, Pauline's father, was no unworthy descendant of the Governor. He was a man of some importance in his own day—rather as the ally of brilliant men than as a light on his own account. He was the great friend of Lafayette, the colleague of Necker and Mirabeau, a strong Royalist, who saw clearly the foibles of royalties. He succeeded Vergennes as Minister for Foreign Affairs in the palmy days of Louis the Sixteenth, and held for a time one of the chief aristocratic salons of Paris, aristocratic in the sense of a day (say 1787) when aristocrats were themselves evoking the abstract ideas, which later, put in practice, were to kill them; when they could not get on without men of letters; when they worshipped philosophy—or perhaps philosophers—a day of half-dead faith and a science only half born, when there was no touchstone for truth, when superstitions were taken for religion, and Mesmer became a high priest; when, indeed, the world seemed but just to have turned twenty, and to regard every subject as open to discussion. They believed all things, or, rather, all things that they did not disbelieve—which comes to much the same thing, for they disbelieved so ardently that their disbeliefs amounted to convictions. They believed in creeds, in common sense, in the existence of poverty. They believed in Fraternity, in Equality, in themselves, in Sensibility and Reason, and a Return to Nature and the Perfectibility of Matter. They almost believed in their own permanence upon the earth. One day Condorcet, surrounded by a group of Encyclopaedists and ladies, among them Pauline de Beaumont, worked himself up till in a flow of eloquence he had all but proved that science would conquer death and ensure eternal life here to men. 'Of what use

would that be,' asked a lady, 'unless there were eternal youth also?' Her comment was more of an epigram than she knew. Big conceptions and light-heartedness held divided sway over the years before the Revolution. Yet they were not the peasant-hunting, brocaded villains of tradition, these nobles. Many of them were high-minded men with lofty aims and limited imaginations, blind to the evils of absenteeism from their estates and guilty of little more than the fault which has so often ruined their nation—enslavement to the charms of Paris, the sacrifice to Paris of France.

It was among men of this higher stamp that Pauline de Beaumont moved when she came home from her convent school. Moderate Monarchists, philosophical politicians, idealists of all sorts frequented the Montmorin Salon. There was a good sprinkling of pamphleteers and economists, chief among them the fiery little free-trading Abbé Morellet, with his brand-new theories about the corn laws. There was more than a sprinkling of the highest rank, for Madame de Montmorin was lady-in-waiting to Mesdames the aunts of the King. And there were poets—Alfieri, the silent, and André Chénier, the dreamer of freedom; and celebrated ladies—Charles Edward's widow, Madame d'Albany, and the ubiquitous Madame de Staël, and a dozen others. With these and their coruscations we are not concerned, except as they circled round the frail form in their midst. In later years Joubert compared Pauline to a little figure from Pompeii, so light that she seemed to float above the earth. She had no beauty, but a subtle intelligence gave a strange piquancy to her face.

> Madame de Beaumont's countenance [wrote Chateaubriand in later days] was rather plain than pretty. It was worn and pale; her eyes, shaped like almonds, would perhaps have sent forth too much brilliance, had not an extraordinary gentleness half veiled her glances, making them shine languidly.

It is not surprising to hear that the owner of looks such as these was fastidious. To very few among her father's guests did she give her intimacy: only to one woman, the tempestuous Madame de Stael, whom all women adored—unless they hated her. To no more than two among the men: to her cousin, guide, philosopher and lifelong friend François de Pange, a philosophical thinker, a kind of Arthur Hallam of his day; and to the doomed poet, André Chénier, already, for us, overshadowed by the guillotine, so near and so unsuspected; the poet who made her at once the *confidante* of his love affairs and the critic of his poems to the lady. She cared with a kind of passion for his lyrics. In after times she could repeat them page after page by heart to Joubert. But her admiration did not blind her. She possessed, indeed, from the outset the critical gift—the gift of vision; of the true enthusiasm

which sees farthest and sees most sincerely. Beaumarchais, after reading out his play, *La Mère Coupable*, in a certain salon where she appeared between de Pange and Chénier, singled out her comments from those of the rest of the audience. Her judgment, he said, was more delicate than his own, though he did not think her taste as good.

Meanwhile, in 1787, Pauline had married, or rather her parents had married her, to the Comte de Beaumont, a young man of eighteen known for his bad morals. How such a choice was possible to affectionate and well-principled parents remains one of those problems that we can only solve by relegating them to 'the standards of the times.' The experiment was not a success. In a few days Pauline found out her mistake, and in a few weeks she left her husband and returned to her father's roof. What happened exactly we do not know, but when de Beaumont tried to claim her, Montmorin threatened him with a *lettre de cachet*—that remedy for little family frictions which, alone of the abuses of the old *régime*, we cannot help rather regretting—and the threat proved effectual. In 1800, Pauline divorced him, and he married again, and only died in 1851. She became her father's secretary, and her existence flowed on evenly. The family life of the Montmorins was happy, broken by one tragic grief, the death by drowning of Auguste, Pauline's sailor brother. His last act had been to send to her, his pride, some rare stuff for a ball dress: it came too late, and she put it by—as she said, for her shroud. This was her first sorrow. She had worse before her.

The fatal year 1789, so big with high hopes and unknown perils, dawned like other years. It was an important one for Montmorin. From first to last he strove for the monarchy and tried to save the King. He and Mirabeau worked together; when Mirabeau died Montmorin threw in his lot with Lally Tollendal and Malouet and the group of men circling round them. He signed the passports for the flight to Varennes—he was arrested—tried—mysteriously acquitted. But he would not take precautions. His house continued to be a meeting-place for Royalists, and the moment came when he received a secret warning that he was to be taken, that his home was not safe for his family. Pauline, her mother, her young brother, Calixte, her married sister, the Vicomtesse de Luzerne, fled hastily to Rouen; Montmorin hid himself in Paris. He was suspected of plotting with Austria—he had quarrelled with Camille Desmoulins—his fate was sealed. Tender agonised notes from Pauline found him, notes in disguised language through which one still seems to hear the throbs of fear and misery. Then came the worst, and he was re-arrested. It was the devotion of his landlady, who would feed him upon dainties and provide him with chickens every day, that

made him *suspect* as an aristocrat and brought about the catastrophe. He was imprisoned, he was massacred by the awful pikes of September. His family, meanwhile, had taken refuge, first on their country estate of Theil in Burgundy, then at a friend's house near by, at Passy-sur-Yonne. Here they remained concealed for more than a year, and it was here that they, too, were seized. When the cart drove up to carry them to Paris and the officials came to Pauline, she looked so white that they feared she might be ill and burdensome, and they refused to take her. But she begged so hard to go with her family that at last they gave in and let her stay with the rest. Not for long—her pallor grew alarming, and they would not be troubled. They put her out upon the snowy road, not far from Passy, and rolled on relentlessly. It was thus, from the frozen wayside, that she saw the last of those she loved.

Somehow, by what means she never knew, she dragged herself painfully along till she reached a peasant's hut in the next village to Passy-sur-Yonne. Its inhabitants, the Paquereaus, a kindly honest man and wife, took her in. Here, in the squalid hut, she lived for months, in a kind of apathy, too ill to do more than drag herself from bed to fire and back again, selling the few jewels she had with her to buy food, keeping sane with the help of the two or three books which, characteristically, she had contrived to save in the hurry of her flight. Here it was that she learned the fate of her dear ones : the death of her sister from fever on the eve of execution, the end of the rest, her brother Calixte wearing the blue ribbon of his lady-love as he waited for the all-devouring guillotine. It took nearly every member of that happy circle of the Montmorins, excepting François de Pange and Madame de Staël. Small wonder that Pauline prayed to die. ' Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery and life unto the bitter of soul? ' These were the words that all that winter, indeed to her life's end, she constantly repeated to herself, finding relief in the age-worn cry of Job, who had borne like sorrows so long ago.

But Pauline de Beaumont was young, and she did not know that life still held for her her best moments, her keenest experience.

It was at the door of the Paquereaus' cottage that Joseph Joubert found her one day in the summer of that fatal year, 1794. He brought all her future with him—the two feelings which were to dominate the next ten years : her friendship with him—the calming influence, the repose of her spirit; and later, by his means, her introduction to Chateaubriand, the disturber—the joy, the woe, the centre of her existence.

Joubert, who lived at Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, a short way from Passy, had heard of the lady at the Paquereaus'. He

came to pay his respects and proffer assistance. He and his wife begged her to come and stay with them. She went; she was again warmed into life.

It might be well, before going farther, to get some little notion of Joubert. Some of my readers probably know him, through his *Pensées*—more, perhaps, through the pen of Matthew Arnold, to whose serene, Hellenic spirit that of Joubert bore certain close affinities. But Joubert was narrower, deeper, more perfect—his irony had a less accomplished, a more childlike gaiety than that of Arnold. 'The mind of Plato with the heart of La Fontaine,' was Chateaubriand's description of Joubert. And his appearance expressed him. A lady once said: 'A soul accidentally met a body and did its best with it: that made Joubert.' He was exquisite rather than forcible, an invalid, a fastidious lover of beauty without and within, a dweller in books, a religious thinker, unconventional but orthodox, practical more than mystical, loving Pascal and Plato, but hating Kant and Voltaire as he hated the devil. He asked much of life and he asked little: nothing of its intolerable pleasures, few things of its externals, many things of the soul. For he demanded harmony rather than strength, distinction than effect. He distrusted action; he made being into an art—this soul, half ancient, half modern, this devout Athenian, whose gentleness was so witty, who knew no excesses but those of the heart. I believe that it belongs to French soil to produce this sober, sensitive kind of plant. Sobriety is not tameness, but in England Joubert would have been tame. Even Cowper, with his delicate charm, a little like that of Joubert, is tame now and then—at tea-time. But in France there is a kind of natural decorum which carries dignity. Joubert lived surrounded by women. He married his wife chiefly because she was so good to her mother. He took care of his health, was, indeed, a valetudinarian who 'changed his diet every day, now had himself jolted at a quick trot on rough roads, now dragged at the slowest pace on smooth ones. He lay in bed in a rose-coloured spencer. In England these things would seem absurd; in Joubert, far from being so, they conveyed the quintessence of suavity and distinction. To me, indeed, the thought of that rose-coloured garment transmits the fine flavour of conversation, the very exquisiteness of intellectual déshabillé, of a delicate and discriminating amenity.

He had [said Chateaubriand] an extraordinary hold upon the mind and the heart, and when once he had captured you, his image was there like a fact, like an obsession which you could not chase away. He laid claim, above all, to calm, and nobody was so agitated as he. . . . His friends were for ever coming and disturbing the precautions he had taken to be well, for he could not help being moved by their sadness or their joy; he was an egotist who only busied himself about others.

And, like Pauline de Beaumont, he was a born critic, a born appreciator of life, of men, of books. He passed into them; he was a perfect friend, whether of ideas or human beings, put off by few things in them, except by offences against his taste, by glibness, or violence, or any irritation. But, as all his judgments stand recorded in his journal of thoughts and maxims—his *Pensées*—we can perhaps give no better portrait of him than by quoting a few which seem most characteristic:

We ought to know how to enter into other people's ideas, and how to get away from them—just as we should know how to get away from our own ideas and how to come home to them.

When certain folk enter into our ideas, they enter a stuffy little shed.

In talk, passion, the vehement, should always be the lady-in-waiting of the sovereign Intellect, which is ever serene.

'Wear velvet inside you, and try to give pleasure at every hour of your life.'

'Energy is not strength. Some authors have more muscle than they have talent.'

'No delicacy, no literature.'

'When we write with facility, we always believe that we have more talent than is there. Good writing means natural facility and self-taught difficulty.'

I should like to make the sense of the exquisite pass into common sense, or else to make the sense of the exquisite common.

To think, to feel one's soul, this is true life. All the rest, eating, drinking, what not, although I give them their full due, are no more than the accessories of living.

At the time that Joubert discovered Pauline he had rather sunk into humdrum, and his imagination needed colour and stimulus. She supplied both; she became the romance of his days. And his practical wife loved her hardly less than he did. The friendship ripened rapidly. He lent her his books—it was very like him that he marked his favourite passages by little stars and flowers on the margin. Other works, those of Condillac and Kant and Voltaire, he forbade her. ('God keep me from ever possessing a complete Voltaire,' he said.) He tried to soothe and heal and strengthen her mind, to lead it back gently to faith, to draw forth the powers he so believed in—to divert her from grief and charm her again into life. They read together, they felt the same enchantment over Yorick and Tristram Shandy and La Bruyère. He studied Plato with her, he made her love Massillon and Malebranche, and they both delighted in Voltaire's *Letters*, which were not included in the general condemnation.

If God would give me life [he says], and would grant my eyes the good luck to hap upon the bargains that I wish for, I should not need more than three weeks to get together all the books that I think worthy of a place, not in your library, but in your innermost alcove. If I am successful in finding them, it seems to me that I shall have nothing left to do upon this planet.

The influence was by no means from one side only. She also drew forth the best from him, she enhanced his sense of enjoyment. 'M. de Pange,' he said, 'wants one to walk, and I like to fly, or, at any rate, to flutter. Directly I think of you my little gnat's-wings leave me no peace.' His devotion was not blind: he could rally her for her despondency and her restless impatience.

I am very glad [he wrote, for if they did not meet daily he wrote to her], I am very glad to inform you that I cannot admire you comfortably, or respect you as I wish, until I see in you the finest courage of all, the courage to be happy.

In the depths of your being [he says elsewhere] you keep a treasure of rich thoughts and true judgments; but you would rather fling them on the ground and let them roll away than use them profitably. When you think, you amuse yourself too much with thought, and so you often lose its best delights.

But it was lassitude, rather than want of concentration, that weakened Pauline's powers. She needed a motive and a refuge—she needed a faith; and she had the fastidious aesthetic sense which, no less than the ascetic instinct, impels men to austerity. 'Do you know,' she says, 'that if Port Royal still existed, I should run the risk of rushing off there?' Past and future, old and new, alike attracted her. Plato seemed to her of yesterday, the *Phaedo* became her stand-by.

If I were better versed in the ancients [she writes] I could determine with more precision what it is that is so modern in the *Phaedo*; when nothing guides me in my decision I attribute . . . what I like to Plato.

She became more and more dependent upon Joubert. 'If I had someone to endow,' she exclaimed later, 'I would give him your mind, your character, your wife and your whole household.' They paid each other occasional long visits. Her room has been swept three times, it is at last worthy to receive her and her *migraine*; she must come and watch the vintage; his little boy no longer believes *him* about foxes and pole-cats, he will only believe her; she must certainly reassure him. Such were his wiles to keep her away from Paris, the wilderness of desolation. But in 1795, after Robespierre's death, she felt herself obliged to go there to try to reclaim some of her property. All was worse than she thought. She went to her old home and found nothing left but the cypress-tree she had planted when she was fourteen: that alone remained alive among the ruins. Meanwhile the De Panges got back their estate at Passy-sur-Yonne, near Joubert, and she made her home with them; first with both, then, later, when De Pange had died from the effects of his imprisonment in the Terror, with his widow; later still she

found shelter in her old house at Theil, though it was never formally restored to her.

Again she took up her life with Joubert. It was like him that he should live in a place which, as he said, had escaped all the horrors of the Revolution. Pauline regained peace, excepting when it was destroyed by the reappearance of Madame de Staël —the inroads of the 'Whirlwind,' as they called her. Joubert, until *Corinne* was published, admired her, so he said, more than any woman in print except Madame de Sévigné, but he highly disapproved of the friendship. 'Enthusiasm, not explosion,' was what he wanted, and Corinne was explosion. Pauline herself refused to have her in the green room. She said that the 'Whirlwind' would devastate its quiet; she preferred to meet her at Sens, where, of course, the lady did not turn up. She had all the peculiarities of genius: she never kept appointments; at least she kept them—in a different place at a different time; she was never tired, she never knew when other people were. She was gloriously full of life and light and fire, also of love-affairs and wounded sensibilities. She came, she talked, she conquered. Sometimes she brought her rather fatigued lover, Benjamin Constant, in her wake, sometimes she did not. Pauline could not bear him, and he even caused an estrangement between them, which was a relief to Joubert. But it was not for long; Corinne really cared for Pauline: 'All my roots are bound up in her,' she said. She returned, and the front of her offending was the manner in which she carried Pauline off to Paris. Joubert thought that it demoralised his friend—as it did. 'I have resumed my solitude in a temper,' she wrote to him, when she came back from one such journey, 'I occupy myself with disgust, I walk without pleasure, I dream without charm, and I cannot find one comforting idea. I know this state cannot last long, but youth passes . . . Of course you will accuse me of reading Young's *Night Thoughts* at the least. Not a bit of it, I am reading *Tristram Shandy*. Behold the fruits.'

Perhaps it was his dread of the Whirlwind's power which made Joubert renounce all his cherished habits and with his family migrate for part of every year to Paris. He took a house in the Rue St. Honoré, near that already taken by Pauline in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg. From 1799 onwards, there gathered round her here, in the shabbily-furnished, dimly lighted little apartment, the rarest minds of the day. There were other and more brilliant salons to outshine it; Madame Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Tallien were reigning, and so was Madame Récamier; the Princess de Poix, and Madame d'Houdetot represented the old world of letters. 'But the little salon of Madame de Beaumont, by no means celebrated, only haunted by a handful of the faithful

who met there every night, meant youth, liberty, movement, the new spirit, including the past, reconciling it with the future,' I quote these last words from Sainte-Beuve. For myself, I own that this little band of people, so secluded and distinguished and disinterested and warm, has a peculiar charm. I feel as if I knew them—as if I had a right to know them. Some of them had a touch of genius; all were serious, as befitted men who were recreating society out of death and ruin. And nearly all were witty. 'Simple they were too,' says Chateaubriand, 'not from poverty but from choice.' Their very names bring a touch of intimacy. There was Fontanes, the crusty conservative, the fierce classic, the critic and the poet; and Matthieu Molé, the Cato of twenty; and the brilliant ultramontane, Bonald; and the handsome dilettante, Guéncau de Mussy; and the rich old banker, Julien, who fussed over Pauline's comforts; and Pasquier, later Chancellor, the Pasquier of the memoirs. And then there was Joseph Chénedollé. It may be said that in most social circles there is a familiar figure, dowdily dressed, a person devoted to the interests of the others, who is loved by everybody and by whom nobody is excited. Such was Chénedollé, the kindly laborious poet, the unflagging hero-worshipper. He gave a lifelong love—unreturned—to Chateaubriand's sister, Lucile. Pale, sensitive, exotic, unhinged by the prisons of the Terror, finally doomed to a madhouse, she strays in her ghostly beauty in and out of Pauline's salon. And there were other ladies: Madame de Vintimille, to whom Joubert always gave tube roses on her birthday; and Madame Pastoret; and Madame de Staël; and Madame Krüdner, the *précieuse* among the mystics; and the Duchesse de Duras, the fashionable novelist. They all had nicknames. Pauline, we know, was the Swallow; Fontanes, the Wild Boar of Erymanthus; Chénedollé, the Raven of Vire; Mussy, the Little Raven; while the gracious gossip, Madame de Vintimille, was Madame Bad Heart; and Madame de Staël was Leviathan. They met every day, these friends—indeed, Chénedollé was not satisfied, in later days, unless he was saw Chateaubriand twice a day. The worst of them was that they could not exist without each other; they found the country unbearable. "Deplorable Zion, where is thy glory?'—so Pauline, quoting, Racine, apostrophised Paris when they were absent.

The footlights were lighted—the audience was there—all waited for the hero. He appeared in 1800, and his name was François René de Chateaubriand.

Some men are born histrionic. René, from his babyhood till his death, played a drama. The hero was himself—the villain was himself—the stage was his heart, or his soul. The hero and the villain acted their parts brilliantly, sincerely, and they were con-

stantly rolled into one. As for the heroines, they were numberless. The first act of this wonderful play should be read in the fascinating first volume of the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, which tells of his dreamy, sensational childhood and youth by the sea-shore of St. Malo. When the Revolution broke out he was just twenty-one, beautiful to look at, an Apollo of the Weltschmerz period : almost too beautiful—the brow a thought too noble, the eye and the mouth rather too eloquent.

He did not wait to be arrested. He resolved to depart. He was full of large aims and aspirations, and so he started for the New World, in order to discover the North-West Passage. When he landed he made a few rapid inquiries as to his way there, but finding the answers unsatisfactory, he changed the object of his quest and went off to find *la Muse* in South America. Here he saw Red Indians, and chasms, and precipices, and solitude. I deliberately say he *saw* solitude, because he made it into a solid fact ; and though Rousseau had discovered it before him, it was Chateaubriand who first arranged a marriage between Solitude and Religion. In 1791, choke-full of ideas, he returned to his sisters at St. Malo. Unfortunately they were bent upon his marriage with a friend of theirs. One day he saw a young lady in a pink pelisse walking by the sea, her fair hair blown by the wind. The hair and the pelisse raised a storm of emotion ; he married her out of hand. He never had cause to regret it. She had many causes, in pelisses of many colours. No sooner had he married her than he left her to join the Army of the Rhine. Thence he travelled to Jersey, and from there, rather later, to England, where he stayed till the Revolution was over. In London, in a Soho garret, he starved and scribbled, picking up a living as he could—by teaching and writing, chiefly by working as a journalist for a French editor, Lepelletier. It was Lepelletier who introduced him to Fontanes, then also in England. It was Fontanes, the Wild Boar of Erymanthus, who sighted his genius ; who, thrilled by him, went home unable to talk of anybody else ; who finally introduced him to the expectant world of Pauline de Beaumont's salon. It adopted him at once ; he became its idol, its ' Big Raven,' its ' Young Savage ' ; Joubert adored him, the rest hung upon his lips. With each, magnet that he was, he formed a personal relation. As for Pauline de Beaumont, as soon as she saw him she loved him with a passion that gave her back her youth. And he needed her so much that he loved her also. He needed her glow, her admiration, her judgment, her power of criticism ; just as she needed his fire, his energy, his flashing, colorous egoism to fill the void that she felt—the longings that Joubert could only assuage. The swallow flew by instinct to the South.

And whatever we feel about Chateaubriand, we must allow him the saving grace of expansiveness. He was now thirty-one, and in the prime of his genius : gifted with an eloquence which set him apart, even in that eloquent age. His tongue enchanted, and both he and his audience often confused his tongue with his soul. Yet his soul was enchanting too, and with reason, for his aspirations were noble. At the time that he arrived in Paris he was about to publish *Atala*, the work inspired by his travels in South America. It came out in 1801. Like Byron, he awoke one fine morning to find himself famous. Paris could talk of nothing but the sentimental savage maiden whose soul he had depicted. Savages became the fashion ; dressed in cock's feathers they raved to one another on the stage about solitude ; country inns were adorned with coloured prints of aborigines. And the aborigines were no more than eighteenth-century ladies and gentlemen without their finery, playing at simplicity in tropical scenery. No one rejoiced in his success as did Pauline de Beaumont. They talked of it—they talked of many other things. Every night they met in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg ; soon they could do with no less than three meetings a day. They went to the theatre together ; they saw Talma, ' whose grace seized you like a grief.' Their bond of companionship became closer. We cannot but imagine, in spite of 'the velvet inside him,' that Joubert must have felt rather ruffled, a little out in the cold. But, true friend as he was, he showed nothing but pleasure in her happiness. Chateaubriand did not rest upon his laurels. He grew new ones. Directly after the appearance of *Atala* he absorbed himself in his *magnum opus*. *Magnum*, indeed, for its aim was nothing less than to recreate the Christian religion in France ; to send forth his glowing word and kindle the grey ashes of unbelief and rationalism, strewn on the cold hearth of the eighteenth century ; to blow with his breath till the flame of faith leaped up once more to light his country. The result was *Le Génie du Christianisme*.

His eloquence thrilled Pauline. ' He plays on all my fibres as if I were a harpsichord,' she said. It was not long before he found that Paris disturbed his power of writing ; he must have solitude —that shibboleth of his preaching—but he must not be alone. Pauline must come with him, to soothe, to listen, to criticise. She took a little cottage at Savigny, not very far from the capital, and here she and René were to live and work in seclusion. The Jouberts were to come and stay, but society was not to approach them. The plan was romantic, unconventional, but Joubert approved. Madame Joubert chose their pots and pans, Joubert lent, begged, borrowed the books that were needful for René's work, and in the May of 1801, accompanied by cartloads of heavy tomes, they installed themselves in the country. That summer was the

summer—a brief one—of Pauline de Beaumont's life. 'I shall hear the sound of his voice every morning,' she said. The two were like children in the enjoyment of their new possessions.

> We have hardly been here twenty-four hours, and I am already impatient to send you news of us. . . . Everything has given us pleasure, even M. Pigeau. . . . When he came to make me sign his inventory of the house, with the supplement of twelve hens and two cocks, we were seized with a mad fit of laughter, which is still going on. . . . This morning the Savage read me the first part of the first volume. To say the truth, I should wish him a colder and more enlightened critic than myself, for I have not come out of my enchantment.

Every day they found new walks, in the woods, to their beloved Fontaine de Jouvisy. In the evening she taught him the names of the stars. In between, he worked with a zest that was amazing and, with heroic zeal, she ploughed through thick volumes of ecclesiastical history, and all the works of the Abbé Fleury. Joubert writes counsels and criticisms—excellent criticisms. He is their *confident*, he sees the MSS.

Now Pauline is in despair; now she is in raptures. 'The secret of the enchanter,' she says, 'is that he enchants himself.' But she could be severe—she thought it was 'detestable' to be indulgent. Sometimes their *tête-à-tête* is broken. The Jouberts come to stay, or Lucile, or Fontanes; sometimes Madame de Staël rushes in. René and she did not get on. It was a case of when egoist meets egoist. 'She talks of love like a Bacchante, of God like a Quaker, of death like a Grenadier, and of morals like a Sophist,' so said Fontanes, who frankly detested her. Pauline defended her friend, but a coldness again grew between them and the old intimacy was not resumed. Meanwhile the great book grew to completion. It is part of the luck of those who have a genius for stage effect that they are always followed by the right *mise en scène*. Not only had Chateaubriand, with the true dramatic instinct, dedicated his work to Napoleon Bonaparte, but he had timed that work, unknowingly, with the Concordat, the statesman's attempt to effect by decree what the man of letters had tried to do by art. Napoleon knew how to praise: he ordered that the book should appear on the same day on which the great *Te Deum* was to be sung in honour of the Concordat with state in Notre-Dame. The two great men became partners in a firm for the manufacture of religion. France responded to the appeal—she wept, she applauded. René's success was phenomenal. He was fêted, almost canonised; ladies picked up scraps of paper on which he had written, they hid them in their high-piled hair; when he went on a journey and stopped to breakfast at an inn, a family of peasants ran in to bless him and assure him that he had completely restored their belief. Arcadia and

Savigny had long since proved too tame for him; after seven months of quiet the cottage was given up, but René remembered. 'I should never have written it,' he said of his book, 'without the peace that she gave me.'

Pauline's happiness was at an end; she was jealous of the success that took him from her; of the fashionable ladies who spoiled him; of one, and with reason, Madame de Custine. She grew ill again and restless, and she was not made happier by the news that he had been appointed Secretary to the French Legation at Rome, where Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, was ambassador. She had the generosity to encourage him to accept the honour, but it meant separation, it broke her heart.

Chateaubriand consoled himself by the thought that she would follow him. He invited her to come to him; he invited his wife; he also invited Madame de Custine. Madame de Beaumont accepted.

And yet, with all this, Chateaubriand was not a hypocrite. It is no easy matter to estimate the character of a sincere actor. Chateaubriand, like Byron, was of that baffling race. Both these men made a melodrama of life, always playing the leading part, unable to exist apart from an audience (an audience of one sometimes sufficed), neither of them in the least caring for the stage when they were off it, both with a childish love of dressing up their bodies and souls. We all remember Byron's gorgeous costumes; as for René, he liked to start on the most unadventurous trip in a post-chaise, in the toilet of a brigand, with pistol-cases hidden beneath the carriage cushions. Like many histrionic geniuses, they were really rather cold characters—emotional, not passionate, with an infinite capacity for being bored.

This may be absurd, but it has its compensations. A melodrama needs effects, especially effects of virtue; and of heroism, sacrifice, and generosity both men were pre-eminently capable. Chateaubriand could abnegate a fortune rather than hold office under the Duc d'Enghien's assassin; Byron could die, uncomplaining, in the cause of a foreign nation. Both were doubtless affected by their own view of themselves. Byron posed as the bad man, and thought himself worse than he was; Chateaubriand posed as the good man, and thought himself better than he was. Yet the fact remains that René, if not the truer, was at least the better man of the two. Although he was always *Le Grand Ennuyé*, he was never a cynic or a scoffer. It may be that he loved his illusions too well to be a cynic, and needed too much support—even personal attention—from the Deity to do without belief. But, apart from this, he had the sense of reverence, the poet's imagination. And while Byron regarded women as

Oriental slaves, Chateaubrand respected their minds and treated them as equal companions.

The heartbreak he caused was the greater. Pauline had not the nature that could live upon illusions. She saw with deadly clearness that he was tiring of her, and yet she could not renounce her love. In the summer of 1802, he started for Rome. He wrote her letters of fervent devotion. She was not deceived by them, but she tried to be; she derived her only sustenance from them. Her cough and her prostration grew worse; she resolved to try the baths of Monte-Dore in Auvergne which had benefited her before. In her heart she meant to travel thence to Rome, but of this she breathed no word to Joubert, or to anybody else. She knew as well as he that the journey would probably kill her; she also knew that she could not live without a motive for life. The letters that she wrote to Joubert from Monte-Dore are heart-rending.

> Nobody [runs one of them] has a better right than I to complain of Nature. She has refused everything to me, and has given me the sense of all I lack. There is no moment at which I do not feel the weight of the complete mediocrity to which I am condemned. . . . I am like a fallen angel who cannot forget what he has lost and has not the force to regain it. . . . I cough less, but I think it is that I may die without noise. . . . To withdraw in silence, to let myself be forgotten—this is my duty. May I have courage to accomplish it.

This is the cry of an illness too deep for Joubert to cure. And there were minor ills. The food, the dirt, the joltings, the discomforts of the inns were deplorable, the Auvergnat bores insufferable, the tedium unfathomable. She spent hours on her back, counting the beams of her bedroom ceiling. The mountains exasperate her—so does 'the whole world' when it hears her cough and asks if *Madame est malade?* Solitude was the only thing bearable, for in solitude alone she could find again, she said, her friends of the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg. 'Go on counting the beams of your ceiling,' says Joubert, 'it is your only means of getting well.' Not long after, he received the thunderbolt—the news that she had started for Rome; he was distraught, he could not believe it, he wrote imploring letters to her *en route* in the hope of turning her back. But the swallow flew South.

Chateaubriand, more alive than ever, met the ghost of Pauline at Florence. He was flushed with success—the spoilt child of Cardinals, of the Pope himself. When Pius the Seventh gave him audience, he found *Le Génie du Christianisme* on the Papal table. The antiquities of Rome, too, amazed, enchanted him. They suited his temperament. We always think of René with the Coliseum at his back. Pauline and he drove to Rome; he had found her lodgings near the Piazza di Spagna; she had a little

garden with espaliers of orange-trees, a courtyard with a fig-tree in it. At first René had his usual effect. He electrified her into a semblance of life; he was shocked, frightened by her looks, and anxiety revived his devotion. Her last weeks were blissfully happy. Every day they drove out in the glowing gold Campagna of autumn. But the improvement quickly wore off. 'The lamp,' she said, 'has burnt out its oil.' Their last long expedition was to Terni. René tried to persuade her to come with him and see the waterfall, but she sank down exhausted. 'We must let the floods fall,' she said quietly. The words rang her death-knell.

This was in late October. A few days later in the Coliseum: 'Come, I am cold,' she said, and she returned home to bed, never to rise from it again. The doctor told Chateaubriand the end was near. When he went into her room there were tears in his eyes. She smiled and held out her hand. 'You are a child,' she said; 'were you not expecting it?' Weeping, he told her it would be soon, and begged her to see a priest. There was silence, then in a firm voice, 'I did not think,' she replied, 'that it would be quite so soon. Well, then, I must really bid you good-bye.' She saw the priest; she told him that deep down she had always kept a sense of religion—that the Revolution had made her doubt God's justice—that she was ready to confess her errors and commend herself to the Eternal Mercy—that she hoped her suffering here would shorten her expiation. The priest came out in tears; he had left her at peace. Later she received Extreme Unction, and then Chateaubriand remained alone with her. She made him sit on the edge of her bed; with her failing voice she gave him her last counsels, her last sympathy; she begged him to live near Joubert. Presently she asked him to open the window; a ray of sunlight came in and gave her pleasure. She fell to recalling Savigny—and then she cried. That afternoon she sank. As he watched her, her head fell. 'I put my hand on her heart,' he said, 'it beat no more.'

Thus he wrote in the simplicity of his first emotion just after her death. It was on the 4th of November 1803. She was buried in that white ball-dress sent her long ago which she had always destined for her shroud. She had carried it with her to Rome, as if she meant that she should die there. Thirty-five years later in his Memoirs René worked the scene up, told how she wished to leave him her money, how he refused. But even then it seemed as if her spirit haunted him and forced him to be sincere. 'A deplorable conviction came and overwhelmed me,' he wrote: 'I saw that only when Madame de Beaumont was drawing her last breath did she realise the true attachment I had for her.' His grief was very real, if it was scenic. He saw that due honour was done her. He gave her a marble monument

in the French Church at Rome, with a long inscription and her favourite verse from Job upon it, and a record that François René de Chateaubriand had raised it to her memory. (In the Memoirs he records that it cost him nine thousand francs and that he sold all that he possessed to erect it.) She had left her books to him, her bookcase and writing-desk to Joubert, her money to her mother's old maid, and René executed her will. He took her old servants to live with him. And when he went to Paris his first action was to visit the cypress-tree she had planted in her girlhood in the Rue Plumet. But his sorrow receded, it became oratorical. Twenty-three years later, in 1827, when he was Ambassador at Rome, he went alone to kneel at her grave. 'I visited,' he wrote, 'the monument of her who was the soul of a vanished society.'

The *tableau vivant* is perfect, but it was the Chancellor Pasquier who kept the tomb in repair. René had found several consolations: Madame de Custine—and others. Pauline had been only one of many.

With Joubert it was different.

> I have not written to you, it is from grief [he said to her in one of his last letters] . . . my soul keeps its habits; but it has lost the delight of them. You ask me to love you always. Alas, can I do otherwise? . . . Farewell, cause of so much pain, you who have been to me the source of so much good.

The love and the pain remained. Till his death he kept October, the month of her last illness, sacred to her, retiring from the world to mourn and to meditate. He maintained his close ties with all their little circle—not one of them who did not mourn with him—but his spring was gone; his mind, as well as his heart, had suffered irreparable loss.

> Madame de Beaumont [he said years afterwards] had pre-eminently one quality which is not a talent . . . and yet places the soul on the level of the most brilliant gifts: I mean an admirable intelligence. She understood everything. . . . You will meet many women of mind, but few, like her, who enjoy their mind without any desire to show it off.

We may be sure that when he died in 1824 his last human thought was of her. And, in the end, it was he who made the best, the most enduring chapter of her story. She would not have done without Chateaubriand. She could not have done without Joubert.

EDITH SICHEL.

OXFORD AND THE ARMY

EARLY in the spring of 1872 the slumberous calm that enveloped the University of Oxford was rudely broken by startling and terrible rumours. It was noised abroad in academic circles that in accordance with the Military Forces Localisation Bill Oxford had been selected as the scene of a new military depot. The rumours grew into certainty when myrmidons of the War Office, suave, well-groomed persons of soldierly bearing, were espied in the neighbourhood, full of inquiries for land, building sites, water supply, and kindred subjects. The Common-rooms buzzed with dismay. So fearful a plot against the welfare of the University had not been known since that distressful time, nearly thirty years before, when the railway had been brought into Oxford, regardless of the frantic protests of almost every Don in the place. True, the University had unexpectedly survived that horrid innovation. But barracks! In Oxford, or even within reach of it! Council and Congregation, Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, Heads of Houses, Professors, Tutors—scarce a man among them but grew cold at the thought. Their personal experience of 'the military' no doubt was slight; but full well they knew the evil reputation of the brutal and licentious soldiery; the profligate and abandoned lives their officers habitually lead; the appalling effects upon the morality and discipline of the University that must inevitably ensue unless this baneful project were promptly nipped in the bud.

What the undergraduate of the day thought of all the fuss history does not relate. The plentiful crop of ephemeral literature in which his callow wit now finds weekly utterance had not then begun to blaze forth upon its limited world. What his enlightened pastors and masters thought, and did, remains on record, fully set forth in a pamphlet entitled *The Military Centre at Oxford*, and published as a last scream of despair when the mischief was all but accomplished. The burning question was brought before Congregation on the 23rd of April 1872:

> In a very full House it was resolved, *without a dissentient voice*, to resist as far as possible the threatened experiment, and a Delegacy of the Vice-Chancellor and five other members of Convocation was appointed, in order to give utterance to the opinion of Convocation by communicating with the War Office on the subject.

A fortnight later the Delegacy waited on the Secretary for War, and were solemnly introduced by the Burgesses of the University. Here is their own account of the interview :

> The delegates severally stated the objections which they, as representing the convictions of Convocation, entertained to the proposal, and enumerated the risks which were likely to ensue to the University in case a body of soldiers was permanently settled in the neighbourhood. They were told that the depot would ordinarily be small, and that it would be presided over by officers of experience and character. To this they answered that a small evil was still an evil, and might under peculiar circumstances be a great evil; that the risk was needless, and that they had not permitted themselves to criticise the character or conduct of the officers or soldiers who might be sent, but the inconvenience of a collision between military life and academic discipline.

The delegates could not be charged with any lack of candour in expressing what they thought of the soldiers. It would be interesting to know what the soldiers thought of them. Soon after the interview the War Office sent down a couple of distinguished officers to Oxford, to attempt to explain to the authorities there that the establishment of a depot in the neighbourhood need not necessarily sap the morals of the blameless undergraduates or wreck the peace of the University. But their arguments fell on deaf ears. The Dons knew better, and remained wholly unconvinced. Then came the Long Vacation, and for the usual four months the University for all practical purposes ceased to exist. Immediately Michaelmas term began the Dons returned to the charge, with another futile blast.

> On October 28, 1872, a memorial, signed by twenty-four University Professors and eighty-nine College tutors and lecturers, being *nearly* the whole of such resident members of the University as were engaged in its education and discipline [it is refreshing to find that there were at least a few sane men among them], was forwarded to the Secretary for War, deprecating, on grounds identical with those alleged by the delegates, the adoption of the project.

The War Office abandoned all further efforts at conciliation. It was clearly hopeless to argue with prejudices so deep-rooted, with misconceptions so blind and so puerile. They pursued thenceforth a steady course, punctuated by periodical splutterings of academic fury. In vain the Dons protested that ' the University has been probably imperilled, and certainly slighted, for no other apparent reason than that of furthering two electioneering intrigues.' In vain they put up members of Parliament to repeat these futilities in the House. Their shrieks that ' the level of local morality would be seriously lowered ' either passed unheeded or met with the scorn they deserved. Slowly but surely the dreaded barracks arose, not, it is true, on the ground originally

selected for the purpose between Oxford and Summertown, then open fields, now covered with continuous streets of villas—so far the local opposition had been successful—but 'in a dreary and desolate locality,' as the inspecting officer had justly termed it, at Bullingdon, incidentally destroying one of the finest cricket-grounds in England, which gave its name to the most famous of Oxford clubs. In due course the buildings were completed, and the handful of officers and few scores of men that form the normal establishment of an infantry territorial depot took possession. Their presence, of course, affected University life not at all, and even those of the Dons who had screamed the loudest were soon bound to admit that their dismal forebodings had been devoid of any kind of foundation.

All this sounds childish enough, and it would be unjust, as well as untrue, to suggest that it represents the existing attitude of the University towards the Army. The occasional soldier who may penetrate the seclusion of a Common-room finds himself in a community whose language, ideas, and modes of life are as the poles apart from anything he has ever experienced before; a community to his eyes strangely ignorant of the outside world and utterly unconscious of its ignorance, deeply stirred at times by trifles of merely academic interest while cold to questions of national importance, but at any rate not actively hostile to his profession. They incline to regard him as a probably wholly uneducated individual of violent propensities, belonging to a calling with which they have no sort of concern. Indifference, in fact, rather than antipathy, is now the prevailing note in the relations of the greater part of the University authorities toward all things military. Some few, indeed, among them do devote a generous amount of their none too numerous leisure-hours to the military activities of the place, which, moreover, have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a whole-hearted support from the present and late holders of the highest academic office. But these are the rare exceptions, and there are still only too many colleges where the official attitude towards anything of the kind is at best one of half-reluctant tolerance.

No such charge can be laid against the undergraduate. Of late an astonishing enthusiasm for soldiering has seized upon him. The numbers of the University contingent of the Officers Training Corps have increased by leaps and bounds, until now it comprises more than a third of the entire University. During the last two years the development has been more remarkable than ever, and figures have been attained undreamt of even in the war-fever days of twelve years ago. No less than 964 members of the corps were returned as 'efficient' in October last, and in January the corps embarked on the New Year with a strength of 1140

of all ranks. A like increase has taken place in the number of candidates for commissions in the Regular Army, who are under charge of a body known as the Delegacy for Military Instruction. Previously to 1910 the candidates dealt with by the delegates never totalled and rarely approached 100. Last year they rose to 132, of whom thirty-one received nominations to commissions in the Regular Forces.

How long this state of things will last remains to be seen. The popularity of the Training Corps, exceptionally fortunate of late in its staff, may not maintain its high level, though it is never likely to sink again into the obscurity that in former days, except at rare intervals, hampered the efforts of the old University Volunteer Corps. A few years ago it required no little moral courage to cross a college quadrangle clad in the uniform of the corps. Almost was it the mark of the beast. Now 'all the best people' belong to the Training Corps, and what that means to the success of a University institution it is needless to explain. Probably the introduction three years ago of a new regulation requiring all Army candidates to be efficient members of the corps helped to turn the tide of undergraduate fashion in its favour. And if the Army candidate has helped to further the interests of the corps, it is no less certain that the popularity of the corps, by turning undergraduate thoughts into military channels, has tended to react with great advantage upon the numbers of candidates for commissions in the Army.

For a great number of years a small number of commissions in the Regular Army had been offered to University candidates, and occasionally, in times of emergency, whole stacks of such commissions had been showered upon bewildered Vice-Chancellors for instant distribution among their charges. But it was only some seven years ago, when the dearth of candidates from other sources began to make itself seriously felt, that the War Office gave any great attention to the Universities as possible recruiting grounds for the commissioned ranks, and cast about for means of tapping them. One of the first difficulties they had to encounter was the entire ignorance of one another's methods that has always raised a barrier between the War Office and the Universities. To the Don the manners and customs and the requirements of military life are a sealed book, while the soldier is in general equally in the dark with regard to University habits and procedure.[1] The War Office therefore had recourse to a newly devised body, called the Advisory Board on Military Education, which they invited representatives of the various Universities

[1] The writer was four years an undergraduate, one a Sandhurst cadet, fifteen a soldier, and for the last ten has been a Don—a somewhat rare experience.

to join, in order to receive evidence from experts on military education and from prominent University officials, and to draw up, in consultation with the Headquarter Staff, new regulations for entrance to the Regular Army through the Universities. The Board heard a mass of evidence, took an infinity of pains, and the new regulations of 1904 were the result. Some very drastic and altogether admirable changes were introduced. Under the former system the only academic qualification required was that the candidate should have passed Moderations, or its equivalent at other Universities, and have been one year in residence. The witnesses who gave evidence on behalf of the Universities almost unanimously complained—and very justly complained—that to describe this as a university education was a sheer absurdity. The new regulations, therefore, insisted upon three years' residence and a degree, or at least the passing of all examinations for a degree. The few commissions previously offered to the Universities were awarded to candidates—when there was any competition for them—who gained the highest marks in a competitive and purely literary examination. Not the least of the merits of the revised system was that it frankly threw overboard the principle of selection by competitive examination, and ordained that the appointment of the candidates, after they had fulfilled the necessary conditions, should be by nomination pure and simple. Each University was required to furnish its own Nomination Board, to which the Army Council add two representatives of the General Staff, with powers of veto. The Nomination Boards are also charged with the duty of superintending the military education of the Army candidates of their University.

The institution of these boards has undoubtedly done much to bring about a better understanding between the military and the academic authorities. Besides forming permanent committees responsible for the military education and training of Army candidates, they enable the War Office for the first time to deal with an authoritative body which can voice the ideas of the University on military matters, when it has any, or formulate them when, as is more often the case, it has none. The Regimental Staff of the Officers Training Corps are *ex-officio* members of the Board, as well as the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, while the elected members are usually chosen for their actual military experience or for the strong interest they have displayed in military affairs.

Seven years have now elapsed since the new regulations came into operation, and it may be instructive briefly to review the results. The number of candidates who have been nominated under them totals 282. Beginning in 1905 with no more than nine, the figures rose from fourteen in 1906 to thirty-five in 1907,

forty in 1908 and 1909, seventy-one in 1910, and seventy-three in 1911; and there seems every reason to believe, from the number of candidates registered at the principal Universities, that the great increase in the last two years is likely not merely to be maintained, but to rise to a considerably higher figure. Of the 282 nominated, 131 have been furnished by Oxford, 110 by Cambridge, thirty-four by Dublin, and seven by other Universities. This increase is all the more remarkable from the fact that it has coincided with a striking decline in the number of candidates supplied by the older and more regular sources. Competition for the cadetships at Sandhurst threatens to become almost a thing of the past, while for the last five years candidates for the Regular commissions offered to officers of the Special Reserve —formerly the most valuable sources of supply, after the military colleges—have grown steadily and ominously fewer. The decline began to be serious in 1907, when only 105 candidates could qualify for the 112 vacancies available, and culminated in 1910, when 140 commissions were offered, and no more than forty-six candidates could be accepted.

What the reason of this lamentable shrinkage in the supply of officers may be forms no part of the object of the present article to explain. The question has been thoroughly ventilated of late in the columns of the daily, weekly, and monthly Press; and the likeliest explanation seems to be neither the increased attention to military duties entailed by the higher efficiency now demanded in all professions alike, nor the insufficiency of the officer's pay to cover his expenses. Money-making can never have entered into the motives that induced anybody to join the Army. Nor is the Secretary of State for War very convincing when he asserts, as he did in Parliament not long ago, speaking of the scarcity of officers, that 'The question at the root is . . . the burden of the cost of education of candidates for the position of officers in the British Army.' Mr. Haldane's theory is surely disproved by the fact, which the official figures establish beyond dispute, that, while the two older sources of supply are gradually drying up, the Universities, which unquestionably form the most costly avenue to a commission, are every year furnishing a growing number of candidates. The opening up of a variety of new careers, in addition to the Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Bar, which in old days were considered the only professions for a gentleman, may to some extent have affected the case. But the main reason is to be found in the reduction in the size of families now almost universal among the classes that have always been the mainstay of the commissioned ranks of the Army—the country squire, the clergy, Army officers themselves, and other professional men in like circumstances.

Whatever the cause of the trouble may be, the remedy now to be adopted of lowering the age for admission to the military colleges, in accordance with Mr. Haldane's theories on the prohibitive cost of education, is surely a step in the wrong direction. The conditions of modern warfare demand an increasing level of education and intelligence from officers, in addition to the resourcefulness and force of character which have always been the first essentials, and which no examination can ever gauge; and there can be little doubt that a boy's last year at his public school, when he becomes an influential and responsible member of his miniature world, furnishes him with an experience of the utmost value in any subsequent career, and in none more valuable than the Army. It is just possible that the saving of a year's school-fees might attract a few more competitors for the military colleges, which must always form the most important channels to a commission. But the relief could hardly be anything but temporary, and any gain in numbers would be dearly bought by the consequent curtailment of the years spent in general education.

If there be any truth in the belief so widely held that the present dearth of officers is due rather to a shrinkage in the rising generation of the classes that have hitherto been the backbone of the Army, it would seem a wiser policy to seek to attract a larger proportion than before of the dwindling numbers of these classes, wherever they are to be found; at an age, moreover, less likely to suffer from the effects of the tropical climates to which so many young officers are sent as soon as they are gazetted to their regiments, than would be the case with cadets who enter Sandhurst at the age of seventeen.

Now nowhere is there a more abundant supply to be found of the very finest material than at the Universities. Every year the cream of the public schools rises continually to Oxford and Cambridge, and it is no exaggeration to say that scores of the best type of public schoolboy matriculate with but the vaguest idea of the form their future careers are to take. Till within recent years the tendency of University education has been to direct their unformed views of life into any direction but that of the Army. The whole atmosphere of the place was not merely unmilitary, but almost positively antagonistic to anything of the kind. Politics, the Church, the Bar, the Civil Service, educational appointments, and many other professions—all these the University curriculum provided for; but from the Army the authorities stood rigorously aloof. Latterly it has begun to dawn upon some few of them that the military services of the Crown also have some claim upon the chief seats of national education. Oxford led the way by instituting 'schools' which enable a degree

to be taken in military studies, an admirable example which Cambridge was not slow to follow. So great is the favour these schools have found in the eyes of the War Office that within the last few weeks they have been officially accepted as substitutes for the War Office examination of University candidates. The powers that be therefore in Oxford have some claim upon the gratitude of the Army. But it is the astonishing growth of military spirit in the modern undergraduate, coupled no doubt with the increasing difficulty of obtaining an adequate supply of candidates elsewhere, that has compelled attention to the value of the Universities as recruiting grounds. The War Office, however indifferent they may have been in the past to the possibilities of this source, have recently shown a quick appreciation of the rising tide of warlike enthusiasm, and have spared no effort to keep it at high-water mark. During the last few months a succession of new regulations has been sanctioned, all designed to make smooth the path from the University to the Army.

Paramount in importance are the new provisions regarding antedate of commissions. Hitherto the one great bar to entering the Army through a University has been the question of seniority. The age handicap was bad enough when the maximum age was twenty-two, and the University candidate could qualify for Sandhurst, where he had to be trained for a year, by merely passing Moderations. That, however, is ancient history. It became far worse when the regulations of 1904, still in force, demanded a degree and at least three years' residence at the University, and as a necessary corollary raised the age-limit to twenty-five. That means that the average University candidate, on joining his regiment at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, is always liable to find himself junior to boys who might have been his school fags, while his chances of ever obtaining a command are insignificant. It is true the regulations offer a year's antedate to any candidate who graduates with first-class honours. But the value of such an offer is sufficiently shown by the fact that no single candidate from either of the two great Universities, who form all but an insignificant proportion of the whole number of candidates, has ever benefited by it. Six candidates from one of the minor Universities certainly have been granted the extra year's antedate for a first-class. But standards no doubt differ, and for Oxford and Cambridge the rule has been a dead-letter. More to the point is a rule which, though it professes to be no more than a temporary expedient and has never been announced in any official regulations, has nevertheless been carried out for six years. This provides that a University candidate, on being posted to his regiment, is given such an antedate as will give him precedence over any brother officer who has

joined the same corps from Sandhurst—not from Woolwich—during the previous twelve months. In point of fact the majority of candidates do benefit thereby to a limited extent. The drawback is that if a man joins a regiment in which there has been a long block, and no vacancies have arisen to be filled by a Sandhurst cadet during the last year, he gets no antedate whatever. So that it is a matter of pure chance what antedate, if any, is given at all; and it happens often enough that a candidate high on the nomination list of his University starts his service junior by anything up to twelve months to one at the bottom. When the new regulations come into operation, at the nomination of next Christmas, all University candidates alike are promised a definite antedate of eighteen months from the day on which they are gazetted; while an additional six months, counting moreover, unlike the first eighteen, towards pension, may be awarded to those who graduate with first- or second-class honours.

The regulations of 1912 introduce another change that removes a grievance which has long rankled among Oxford candidates, due to the proportion in which the total number of University commissions offered every six months is distributed. This was a point which the War Office left for the decision of the University members of the Advisory Board, whom they might naturally suppose to be best qualified to deal with it. Now 'the Universities,' in common parlance, means Oxford and Cambridge. The general public is only dimly aware that there are a number of other institutions which lay claim to that title. But the War Office, in their scrupulous zeal for strict impartiality, invited representatives to the Advisory Board from all manner of Universities, many of which were never likely to be of the least value as recruiting grounds, with the result that any one of these had as much voice in framing the regulations as the representatives of the two great Universities—and one or two, it is said, a good deal more. Consequently, for purposes of nominations, the 1904 regulations arranged the Universities into six groups, consisting of:

(*a*) The University of Oxford.
(*b*) The University of Cambridge.
(*c*) Trinity College, Dublin.
(*d*) The University of London.
(*e*) The Universities of Scotland.
(*f*) Sundry others.

The same number of commissions—viz. five—in Cavalry, Infantry, or Guards, with a subsequent addition of one in the Indian Army and one in the Royal Artillery, has been offered regularly every six months to each one of these six groups alike. The last three in seven years have between them furnished no

more than seven candidates. Trinity College, Dublin, have never taken up all the vacancies placed at their disposal, but nevertheless have been able to accept an average of five commissions a year, and therefore have a strong claim to consideration. The numbers of candidates from Oxford and Cambridge now invariably exceed—and frequently very largely exceed—the number of commissions to which they are entitled. Happily there is a further provision—that, if any of the groups are unable to award their commissions, the 'unallocated surplus' shall be available for distribution among the candidates of other groups. In effect, therefore, there are forty-two commissions offered every six months to the Universities; and the insignificant number claimed by the other four groups leave a margin that has hitherto proved amply sufficient for the needs of Oxford and Cambridge, though it seems highly probable that these two alone will shortly require more commissions than up to the present have been available for the whole six groups.

But while the two principal Universities have always been granted commissions for every candidate they were able to nominate in one branch of the Service or another, they have not had anything like their fair share of the Indian commissions, for which the competition is always keen. The unallocated surplus is distributed on a definite system of rotation which pays no regard whatever to the numbers of candidates nominated by the several Universities. For instance, last summer Oxford nominated twenty-one candidates, Cambridge eighteen, Dublin two, and Edinburgh one. The two spare Indian commissions not taken up by the remaining groups fell to the turn of Cambridge and Dublin. So three Indian commissions went to two groups who had only furnished three candidates, and the same number to two groups who furnished thirty-nine. The chances on this occasion against an Oxford man getting the Indian Army were twenty to one; against the Cambridge man nine to one; while the Dublin and Edinburgh men got it for the asking. The case was very similar at the summer nomination of the previous year, when Oxford with twenty-one candidates again only got one Indian commission, Cambridge two with seventeen candidates, Dublin two with four, and Edinburgh one with the first and only candidate they had ever yet produced. And yet these allotments were entirely in accordance with the system laid down for the distribution of such commissions.

Instances of such flagrant anomalies repeated in successive years proved beyond dispute the need for a revision of the old system. Oxford renewed the protests on this subject raised the year before, and the 1912 regulations classify the Universities more in accordance with their value for this particular purpose—

and perhaps for any other. The six old groups disappear, and are replaced by three new ones—viz. (*a*) Oxford, (*b*) Cambridge, (*c*) the rest. Moreover, assurances have been given, though not embodied in the new regulations, that in future the coveted Indian commissions are to be distributed 'among the three groups in proportion to the total number of candidates nominated.'

There is one rule, still remaining in the 1912 regulations, which seems to do less than justice to the University candidate. Officers of any other Auxiliary Forces attached for instruction to Regular Units draw the full pay of their rank during the whole period of their attachment, as well as messing allowance and travelling expenses. University candidates, on the contrary, who receive temporary commissions in the Territorial Force before undertaking the course of instruction with a Regular Unit, which is one of the necessary conditions of obtaining a nomination, receive no pay or allowances whatever, and bear the whole cost of living in a mess during six weeks of one of their vacations out of their own pockets, or rather, those of parents whose resources may very well already be strained by the ordinary expenses of a University career. To some extent this anomaly may be justified by the fact that all other Auxiliary officers undertake responsibilities on accepting commissions which are not incurred by the University candidate, on whom the country can make no claim. Instances occur, too, of University candidates abandoning their intentions of taking commissions in the Regular Army after completing all their attachment. But both of these objections would be met by granting pay and allowances for the periods of attachment on condition of subsequently joining the Army, and only issuing them when the candidate had received his commission and was about to purchase his outfit.

That particular branch of the War Office which deals with the Universities and their Army candidates has laid them under so great obligations during the last few months that it seems a pity so small a matter as this should not be adjusted. The regulations of 1912 are as great an advance upon those of 1904 as the latter were on anything that had gone before. The barriers between the War Office and the Universities are vanishing fast. There is probably no public department which is the target for more irresponsible and ill-informed criticism than the War Office. The extremely able and experienced officers who compose its staff, hampered and tied as they are by financial and political considerations of which the outside public has no conception, pestered by all sorts of claims which take no account of the results their satisfaction would entail, endure with an unruffled reticence the constant clamour of foolish chatter that ever assails the Office they serve when it declines to entertain any

wild-cat scheme that misguided enthusiasm, or the passing fashion of the day may suggest. Even the well-weighed proposals of responsible outside critics need long and careful consideration before they can receive the seal of official sanction. There may be conflicting interests to reconcile, long-standing rights to safeguard, or, most difficult of all, a reluctant Treasury to beguile. And so at best the wheels grind slowly, whilst the parrot cry of 'red tape' that echoes round the walls of the War Office only bespeaks the blank ignorance of those who raise it, all unaware that the thing they blaspheme stands simply for order, for method and system, and for justice between man and man.

A. K. Slessor.

Christ Church, Oxford.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

A REMINISCENCE AND A SUGGESTION

'A PALACE made of Crystal!' The words beat upon my childish ears with all the charm and insistence of a fairy tale. They loomed large and fantastic upon the world of 1851—that world which to those who can remember it appears now so small, so circumscribed, so stable and so safe. The name alone, which in these days appears so commonplace, because people have forgotten its real signification, set all imaginations going; and the rare travellers who went from my native country to visit England came back with quite unbelievable stories of its vastness, its beauty, its splendour.

It must be borne in mind that nothing of the kind had ever been conceived; that public taste was not jaded by every sort of extraordinary thing springing up like mushrooms overnight, in almost all European countries, and that exhibitions had never been heard of. It was, in fact, the distinct beginning of a new epoch and of new ideas in the history of England. When first I saw the Palace in the distance, soaring apparently in mid-air, unreal and elusive against a frosty December sunset, its age was only seven years. The impression was so strong that it remains as fresh in my mind to-day as it was then. We were nearing murky London, a far foggier and darker London than it is now, and also a much less beautiful one. As my eyes roved over the miles of small houses I thought of the poet Heine's description when he says that, looking down upon the myriads of chimney-pots, they put him in mind of so many teeth drawn and set with their roots upwards; he also adds that in England the moon always wears a yellow flannel jacket, which proves that he only knew a London moon.

The great event which brought me and my companions over to England was the marriage of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the young and gifted Princess Royal, with the future Emperor Frederick the Third. The ladies and gentlemen with whom I had travelled were to form the Princess's court at Berlin, and the Queen, with her usual kind thoughtfulness, had desired that all the sights of London should be shown to us. The very first thing

we went to see, as the most important and remarkable, was the Crystal Palace, for it was unique in the world, and filled us with wonder and admiration. I can recall now the Princess Royal after her marriage often alluding to its opening as one of the most glorious events in the Queen's reign. She said her Royal mother felt such a pride in it, as a proof of the genius and high intelligence of her beloved husband, who conceived it and under whose directions it was built.

The idea of a great Exhibition Palace was an absolutely new one, and in those days a colossal enterprise. The path on which so many other exhibitions were to follow had to be dug and paved, minds had to be trained and accustomed to the thought, and bitter opposition was aroused; yet in spite of it all the great work sprang up in the course of less than six months from its beginning and, what is more, not one of the exhibitions, great or small, which in the last sixty years have followed in its wake have ever rivalled it or even approached it in intrinsic beauty. This is high praise for a monument built at a time when taste and imagination were at a low ebb and the conception of art clung almost only to pictures and statuary. It was only twenty years later that the influence of Morris and the pre-Raphaelite school began to be felt in things pertaining to daily life—an influence which spread far beyond the boundaries of the British Empire, and has strongly coloured art in every European country.

At a moment when so much has been said about the destruction of one of the foremost landmarks of the most glorious reign Great Britain has ever known, it may not be amiss to give a short account of its history. Whether the Prince Consort really originated the idea of a great International Exhibition or whether it was suggested to him by somebody else is not quite certain; but there is no doubt that he seized the idea with great warmth and enthusiasm, and matured it in his own mind before speaking of it to anybody else. It was during the summer of 1849 that the Prince first began to discuss the matter with Sir Robert Peel and others. 'Now is the time,' he said, 'to prepare for an Exhibition—a great Exhibition worthy of the greatness of this country, not merely national in its scope and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world; and I offer myself to the public as their leader, if they are willing to assist the undertaking.'

The place selected for the Exhibition Palace was Hyde Park, but this met with violent opposition. In June 1850 the Prince writes: 'The Exhibition is now furiously attacked by *The Times*, and the House of Commons is going to drive us out of the Park. There is immense excitement on the subject. If we are driven out of the Park the work is done for. Never was anything so foolish!' Then a little later in another letter: 'Further to

distress us, the whole public—led on by *The Times*—has all at once made a set against me and the Exhibition, on the ground of interference with Hyde Park. We are to back out of London with our nuisance to the Isle of Dogs, &c.! If we are beaten we shall have to give the whole thing up.'

However, the Prince was not beaten on the question of site. The House of Commons defeated the opposition with a large majority. The financial question was overcome by creating a guarantee fund, the Prince being a liberal subscriber, so anxiety was set at rest on that point. Nobody could anticipate at that time that the success of the Exhibition would make a dead letter of these guarantees, for it left in the hands of the commissioners a balance of nearly a quarter of a million!

The architect chosen to construct the Palace was Mr. Joseph Paxton, the seventh son of a poor schoolmaster, who had worked up his way from the humble position of a gardener on the Duke of Devonshire's estates at Chatsworth, where he had constructed a conservatory 300 feet long by 145 wide, which gave him the idea of the Crystal Palace.

As soon as the designs for the Exhibition were made public there arose a storm of protest that might have frightened a less determined man than Mr. Paxton. It was said that a huge building of glass and iron could never be made stable. There would be a stupendous disaster. The first gale would blow it into a shapeless wreck. Even if the 'glass case' managed to resist the gales, the heat engendered by the sun when it poured its rays upon the glass would be so terrific that no human being would be able to withstand it; consequently if they escaped an avalanche of glass they would be 'roasted to death inside the case.' I quote these amusing details from a volume compiled some time ago when the Crystal Palace was to be sold by auction.

But there were still more extraordinary developments. The project was looked upon with distrust by most of the great Continental Powers. They thought that contact with English institutions might open dangerous lines of opinion in the minds of their subjects, who were sure to be attracted in considerable numbers to England by the Exhibition. The Prussian Government so alarmed the King with apprehensions of dangers from Republican assassins that at first he would not allow the Prince and Princess of Prussia (afterwards Emperor William and Empress Augusta) to accept the Queen's invitation to be present at the opening ceremony. All these difficulties increased the Prince Consort's work enormously, and he writes: 'Just at present I am more dead than alive from overwork. The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and main to throw all the old women into a panic and to drive myself crazy. The

strangers, they give out, are to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim the Red Republic in England. The plague is certain to come from the confluence of such vast multitudes and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am to be responsible and against all this I am to make efficient provision.'

This letter is dated the 15th of April 1851, and on the 1st of May the Exhibition was opened in circumstances of unparalleled pomp. It is amusing to record that even at the last moment the prophets of evil begged and prayed that guns announcing the Queen's arrival in the Park should not be fired, because the concussion would shiver the glass roof of the Palace, and thousands of great ladies, who were to be in their seats by ten o'clock, would be cut into mincemeat. Many nervous people were deterred from attending the opening ceremony.

The Prince Consort's biographer writes :

> The shock of surprised delight which everyone felt upon first entering the great transept of Paxton's building was a sensation as novel as it was deep. Its vastness was measured by the huge elms, two of the giants of the Park which rose far into the air with all their wealth of foliage, free and unconfined as if there were no thing between them and the open sky. The plash of fountains, the luxuriance of tropical foliage, the play of colours from the choicest flowers, carried on into the vistas of the nave by the rich dyes of carpets and stuffs from the costliest looms, were enough to fill eye and mind with a pleasure never to be forgotten, even without the vague sense of what lay beyond in the accumulated results of human ingenuity and cultivated art.

Thackeray was so moved by the sight that he wrote the following lines :

> But yesterday a naked sod
> The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
> And cantered o'er it to and fro,
> And see 'tis done!
> As tho' t'were by a wizard's rod
> A blazing arch of lucid glass
> Leaps like a fountain from the grass
> To meet the sun.
> A quiet green, but few days since
> With cattle browsing in the shade
> And here are lines of bright arcade,
> An order raised.
> A Palace as for fairy Prince
> A rare Pavilion such as man
> Saw never since mankind began,
> And built and glazed!

But the happiest, the proudest, the most thankful heart on that day was the Queen's. The loving wife, the great Queen,

the pious woman speaks in the simple lines she wrote in her diary that evening :

> May 1.—the great event has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. . . . Yes ! it is a day which makes my heart swell with pride and glory and thankfulness ! . . . The sight as we came to the middle where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion—more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains, the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband the author of this ' Peace Festival,' which united the industry of all the nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was, and is, a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert ! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day ! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and bless all !

To a generation like that of the present day, steeped in constant amusement and excitement, these words may seem exaggerated or even incomprehensible, but to those who can look back a long way they are most touching and pathetic, because the new era inaugurated by this great Exhibition with such glorious hopes has landed us in such troubled waters.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the waters were very clear and still. The scum which always rises to the top in all Revolutions, and which had been mightily stirred up on the Continent in '48 and '49, had again sunk to the bottom, but unfortunately much of it had settled down in England. England felt herself strong and peaceful enough to harbour all the disturbing spirits which were expelled from their native soil. But the Italian proverb says ' Poco favilla gran fiamma seconda,' [1] and who knows whether this generous act of hospitality, at first only offered to political offenders but now extended to every class of agitators, has not been one of the chief causes of our present troubles?

When the Exhibition closed, a splendid success, the problem arose what to do with the Palace. Some wished it to be turned into a winter garden for the delectation of Londoners, and the surplus money, nearly a quarter of a million, to be applied to this purpose. But the Prince Consort interposed. He did not think a pleasure palace necessary for the London public, as the chief object for which it had been built was the promotion of human industry and not of popular recreation. The minds of the early and mid-Victorian Englishmen must have been of a different temper from those of our days, for the Prince carried

[1] ' A small spark lights a great flame.'

his decision. Not for amusement but for instruction and national advance were the palatial halls to be preserved. To-day no institute, no village hall could live unless the best part of it were devoted to amusement. Cards and billiard tables are a *sine quâ non*, for they only, alas! attract the young.

The Prince had to deal with many difficulties, but he had to deal, if I may so express myself, with Roman souls, whilst the Byzantine soul of the present day has other needs.

The Crystal Palace was constructed at a time when taste was supposed to be bad (though lately there has been rather a reaction on this point), but work was still good; the workman had a conscience and much pride in what he produced, and this gives things of that time a certain attraction. In the building of the Crystal Palace beauty was united to good work, and thus it stands to-day as a memorial of the initial stage of England's Imperial era; for though many may only date this from the day when Lord Beaconsfield's genius evolved the idea of crowning Queen Victoria Empress of India, he no doubt read, with subtle intuition, the thought in the public mind, and we may assume that the great Exhibition of 1851 was a powerful factor in its birth.

The Government, after considering the question a long time, declined to take over the Crystal Palace for the benefit of the nation. It is the drawback of a severely constitutional country, and especially of Party Government, that such opportunities are constantly allowed to slip. A Republic like France would have seized upon it at once, and most countries with autocratic rulers would have most certainly bought it. The purchase of the Palace was left to private enterprise, and under the guidance of intelligent and energetic men the colossal structure was transferred by an army of 7000 men to its present position.

It would have been difficult to find a finer site, for from it the eye roves over half a dozen counties, and the lungs breathe a most invigorating and diamantine air—a treasure which the jaded Londoner has not yet sufficiently appreciated. If the modern Englishman had one half of the hygienic instinct of the ancient Greek, the Crystal Palace would long ago have been converted into a Palace of Health, second to none in the world. But unfortunately in health as in many other things we shut the door only after the mare has been stolen; we talk of cures when it is prevention we ought to think of.

> Better to hunt in fields for Health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend,
> God never made his work for men to mend!

Never did poet write truer lines.

The appalling statistics about the degeneration of the race ought to alarm the public, but it looks on with indifference. I transcribe the following from General Baden-Powell's Scoutbook of 1911, p. 177 :

> Recent reports on the deterioration of our race ought to act as a warning to be taken in time before it goes too far.
>
> One cause which contributed to the downfall of the Roman Empire was the fact that the soldiers fell away from the standard of their forefathers in bodily strength.
>
> Our standard of height in the army was 5 feet 6 inches in 1845; it was four inches less in 1895. In 1900 forty-four men in every thousand recruits weighed under 7 st. 12 lb.; in 1905 this deficiency had increased to seventy-six per thousand.
>
> In 1908 our recruits were 2 inches below the standard height of men of their age—viz. eighteen to nineteen—and six pounds under the average weight. Three thousand men were sent home from the South African War on account of bad teeth.

Then General Baden-Powell goes on to give statistics about school-children which are even more sad and discouraging, for they are younger than the soldiers, and the report shows how rapidly deterioration is growing. The astounding part of it all is that most of the diseases the present generation suffers from would be quite easily preventable by a wise legislation and educating the public mind to grasping the necessity of being healthy. A low motive would perhaps with the unevolved be the best incentive, and if they understood that health means money, they might be converted to a better way of living. If the people will not do it for themselves it is the duty of the Government to teach them. How can a nation be great when it is not healthy? How can it keep up a high moral standard? How can it be happy? 'The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous,' says the Psalmist, but we do not hear the voice of joy or health in England, and the terrible thing is that only few, a very few, seem to miss it. The perfect balance of the soul and body is the *sine quâ non* of success. The poet's three words, 'Health, peace, and competence' are what is wanted for the people, but how can the two last be secured without the first and most important? What is the good of all the reforms made from time to time if the nation is not taught to understand them?

Some months ago an excellent and most beneficial campaign was made for wholesome bread. Whether it ever penetrated much below the upper classes is very doubtful, but even they are beginning to be slack about it now and accept again the bad bread the baker sends them. The great masses cling to their gallons of poisonous stewed tea, their bad beer, their uncooked, wasteful, unnutritious food, their tinned stuff, and their patent medicines. A nation that lives thus must degenerate. A

great food reform ought to be initiated by the Government; there is no difficulty about it, if given into the hands of those who really understand it. The whole system of diet in prisons, workhouses, asylums, schools, as well as in the Army and Navy, needs to be reformed, and one could double the health, while halving the expense, for it would be chiefly done out of savings, and why should not prisons and schools, &c., be made a means of educating the inmates and children as to how they could feed easily and economically afterwards?

Why should not the Crystal Palace be made into a great School of Health for all manner of people, for all ages from infancy to childhood, for girls and boys, for young mothers on to middle and old age? It would be a school with practical demonstration in everything pertaining to health. Demonstrations in cooking, gymnastics, and dancing; sun and air baths, and every kind of water cure. There would be air huts for those who wish to learn the simple life and nature cures; no place could be more perfect for this ideal way of recovering health than the Crystal Palace, as on rainy days it would provide a shelter and amusement and exercise. Hygienic clothing would be taught and hygienic living in its best sense. The theme and scope are so large that they would fill volumes, and yet so simple that the rules once learnt become a second nature to those who have thoroughly grasped them.

Health taught in such a way, in such a place, would be the strong wings which would raise England again to its glorious place in the Council of Nations. No well-balanced and self-reliant people would have shown the pusillanimous and constant preoccupation about war and invasions which has been so rife these latter years. Then what a boon would such a place be so near London, so vast, and with such air! All the over-tired, the exhausted, the nervous, the bored, the over-amused, could in one week, under proper tuition, learn what health really means, and discover the philosophy of life.

Nor would this be all. This scheme of public health would only embrace the buildings surrounding the Crystal Palace. The central monument, and those buildings erected in connexion with the Festival of Empire, could be made use of as a vast Empire Club, where Colonials would feel themselves at home, where they could have exhibits of their produce, where in a few days or hours they could learn to know all about the Mother Country, and then the ties which shall and must unite England to her children will be welded faster than ever.

The wisdom of the older country will temper the impetuosity of the younger ones, the go and dash of their children will infuse new vigour into the parent. Bound firmly to her Colonies and

supported by their common sense and energy, England would no longer be lured by the mirages of the Demagogue and Jacobin; she would spurn the foreign agitator, whose only aim is to undermine her strength, because she has stood for so long as the prototype of law, order, and high moral sense in the van of the nations.

Only a patriotic, large-hearted, united Empire can ensure the continuance of Great Britain's power. It is only by meeting that Englishmen and Colonials will learn to know and appreciate each other.

Let the Palace of Crystal, an emblem of strength and purity, be the trysting ground where parent and children shall unite in love and loyalty to build an Empire, just, strong, and beneficent for the happiness of the nation and an example to the world.

WALBURGA PAGET.

SCHOLARSHIPS, OR MILLSTONES?

> Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul.

THERE has recently been preached a new doctrine as to the duty of ex-scholars and even of the beneficiaries who have obtained their education by the help of willing individuals to whom fortune had been kind. It is now urged that we should regard such educational help as of the nature of a definite money debt, to be measured precisely by the amount received, and refunded in its entirety either to the educational endowment or to the private benefactor, as the case may be; though some, with greater apparent leniency, would allow that it should be passed on in its integrity to an equally worthy recipient in a later scholastic generation. This debt is to have priority of all else according to the stricter views—nay, interest should be paid on it in coin of the realm. This new demand received authoritative countenance at the last meetiing of the British Association at Portsmouth. Sir William Ramsay in his inaugural address said:

> The remedy lies in our own hands. Let me suggest that we exact from all gainers of University scholarships an undertaking that, if and when circumstances permit, they will repay the sum which they have received as a scholarship, bursary, or fellowship. It would then be possible for an insurance company to advance a sum representing the capital value—viz. £7,464,931, of the scholarships, reserving, say, twenty per cent. for non-payment, the result of mishap or death. In this way a sum of over six million pounds, of which the interest is now expended on scholarships, would be available for University purposes. This is about one-fourth of the sum of twenty-four millions stated by Sir Norman Lockyer at the Southport meeting as necessary to place our University education on a satisfactory basis. A large part of the income of this sum should be spent in increasing the emoluments of the chairs; for, unless the income of a professor is made in some degree commensurate with the earnings of a professional man who has succeeded in his profession, it is idle to suppose that the best brains will be attracted to the teaching profession. And it follows that unless the teachers occupy the first rank, the pupils will not be stimulated as they ought to be.

I propose to examine this view, and hope to show that not only does it lack justification in the intentions of the pious founder of the past and the liberal patron of the present, but that, based

on a narrow view of money as a thing apart, the general enforcement of the 'obligation' by law, public opinion, or sense of honour, would do much to annul the benefit derived from educational foundations and benefactions.

We should indeed stray far from the wishes of the pious founder in this commercialisation of his generosity. What he wished, in pre-Reformation days at least, was the assurance in each generation of a supply of educated men : either directly to pray for his soul or for the souls of all erring mortals ; or what came indirectly to the same thing, the provision of a stream of well-educated adolescents to supply the needs of the priesthood. In France, up to the time of the Revolution, I find that the new-fledged graduate in arts, if he wished to enter Holy Orders, had a direct claim on the bishop for such ecclesiastical employ as would give him a title to ordination ; and, in the practical absence of most of our learned professions of the present day, we may well suppose that this future for most of the scholars was present to the founders. They were followed in post-Reformation days by others inspired by a more disinterested love of education, or by an enlightened patriotism that saw in the provision for education a factor making for national advance and national prosperity. Many of the founders of this later epoch were themselves former scholars who, having profited by endowments already in existence, sought to increase their number for the satisfaction of their highest feelings, and not as a money debt to be cleared off and forgotten. Certainly the idea of starting a 'snowball' was never present to the mind of the pious founder.

If we pass from perpetual foundations to private benefactions for individuals of promise the aspect is equally clear. Two communities in this country have distinguished themselves by the readiness of their wealthier members to help lads of intellectual promise to the means of making their talents bear fruit : the Wesleyans and the Jews. Here the beneficence may assume one of two forms. In the one the single benefactor takes up the whole financial care of the lad's future, makes his acquaintance if necessary, and takes up a godfatherly attitude ; and this is requited by a filial attitude on the part of the protégé, who, to my knowledge, is prone indiscreetly rather to magnify his gratitude in the market-place to the abashment of the modest patron than to ignore or suppress it. It is an open secret that the house of Rothschild actively seeks for opportunities of what we may call 'sponsorial benefaction.' The second mode is what we may call 'syndicated liberality.' A limited number of men combine to afford the student the means of study *and of suitable living*, usually at the suggestion and through the agency of the teacher or minister. In this case the names are usually

kept secret from the beneficiary : I know of one instance where after a distinguished university career he only obtained them on his definite request, so that he might have the opportunity of thanking personally those to whom he owed his successful start in life. It often happens, indeed, that the members of the syndicate ignore each other's names, and, asking no accounts of their almoner, do not even know the *relative* magnitude of their own contributions. Now I have had opportunities of familiarising myself with the attitude of educational benefactors of both types, and have found them substantially in agreement. Their aim is to give tools to him that can handle them, to open the course to the racehorse for the benefit of the breed, and for the future satisfaction of those that have effected this praiseworthy end. As a teacher wrote once, in his appeal for funds to enable a man of exceptional promise to leave for a time his bread-winning occupation and train himself for scientific research—an appeal fully justified by the subsequent career of the man :

> This is no question of charity, for my man is supporting himself already ; it is one of your future satisfaction in having helped him to do the highest work of which he is capable, and for which very few are competent.

In France permanent endowments such as our scholarships are, I believe, practically unknown. But bursaries, usually large enough for complete maintenance, are given to deserving students without competition by the Ministry of Education or by the communes, as need arises. Their number is not fixed, and many communes have never given any, since the conditions have not arisen in them. Thus the specific debt view of the scholarship is of new and local origin. I believe that it came to us from Germany and America ; and though it is not necessarily the worse for that, it is not necessarily the better. At the present day the majority of our scholars enter what we may regard as the less remunerative 'learned' and 'scientific' professions, where the rate of pay is low compared to commercial pursuits, promotion is slow, and prizes rare. If their studies lie in the direction of 'litteræ humaniores,' they become clergymen or ministers, or schoolmasters : if they follow science they take posts as demonstrators in our universities, lecturers in technical schools : many again take up law or medicine. But it is only in rare cases that the intellectual promise of childhood finds its realisation in the capacity for money-making on maturity. It is difficult to estimate what total amount is received in aid by the recipient of an assisted education ; but if I put it at 300*l*. I think that I shall be far below the average : however, I will leave it at that. It is obvious that it does no one good to go through life with a permanent money debt, and that it would be well to pay it off

as soon as possible. Let us take ten years; and we have our ex-scholar's salary subject to a deduction of 30*l.* per annum for this time. Besides bare living and clothing expenses, in any of these professions there are 'special extras' which must be incurred if his work is to be really efficient. The purchase of books—for with the best of libraries handy, one does best work with one's own books—is one serious cause of outlay; or it may be instruments for his own research, or, if a doctor, for the more efficient treatment of his patients. Another, most important to a man engaged in education, is social intercourse with his pupils: going out on walks with them, asking them in to tea, or it may be supper, are not merely social pleasures to the young teacher: they are part of his function, and render more efficient the training he gives in official hours. Subscriptions to the clubs of the teaching institution are a matter of course. Vacation travel, to give a wider outlook, is advisable in all cases: nay, if the teacher's line be geology, it is an absolute necessity to keep his teaching and his progress in touch with Nature.

Moreover, apart from local subscriptions, he must subscribe to at least one society dealing with his scientific branch, or with his profession, such as, for instance, the Linnean or Geological Society, or the Assistant Schoolmasters' Association. If he be a doctor or a minister, a certain amount of private assistance to deserving cases, whether by way of forgoing hard-earned fees or of bestowing direct material assistance, will be a professional luxury that he will find it hard to resist constantly. If our man is very lucky he may begin with something like 150*l.* a year, but he may, on the contrary, have, if an optimist, to find himself 'passing rich on' 90*l.* 'a year.' If he has younger brothers or sisters of promise he will be expected to do his best for their education: if his parents have deprived themselves of his reasonable help when an adolescent, or scraped to give a necessary supplement to the funds available from the scholarship, he will want as a good son to sweeten their lot. Yet there is this weight of debt as a first charge. A little later, we may hope, his position is materially improved. But the young doctor, the curate, the assistant master, the lecturer or demonstrator has no claim to sick pay, no insurance against unemployment or arbitrary dismissal: nay, the failure to commend himself to one chief will be a bar not only to promotion, but even to re-employment elsewhere. He ought certainly at this stage to make some sort of provision for the future, by insurance and by savings: but the scholarship debt stands in the way.

A little later he is in his thirtieth year, a time at which surely every man ought to think of marriage. But he has nothing put by to start housekeeping; and even if he has made his payments

in full for the last five years, he is still 150*l.* short of financial freedom. It is quite possible that for some time past womanly sympathy and affection have sweetened his work, that womanly encouragement has kept his intellectual aspirations alive, and prevented his work from degenerating into the routine handing-on of the lessons learnt long ago in his student days. Still, his engagement must drag along till he and his love join lots in middle life; and his children only learn to know him when sobered, saddened, and aged by a decade or two of unceasing money pre-occupations. As Sterne said, 'They order this matter better in France,' where a given position in the professional world is held the equivalent of a good fat dowry; but for this there needs a complete change of public opinion in these countries. Nor is it to be expected that the qualities of the high-minded student should conduce to his success as an heiress-hunter. Indeed, even in France many professors have married portionless brides. Much has been written of race suicide in these last few years. Here we are directly discouraging the intellectual cream of the population from marriage during those years in which they are most likely to beget healthy offspring and to inspire them with the generous enthusiasms which assuredly will be destroyed, as we have seen, by the long years of privation of a happy home life. His children will be less well-born, less well-bred in every way and sense. Can the State afford this loss? What will the Eugenics Society say to the idea?

And the man's professional work: what of that? His intellectual play and productivity will have suffered; his sympathy with the young men and women who are his care and his associates will have been blunted in his narrowed life overshadowed by debt.

We have now traced our ex-scholar, embarrassed with the pious benefactions of his youth and adolescence, into early middle life; and the spectacle has not been a pleasant or a joyous one. But to grasp the full benefits of returnable scholarships we must consider his start in life, when fresh from college. Every bank has realised how disadvantageous to its service are the pecuniary straits of its employees; and in this matter Government has wisely taken a lesson from commerce. Does not the same hold good in professional careers? As a member of a governing body I profess that in the interests of the college I would ever give the preference for an appointment to a freeman over a bondsman. Already for less responsible posts, such as porters, we seek for army and navy pensioners, who are able to supplement the meagre wages available by the deferred pay that they have earned in the services. As we have seen, the pay of all young professionals is so low that a small reduction makes it inadequate to their position. If the pay, then, is normally to become subject to

a serious deduction in the case of ex-scholars, preference will certainly come to be given to men of lower academic distinction, who will, however, be free for higher development in the exercise of their calling. We may anticipate a new terror in the interview of the 'selected candidates'; for we shall find the inquisitive member of the board putting questions after this pattern: 'I note that you held scholarships continuously during your school and college career: what was the total amount you have so received? Do you intend to refund it or any part of it? What arrangements do you propose to make to pay off this debt? Will you do so from your salary here, or have you private means? Do you think that with so small an income you can reasonably develop your talents in our college?' From this to the routine phrase in advertisements of vacancies, 'No ex-scholars need apply,' is but a small step. On the other hand, is it likely that rectors who need curates, established doctors who seek assistants, and especially teaching bodies, will raise the standard rates of pay to meet this new call on their young men? I fear not. And in the case of education, the only likely source from which the teaching fund could be augmented is *that very scholarship fund whose increase the refundable scholarship is intended to effect!* Instead of the surplus going to raise the salaries of eminent professors to the level of those of business men, it would now serve to enable the younger ones to return their scholarship earnings without detriment; and we should practically be at the same point from which we started.

What is the purpose of scholarships? We glanced at it earlier; but I think that the best short statement is that they serve to enrich the life of a country by providing training for those who are best fitted to receive it; they enrich not only the intellectual but the material life of the country by bringing into the learned and scientific professions those who will do best work in them. Every man worthy of the name feels bound to justify his position in the world to himself and to others. The man of money contributes willingly of his means to charities, public and private, and to various social objects, far more than the State takes from him for public purposes by taxation; and, what is more, he does it cheerfully and without grumbling: this fact was the justification of Auberon Herbert's plea for voluntary taxation. The ex-scholar justifies his existence by his worldly success, for the world profits by fine work well done. Why should we risk marring this work for the sake of recovering that money which has been forthcoming in the past, and will be forthcoming in the future, from the enlightened man of means? I have known most intimately not only scholars but private beneficiaries; and their general feeling is that on them lies the strongest obligation

to give help of every kind to those who start from their own old stepping-off place, so that these in turn may rival or surpass their own success in the service of man. If once we make the actual money debt of definite amount the accepted obligation, if its integral repayment become a standard duty, we have an end to this ennobling and generous conception. Shall we not demoralise and sour the beneficiary who is never in a position to discharge this debt, by telling him that he should regard himself as a sort of bankrupt? He may be a great and inspiring trainer of men; he may add to the value of life by his researches like Faraday, like Leonard Hill of our own day; instead of giving of his best freely and generously to the world, as these did, he must sell his goods to the highest bidder or incur the reproach of willing, acquiescent insolvency. The evil will be proportionate to the moral value of the man whom it affects. The self-indulgent will always claim that the appointed time '*when circumstances permit*' is not yet reached. The man who has repaid the money integrally will be tempted to think that the servitude to the endowment he has undergone for the repayment not only clears his pecuniary and moral debt, but leaves him with a big credit balance against humanity, and gives him the right to a good selfish time of his own. On the other hand, under present conditions and ideals, we find on all sides those who not only fulfil to the utmost, by their trained work and personality, their labours and their influence, what I have suggested the ideals of the ex-scholar should be; but who, further, having or having gained great riches, devote much of them to various purposes of the Alma Mater, without ever a thought that it absolves them from the filial debt, which they still proclaim with affectionate pride.

MARCUS HARTOG.

AN OLD BOY'S IMPRESSION OF THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON

I SUPPOSE that when a savage dresses himself up with paint and feathers on some state occasion he is only obeying the same ineradicable instinct of human nature which prompts the custom of the Freemason to don aprons and ribbons, the parson to assume bright robes, and the judge to retain the historic costume of a cardinal of the Middle Ages, to whose office he in a measure succeeds. We are accustomed to see women dressed in bright colours, but fashion, as well as climate, has enjoined a comparatively dull hue for male attire; nevertheless, there are times when the quiet and retiring man rushes with a wild joy into the bravery of fancy dress. Gorgeous theatrical mounting of plays and the recent rage for pageants are instances of this instinct for make-believe by means of costume, and we are still children to whom the fascination of finery is enduring.

There used to be few fancy-dress balls for which some Old Etonian would not ransack cupboard and drawer and produce a dusty old Fourth of June hat, prink the flowers, and furbish up the gold lace border, send the gay shirt and white ducks to the wash, and probably let out the waistband of the latter with a sigh; then he would squeeze his shoulders into the jacket, and step forth a decorative Jack Tar for the delectation of the ladies. His brass or gold sleeve-links were engraved with the crossed oars, the 'E.A.' denoting Eton Aquatics, and the Royal Crown which tradition tells that George the Fourth gave members of the Boats exclusive permission to wear, and it is probable that the turnout was not the least effective at the dance. You cannot glorify a soldier—the glitter of his full-dress uniform is part of his stock-in-trade, and as important as the man-millinery of a High Church curate; but that of an A.B. sailor of old time takes kindly to a little artistic decoration. There are few dresses more becoming to a good-looking, well-built young man than the Fourth of June uniform of the *Defiance*. There is something about this sailor's costume which conveys the suggestion of perennial youth; perhaps it is in the short jacket and white linen, or perhaps the association may be traced to the nursery.

Montem, that carnival of costume and highway robbery, in which 'salt' was demanded from the casual wayfarer—tradition runs that the King was stopped on Windsor Bridge and 'salt' peremptorily, but respectfully, requested, and that he good-humouredly responded to the tune of five pounds—Montem, I say, has long since become historical. Election Saturday, a similar institution to the 'Fourth,' was abolished in 1871; let us then cling to the one festival in which Eton may dress herself up and go a-maying. Even the sober dignity of Sixth Form is not exempt from the tyranny of the tailor, for they have to don knee breeches, wherein to spout their speeches to the Provost, Headmaster, and the assembled multitude in Upper School. As a preparation for this ordeal in my time the services of Frank Tarver as coach were usually reverted to; he was the mentor in matters dramatic, and indeed it would not have been a bad thing if the whole school had partaken of his teaching in rhetoric and elocution. How many Etonians have been pitch-forked into the world, to fill important positions in which the art of speechmaking is essential, without a notion of how to stand and face an audience, how to manage the voice, or how to emphasise a phrase with an appropriate gesture? Even the art of reading aloud is neglected, and I have heard the noblest passages of Scripture so murdered by parsons at the lectern that it was well-nigh impossible to follow with an open Bible, and this from the lack of a few simple lessons in elocution. There are few men who have never had occasion to make a speech in public; and, seeing that oratory is seldom a matter of instinct or heredity, at least in England, why should not a simple training in elocution be a necessary part of public school teaching?

Outside 'Pop,' our only training was the House Debate, and that consisted of speeches delivered in jerky sentences across the table of the Boys' Library of a Saturday night; this helped us in a measure to think on our feet, but gave us no facility in addressing a large audience. Our very juvenile debates ran somewhat on the following lines. We preserved all the outward decorum of a deliberative assembly, in which our chairman was always addressed as 'Mr. President.' He would first call on Mr. Brown to open the debate on, say, the character of Napoleon. Brown would then rise with modest dignity, drawing from his pocket some notes hastily compiled from Erckmann-Chatrian and other historic works, and deliver his opinion interspersed with copious pauses filled in with 'Let me see,' 'What was I going to say?' Then Smith would interpolate 'Up Guards and at 'em! Spit it out old man; don't be shy,' which would draw down the retort of 'Shut up, you

ass; how can I speak if you interrupt?' Then the President would rap on the table with a paper-knife. 'Order, gentlemen! Mr. Smith, you will have your turn presently.' He could always keep order by threatening to call on you to speak. Smith, who had not intended to speak at all, would then seize on a piece of 'broadrule' paper and scribble down some notes for the coming ordeal, while Brown dilated on the curses of conscription till he wound up with, 'I don't think I can add any more.' 'Hear, hear!' from the rest of the House. Then Mr. Jones, the clever one, hot from Carlyle, would rise and expatiate on the 'unutterable chaos' produced in Europe by Napoleonic ambition, and plaintively allude to childless mothers and the sacrifice of human life; even the average stature of the Gallic race had been permanently reduced by these bloody wars. This would produce a protest. 'Was the hon. member in order in using such language?' Jones was never at a loss. 'I was simply using the term in its epexegetical sense.' Only a few, and they but dimly, had any notion of what 'epexegetical' meant, but we were always impressed with the mental agility of Jones. Generally Napoleon would be pretty roughly handled till Robinson rose, who always differed from everyone. He had no patience with people who ran down the Army—he was going into the Army himself—all countries had become great by warlike means. Look at Rome. Napoleon was a great man because he had nearly conquered the world, he had rebuilt Paris, codified the law, &c.; in short, he was quite a decent sort of chap.

Then Smith, who thought he had been forgotten during the speeches of Jones and Robinson, would be called upon by the President, in spite of 'Beastly shame! All right, I'll not forget this,' muttered in an undertone. He would rise and spread out his broadrule paper. 'Let me see, do I agree with Mr. Jones? Oh yes, I do. He said,' &c., &c. His intention was to disagree with most of the speeches because he thought it more clever to disagree; but, after sitting on the fence and hanging on to his speech like grim death, he usually ended by agreeing with everyone with glorious inconsistency because he had forgotten to put down the objections he intended to make. Smith fully prepared was a strange performance, but Smith unprepared was like Blondin without his pole.

Such was the only training in elocution which we had in the 'seventies. When, therefore, we assembled in Upper School to see the great impassive swells in the Sixth Form, clad in dress coats and knee breeches, declaiming fragments of the classics before an array of dignitaries with the fervent gesticulations and vivacity of old stagers, we recognised with astonish-

ment the work of Frank Tarver. When some quiet, studious little Colleger, who was only known as a 'sap,' cast aside his shyness and, with but an occasional halt, gave us a dim idea of the humour of a Dogberry or a Sneer we were amazed, and cheered accordingly.

Tarver was greatly proud of his elocution, and was always open to be 'drawn' in that direction during our French lesson. If it were possible to pronounce the words on purpose more vilely than usual, we did it, and he would interfere with nerves on edge as at a scraped slate pencil. 'Stop, stop!' he would cry; 'that is not the way to pronounce it. Now listen.' And then he would recite it *ore rotundo*, upon which we would applaud, and say how fine it was, and ask him to go on. He, nothing loth, would continue, carried away by the swing of the language, till much of the school time was consumed. Though our Eton French was not very extensive under his tuition, he certainly showed us how musical the language could sound—under certain circumstances!

But to return to the Fourth of June. The cricket in Upper Club in the afternoon was rather a full-dress affair, carried on in the presence of a band and strolling spectators, the topic of conversation being not so much the issue of a one day's match as the form displayed by the Eton team, and the chances of certain wearers of 'twenty-two' caps to get their 'flannels' and play at Lord's. Next to the Eton and Harrow match, it is the largest open-air meeting where Etonians gather together, where greybeards, who haven't seen each other for years, meet and talk over old times and discuss their contemporaries. Sometimes it is an unprophesied success in life. 'Did you think he had it in him? I thought he was a bit of a "scug." I remember licking him once because he hadn't washed his neck.' Sometimes the talk turns on one of fortune's derelicts. 'I wonder what happened to Brown?' 'Oh, don't you know? A bit too fond of the sex. There was a row about it in India, and he had to come home; then he tried being a "bookie" for some time, but wasn't sharp enough to keep his end up. The last I heard of him he was driving a cab in London—wanted to drive Jones for nothing, for old sakes, but Jones made him take a sovereign all the same.' Such comments on life may be overheard in a casual conversation between old schoolfellows.

Here you may see the diplomat, the warrior, the Jew financier, the noble, and the divine being bear-led by their sons in the bravery of buttonhole and white waistcoat round the familiar haunts of Poet's Walk; and the mature angler will magnify by many pounds the pike he caught in Fellows' Pond, and the effect it produced on his digestion. And then, for those who

are historically minded, a stroll round that upper gallery of the Cloisters where engraved, drawn, and even caricatured, the great ones of Eton hang enshrined. Here you may wander in cool silence, and muse on the worthies of past time.

Here Sir Henry Wotton, the greatest of the Provosts, an incomparable letter writer, poet, ambassador to Venice, friend of the best spirits of his time, whose warning to the Church remains enshrined in his epitaph, 'Disputandi pruritus, ecclesiarum scabies,' gazes at you with critical but not unkindly eyes in the musty old engraving.

Next to him, his predecessor, Sir Henry Savile, the 'extraordinarily handsome man, no lady had a finer complexion,' whose creamy pallor may be verified by a look at the oil portrait of him in the Provost's lodge, the scholar, the translator of the Bible, student of St. Chrysostom, a bookworm in every line. His eye has not the bright inquiring look of Wotton, the diplomatist, but the quiet lustre of contemplation. One can fancy him saying 'Give me the plodding student. If I would look for wits, I should go to Newgate.'

Then Dr. Arne, seated at the spinet, with the corners of his mouth drawn down as if he smelt a bad smell, the effect perhaps of church music upon an emotional nature, yet with a dash of pride as he looks down his nose at the obedient fingers.

Shelley too, with the dreamy eyes of a girl, wistfully gazing out of the portrait, and translating common objects into poetical phantasy, his dishevelled hair and negligent collar typical of his wayward nature. Mr. Nugent Bankes has described the scorn of the average Etonian for the budding satirist; small wonder was it that the young poet, who doubtless loafed most profitably, became the butt of his companions, and a safe 'draw' on account of his ungovernable rages. His is not the face of an athlete, but that of a boy of imagination, whose character is well described by John Moultrie :

> Pensive he was, and grave beyond his years,
> And happiest seemed when, in some shady nook
> (His wild sad eyes suffused with silent tears),
> O'er some mysterious and forbidden book
> He pored until his frame with strong emotion shook.

Not far off hangs a contrast in character—the neat portrait of Mackworth Praed, with silky hair, flowing in studied negligence, the poet of the ballroom, whose well-dressed verses delighted a former age and may be regarded in a measure as the prototype of the *Bab Ballads*.

Dr. Keate, a flogger of many delinquents, and Dr. Goodall are portrayed in silhouette : the one a short sturdy figure, a combination of Napoleon and a washerwoman, with cocked hat

worn square and apron flowing to the ground; the other a courtly gentleman arrayed point device even to the bunch of seals depending from his fob, and hugging his cane under his elbow as he hurries along with short steps; no florescent detail here, but the bare character in outline of two great Headmasters.

Many Church dignitaries are here, but none more typically Etonian than the handsome, alert young Bishop Selwyn, looking equally ready to 'row a match' with you or show you the way of salvation. His figure is full of energy, and is radiant with the gospel of cheerful effort as he leans lightly on the Bible. Gladstone, with clasped hands, tensely confronts an opponent; and Lord Salisbury, bowed with the weight of European affairs, gazes into the future with a sad prophetic eye.

Thomas Gray, holding a piece of paper in an exquisitely feminine hand—is it a matchless ode, or one of his charming letters from abroad to Mr. West or his mother?—with large contemplative eyes and a sad, pensive look, which makes one wonder whether all poets in those days had large eyes or whether artists gave them such because they wrote poetry.

Henry Fielding, the great Etonian novelist, law-giver too, and philanthropist, is drawn by Hogarth with no flattering hand. His bewigged profile looks like a benevolent, and at the same time satirical, nutcracker, indicating truly the character that said sharp things, but did kindly acts.

Lord Robert Manners, the hero of George Crabbe's *Village*, the bright, young, handsome naval captain, killed in battle in 1782, and typical of so many other Etonians; one excuses Crabbe's somewhat fulsome praise of him from a semi-domestic position if he really was as beautiful as Sir Joshua makes him.

It is well to pause and take stock of these leaders of men, and to speculate on how much or how little each of them owed his success to his old school, and whether or not some little stimulus given, or lesson learnt, roused the energies towards climbing the peaks of life.

Your duty towards the past, however, is not exhausted till you have strolled into College Hall and viewed the portraits of those distinguished *alumni* who have secured a place in that select gallery; and, finally, at the foot of the stairs you find that battered monument of our ancestors which will outlast, let us hope, all water companies and such makeshifts of artificial purification—the College Pump. Its brown iron handle is smooth from the grasp of countless generations, and the edges of its stone trough worn by the lustrations of 'Tugs' innumerable, long since gone to their rest. A few strokes, and out gushes such water pure from Nature's filter, and so cold that, like that of a mountain spring, it seems to taste of the rock.

You may say with Apemantus 'Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.' Perhaps it is the rain of your father's time which has percolated by slow degrees through the hard sponge of the earth till it has trickled into the depths below, for no one knows how long such vintage has been laid down in bottle; but its crust it has dropped long ago, and it has a tang of age about it.

But you did not quench your thirst at this spring, for there was tea to be had, either at Layton's up Windsor, or at 'my tutor's' in a boy's room. If the latter, it was a 'sock' tea, furnished with delicacies from Barnes Brown, cakes from Atkins's, and, most important of all, strawberries from Mother Lipscombe. Sometimes the latter were bought in the street in pottles, ingenious cornucopias invented in the interests of the seller, whereby a few showy specimens at the top covered the poorness of the fruit beneath. Out of these, with the addition of cream, a tolerable strawberry mess could be obtained, but not so luxurious as that garnished with the ice cream of Messrs. Layton.

Soon the street begins to look bright with gay ribbons, white ducks, and gold lace, sported by many a jolly young waterman, some of them looking a trifle shy and uncomfortable in their finery; but this wears off so soon as they take their seats in the boat, and are supported by their comrades. The little coxswains, dressed like glorified middies and resplendent admirals, hold in their hands, like shy *débutantes*, the huge bouquets which it is the tradition for the captain of their boat to give them. There are many ways of trying to look unconcerned in a novel and striking dress in the public street, and few manage to do it successfully. Even the old hands find that long ribbons hanging down over the right ear will press themselves on the attention and sometimes tickle, and the eye instinctively wanders downward past the gaudy shirt to see if the trousers hang right over the buckled shoes, and the hand strays furtively up to feel if the tie is straight. But once at the Brocas and all thought of dress vanishes, for they settle down in their places like experienced oarsmen. It was not till about 1877 that the custom was adopted of sending the Eight as a separate crew in the procession of boats, but it has since been rightly discarded, because the final representative crew which is to row at Henley is not, and never can be, fixed so early in the rowing season. It is curious that an eight-oar should be the permanent type for boat racing, for we never hear of a six-oar or a twelve-oar being built. Probably experiments have been tried in that direction, and the old type of craft proved the best; but I cannot help thinking that a race at Henley between ten

oars or twelve oars would prove an imposing affair, and it might be interesting to see if they would prove faster than eight oars.

The head boat of Eton, the *Monarch*, being a ten-oar, always had a solid air of dignity about it. It was the House of Lords among the boats, and contained scholars and men who did not go in for the strenuous career of racing; and sometimes the Captain of the School, or the Captain of the Eleven, was asked to take an oar in it *honoris causâ*, consequently the form displayed was not always the best. But in spite of an occasional attempt to catch crabs, there was always a leisurely stateliness about the old boat, and the fact that the Captain of the Boats always rowed stroke gave it a prestige above all the others. The boat itself was constantly had in requisition by parties of old Etonians and masters calling themselves 'Ancient Mariners,' and also by boys, for expeditions up the river when they had a 'bill' off 'absence.' Next in the fleet came the *Victory*, the neatest crew of all, in their light blue stripes; then the *Prince of Wales*, usually called 'Third Upper,' these three being the Upper Boats. Then the Lower Boats, led by the *Britannia*, in their order, steered by the coxswains in their dark blue jackets, looking like pouter pigeons with their bouquets pinned to their chests. You may see now the same uniforms and the same colours worn as were in vogue in the 'seventies, except that I am told each boat does not retain its particular cap and blazer, but the ordinary colours are lumped together according to Upper or Lower Boat choices, &c. This, no doubt, is for economy's sake, for under the old system, when you obtained a 'draught,' or move into a higher boat, a new uniform had to be purchased; but it is to be hoped no further changes will be made. Two important changes were made during that decade; a new boat, called the *Alexandra*, after the then Princess of Wales, was added to the list, with colours of black and white; and one which we regretted at the time, viz. the change of the colours of the *Dreadnought* from the red check on a white ground to pink rings on a white ground. The old colours were distinctive, original, and not unbecoming, whereas the new had a way of looking faded and old at once, and for a time we called them in derision the 'Neapolitan ice colours.' I was wearing an old *Dreadnought* cap one day at Henley Regatta, when I was spotted by the sharp eye of the nigger minstrel 'Squash.' 'Make way there, you toff with the chessboard cap,' he shouted over a mass of boats, 'my move, I think.'

In those days the boats rowed up to Surley for their 'supper on Boveney Meads,' accompanied by a string of spectators, who walked along the bank. Tables were laid in a field opposite

Surley Hall, and hedged about with hurdles to keep off the crowd of inferior souls, who did not belong to the boating fraternity. Lower boys gaped through the bars to see the lions feed, craving scraps from the great ones like dogs at a rich man's table, and their importunacy was sometimes rewarded by glasses of champagne.

> Carving with elbow nudges,
> Lobsters we throw behind,
> Vinegar nobody grudges,
> Lower boys drink it blind,

was a very fine description of our saturnalia, and it was a common thing to ply a small boy with liquor to see how much he could stand. The lower boy, not having a seasoned head, frequently found his feet too few for him on his way back to his tutor's, and got into trouble in consequence.

This crowd of youngsters clamouring for food and drink outside the hurdles was not an edifying spectacle, and the authorities have since wisely changed the venue of the feast to a more private place. As for the old salts, they took care to eat plenty as well as drink, so that if there was a little difficulty in getting into the boat with that neatness and skill which you would expect of a good waterman, the row down stream nearly always brought surrounding objects into their proper places. After all, to stand up in an eight-oar with saluting oars is a great test of sobriety, perhaps better than 'British Constitution' pronounced at the police station, and the former test we always had awaiting us. It was well if the boat was musical, for a chorus was sure to arise on the journey down stream, or passing through Boveney Lock. Then, as it grew darker and darker, the cox's voice yelling his orders, and 'Look ahead, sir,' would become more insistent and louder, till it became merged in the clash of the Windsor bells and the cheers from the bank as you slowly approached Brocas Eyot. A few strokes, and the captain gave the word of command, and you raised your oar in the air, climbed up it like a monkey, and stood while you floated by the row of fireworks on the eyot spitting and sometimes sputtering at you. This habit of the men who let off the fireworks excited the censure of the young lions of the *Eton College Chronicle* in 1876, in language worthy of a leading article of *The Times*. 'We cannot conclude without expressing a hope that on the next Fourth of June Mr. Brock and his assistants will refrain from discharging fireworks *at* the boats, as such a proceeding neither adds to the impressiveness of the scene, nor conduces materially to the comfort of the crews.'

Then, after passing this ordeal by fire, you sat down, turned the boat rapidly below bridge, so as not to be drawn into the

lasher below 'Cobbler's Needle,' the spit of land which divides the main river from the lock cut, and landed at the rafts—perhaps with the aid of 'Sambo.'

I have thus particularised what used to take place in the 'seventies, because the boats no longer row up to Surley, and the fireworks are displayed below Windsor Bridge, opposite Fellows' Eyot. I do not wish to cavil at the change, for there were elements of old-fashioned greed in the public supper at Boveney which smacked too much of the early Georgian period, and the temptation to the lower boy to become intoxicated has been removed; moreover, there is greater space in the new site in which the spectators can view the fireworks.

Once we had landed at the Brocas, and the visitors from London had crossed the bridge, *en route* for the station, and were out of our way, we used to link arms and walk back, six or eight abreast, occupying the middle of the street, and singing choruses, and he who attempted to bar our progress was like to have a bad time of it, for was not Barnes Pool perilously near? For to us this linked march of jolly companions was the outward visible sign of the confraternity of wet bobs, and we displayed ourselves to the world at large once a year as a united band. Then, as the 'lock up' bells began to sound from the various houses, and the population of the street to melt away, we separated, each to his own house, to sleep that excellent sleep which nature gives to those who have done themselves well. There may have been elements of orgy still hanging about our festival which the pious and sad-eyed critic may deplore, but life would indeed be dull without a tincture of the carnival spirit, the love of good cheer and gay dress; and it will be a bad day for Eton if she ever ceases to celebrate the birthday of George the Fourth in the old accustomed way.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

AT THE SALON AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY

It may be remembered that when my friends Sir John and Lady Bilderby [1] made the tour of the Salon picture galleries last year, under the wing of M. de L'Atelier, they had not time (or shall we say space?) to examine the sculpture. I am sure they did so afterwards; but to say truth, it is rather too common with English visitors to an exhibition to devote nearly all their time to the pictures, and only spare a hurried glance at the sculpture before leaving. This is hardly fair to the sculptors (who, however, in England, are pretty well used to neglect and indifference); but it is also unfair to themselves, as starving their own æsthetic education, in neglecting a form of art which deals much more largely with abstract symbolism than modern painting usually does. For though the great end of all art is symbolism and not realism, painting is founded on realism to begin with; and so many spectators (and some painters) get no further than the half-way house, and are content with outward shows of life, their appreciation of which may be reduced to the shorthand form, 'it is like,' or 'it is not like':

> That's the very man!
> Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog:

and so on. It is an innocent recreation, which makes no great strain on the intellect (though, be it remembered, the producing of it means considerable ability and severe training on the part of the painter); and so painting is naturally the more popular art. For sculpture, in spite of the fact that it deals with actual form in the round instead of the projection of form on a plane surface, cannot pretend to the realistic representation of life which appeals to everyday experience. It is a severely limited art, dealing with severely designed form, executed in a monumental material; dealing more especially with the nude human figure, in which alone precision of line is of such importance and difficulty as to justify the monumental material; many things may be worth painting which it is not worth while to carve in marble. Sculpture may

[1] 'Conversations at the Salon and the Royal Academy,' by H. Heathcote Statham, *Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1911.

thrive on mere beauty of form—that is achievement enough to justify it; but its highest aim is the symbolising of an idea through human form—an aim which is not readily appreciated by the popular mind, on this side of the Channel at all events. In France it may be, for at the Salon there is more of symbolic sculpture than is to be found elsewhere, and that would hardly be the case did not such work find encouragement and sympathy.

Let us then, this time, begin our brief survey with the sculpture, which in fact is the strongest element at the Salon. The vast sculpture hall contains, as usual, nearly a thousand works in sculpture (960, to be precise) prepared for one year's exhibition —an extraordinary testimony to the artistic energy and vitality of the French nation. French sculpture is perhaps not all that it was ten or fifteen years ago, but in the present exhibition you cannot move many steps in any direction without coming on something worth attention. The large works which occupy the axis of the hall are not the best this year. M. Bacqué has a colossal monument to Michelangelo representing him on horseback, in a broad-brimmed hat, on the top of a rock-like eminence, from the sides of which grow blocked-out *ébauches* of some of his own works —*Day and Night*, and others. This is rather like making Michelangelo supply his own monument. M. Laporte-Blairsy's monumental fountain to the memory of Clémence Isaure, 'créatrice des jeux floraux (XV^e^ siècle),' to be erected in a public place in Toulouse, is a work showing a good deal of piquant and original fancy in the details, but wants architectural coherence as a whole. Another great monument for the same city—*Aux Gloires de Toulouse*, by M. Ducuing, is on a triangular plan, with a lofty stele rising in the centre, at the base of which are three colossal seated figures, representing 'Sculpture and Painting,' 'Architecture' (a portrait figure of Bachelier), and 'A Troubadour'; the stele crowned by a figure of the same Clémence Isaure to whom the fountain is dedicated. The architectural portion of the monument is very well designed; the defect of the thing, as a whole, is that the figures at the base seem too accidentally placed and not sufficiently connected with the architectural centre. Across the top end of the hall extends M. Bouchard's immense group of six great oxen yoked in pairs and drawing a very rustic-looking plough, which appeared here in plaster some years ago under the same title, *Le Défrichement*, and is now translated into bronze. This is a work of great power in its way, a kind of sculptural glorification of French agricultural labour; but where is such a thing to be placed? It seems too large to deal with; nothing is said of its destination.

The honours of the Salon are more with some of the smaller works this year; notably, perhaps, with M. Alfred Boucher for

two works of very different kind, each equally perfect in its way. One is a female figure, said to be a portrait, wearing a helmet and clad entirely in such close-fitting tights as to seem practically nude, buckling on a sword-belt, with the title *S'il le faut*. Nothing could exceed the mastery with which this fine figure is modelled, though the whole thing is somewhat of a puzzle. His other work is a beautiful seated and clothed figure, hands clasped round her knees, with the title *La Rêverie*; as an example of the poetry of sculpture this is no doubt the finest thing in the collection. The figure is clothed not in what is usually called 'drapery,' but in a rather short skirt, not too realistically treated. But it loses nothing of its poetic character by this; and it may be observed that in a general way a seated figure is, in a sculptural sense, better clothed than nude—at all events in the lower portion; it wants the clothing to give breadth of surface. M. Gustave Michel, one of the most able and thoughtful of French sculptors of the day, exhibits a model on a small scale of a monument to Beethoven, which ought to work out into something fine on a larger scale. It is a composition in a generally pyramidal form, the lower part occupied by symbolical figures, not representing individually any of Beethoven's compositions—the sculptor carefully avoided that as 'discutable'—but symbolising the passions, the griefs, the struggles, which lay at the basis of his works; the work culminating in a group, above the composer's figure (which appears at half-length in the upper portion of the composition), representing the joy of life. I should like to hear that the sculptor had a commission to carry this out on a large scale; it is a monument with an idea in it, and there is a tumultuous character in its lines which suits its great subject.

M. Jean-Boucher (with a hyphen, please, to distinguish him from Alfred Boucher) has taken for his principal work a great historic subject, *Réunion de la Bretagne à la France*, which is symbolised by a collection of figures in a semicircular alcove under a semi-dome—figures 'in their coats, their hosen, their hats, and their other garments,' which are rather too realistic for the purposes of sculpture; he is just saved by the 'great laps and folds of sculptor's work' in the sumptuous mantle of 'La Bretagne.' This is probably a State commission; the artist, who has produced some of the most poetic works in sculpture of the present day (notably *Antique et Moderne*), would hardly have chosen it of his own accord. The State is somewhat anxious to make use of sculpture to impress its own ideas upon the public. Family life is to be encouraged, so the State purchases M. Bigonet's group *Premier Pas*, a peasant mother encouraging her infant to walk: Millet in the round, one may say. With a similar aim it purchases M. Hugues's group, *Le Poème de la Terre*: *l'enfant, le soldat, le*

vieillard récompensé de son labeur. Here is the whole theory of virtuous republican life in a nutshell; the mother and infant on one side of the base of a pyramidal composition; on the other side the young soldier, rifle and all, prepared to defend his country; at the apex of the pyramid the old man, to whom some nude agrarian nymphs offer up the fruits of the earth, the recompense of his toil. M. Hugues is a fine sculptor, who has done some notable works—no one who saw it will ever forget *La Muse de la Source*; but he has made a mistake here in mixing up realistic with nude allegorical figures in the same group. But the most portentous sign of the times in sculpture is the huge relief composition, on a curved plan, a commission from the State to M. Daillion, entitled *Aux Morts! Aux Exilés!* (*2 Décembre 1851*). On the face of the work are the figures of those killed or exiled in connexion with the Coup d'état, a nude Victor Hugo standing out conspicuous on the right; on the top is the mailed figure of France, with a broken sword, trying to keep off the beak of the Imperial Eagle. So the memory of Badinguet has come to this! 'The evil that men do lives after them'; but one might add the context: 'The good is oft interred with their bones.' It seems rather ungrateful; France made much of him at one time, and would still consecrate his memory, if her own cry of 'à Berlin' had led to a satisfactory result. A finer piece of political symbolism is to be seen in M. Marx's *Le Joug de la Victoire*, also a State commission; a figure of Victory, with one knee on a shield beneath which two men are crouched, bent double like the souls in the tenth book of the *Purgatorio* who bore heavy stones on their backs:

> E qual più pazïenza avea negli atti
> Piangendo parea dicer: Più non posso.

That is a moral we may all take to heart; and it is expressed in fine sculptural form.

Leaving these moralities and turning to works that are purely artistic in their intent, one may note that M. Mercié's chief contribution is an heroic-size bronze figure of *Columbia* for some monument in America; he has done better things, but the head and the action are fine, as they could hardly fail to be in his hands. *Inspiration* and *Harmonie*, by M. Convers, are two fine half-recumbent figures forming part of a decoration for the courtyard of the National Conservatoire of Music: they take opposite sides of the base of a decorative column. 'Inspiration,' gazing straight before her, is a noble figure answering to the title; 'Harmonie' he has endeavoured to symbolise by making her half turn her head to listen to some birds, which, as a musician once complained, 'sing so horribly out of tune,' and certainly 'the music of nature' is an idea rather *passé* now; it might have done

for Herbert Spencer, but we know that music no more arose out of natural sounds than Gothic vaulting out of the imitation of trees. M. Hippolyte Lefebvre, usually the patron of realistic sculpture, exhibits a spirited *fronton* for the theatre of Lille, symbolising Apollo; it will look better when it has the boundary lines of the pediment to control it. M. Charpentier's *Fleurs qu'il aimait* is a very graceful relief figure of a nude girl reaching up to kiss a cluster of roses. M. Villeneuve exhibits a half-size model of a monument to Rabelais for the town of Montpellier, a semi-architectural erection, with heads of Pantagruel and Gargantua worked into it, and a gowned figure in front representing the *Faculté de Médecine* studying Rabelais' translation of the aphorisms of Hippocrates; and M. Corneille Theunissen exhibits the base of a monumental stele to Jules Breton, with one of Breton's own peasant figures seated by it. M. Desca's full-length figure of Berlioz is too quiet and contemplative for Berlioz, who was nothing if not a fighter; this hardly gives one an idea of the composer who stamped his feet at the Conservatoire orchestra—'Faster! faster! This is a Saltarello!' to the scandal of the respectable Habeneck. As to the number of single figures that are simply charming, any one of which would arrest attention at the Academy, it would be impossible to name half of them. One little incident may be quoted as characteristic; Mlle. Bois exhibits a pretty nude child figure, *Petite Baigneuse*, supposed to be standing before the sea, but she is not content to leave it at that; a new significance is given to it by the couplet engraved beneath it:

> Et devant l'océan l'enfant tremble et frémit,
> Et devant l'Infini l'humanité recule.

One example among many of the wish of French sculptors to attach some poetic meaning to what might otherwise be regarded as a mere piece of modelling.

It is not worth while to pass the wicket to look at the sculpture in the New Salon: 'that way madness lies'; it is a sort of sculptural Golgotha, where one may see legs, arms, and heads as separate exhibits. Let us go up the stairs to No. 1 Gallery, and see what the painters have to show us. There are two large decorative paintings in this room; one is M. J. P. Laurens's *Première Séance solennelle des Jeux floraux (3 Mai 1324)*, a subject which seems rather prominent this year; we have already seen the great fountain downstairs in commemoration of the event (which, by the way, is there noted as 'XV century'). M. Laurens's picture shows rows of spectators seated beneath a mass of trees outside the city walls, listening to some declamation from a personage on a platform in the foreground; it is painted with a dry *facture* which suggests the idea that it is intended for tapestry,

though not quite decorative enough in composition for that method. The other work referred to is M. Gorguet's huge ceiling for a Salle des Mariages, of which neither the title ('Prairial') nor the treatment is very intelligible, but which is totally unsuited for a ceiling, in that it is a vertical or pyramidal composition, as if designed for an upright position; a ceiling painting should always be an all-round composition, not one with a base and an apex. Some French painters understand this very well, and have given fine examples of it; this one, *quâ* ceiling painting, is a mistake. The only two other things of much interest in the large room are M. Didier-Pouget's two landscapes; rather too scenic, but with his usual extraordinary power of effect in the foregrounds. The English public are very fond of realism in landscape; one would like to see one of Didier-Pouget's landscapes at the Academy—it would create a sensation, at all events, in that respect.

There is a much larger proportion of comparatively uninteresting work among the pictures than among the sculpture; still, one can hunt up plenty of fine things out of the acreage of canvas. M. Paul Chabas repeats a motive he has used once or twice before, a young girl standing in shallow water, the centre incident in a large canvas; in this one, *Matinée de septembre*, he has aimed at a bright effect in the whole; the girl with her blonde head must nevertheless show darker than the background, so the lake and the mountains are all kept in a shimmering silver light. With the various nudes of which 'après le bain' is the common denominator we need not trouble ourselves; but there are nude paintings which rise above the level of 'ces machines-là,' either by sheer splendour of execution, as in M. Guay's *Nu*, or by their decorative effect, as in M. Moulin's long low picture *Plein air: femme nue*, where the figure lies at length on a purple mantle, with a background of foliage and the gleam of an evening sky through the leaves. M. Aimé Morot is rather below himself in his small picture *Ephémère printemps*, where a nude lady with her back to the spectator studies her figure in the looking glass: a piece of trickery unworthy of so fine a painter. M. Saintpierre brings the nude into the region of allegory with his figure of *Fortune* tiptoe on her wheel among the clouds, showering coinage from a cornucopia, while a lappet of wind-blown drapery covers her eyes; there is a fine energy and 'go' about it. Mlle. Rondenay brings us to the other extreme, the anti-poetical, of nude painting, in her *Baigneuses*, somewhat similar to that which was bought by the Government last year; she is no doubt a very powerful *plein-air* painter of the figure, but she tends to get coarse, not only in execution but in another sense; in London the picture would hardly be thought decent, and it is certainly not beautiful. Quite above all these is M. Lavergne's *Le Paradis perdu*; Adam and

Eve, life-size and painted in a very broad style of execution, seated in the foreground of a melancholy twilight landscape. The remarkable quality in this is the fine sense of unity of composition in the lines of the figures and the landscape, all of which fall together as one whole : it is in the true sense a picture, not a mere representation.

Among what may be called the subject pictures of the year M. Debat-Ponsan, who last year symbolised France as a white horse throwing over Napoléon, is again dealing with horses, but this time they are two material cavalry horses held by an orderly dragoon in the foreground while the officer uses his field-glass; *Ceux qui veillent* is the title. M. Debat-Ponsan is always either patriotic or moral in his pictures, but it is always good painting. M. Tattegrain, too, is a versatile incident painter who seems able to handle every kind of subject with effect; this time it is a powerfully painted rocky coast scene, which gets its title *Sauveteurs d'épaves* (in other words, 'wreckers') from the two unkempt wolfish figures who nearly tumble over each other down the foreground path in their hurry to hook in flotsam and jetsam on the beach. He has done more interesting pictures, but these two figures are unpleasantly real. Mme. Demont-Breton, who disappointed us last year, is more like herself again with the figure of the old peasant woman, *L'Aïeule*, looking lovingly on her sleeping grandson; but I like her better at the seaside than inland. M. Henri Martin has what may be called a decorative painting in his *pointilliste* style, *Dévideuses*, two girls sitting on opposite ends of a rail, with a landscape behind them : a rather trivial subject to come from M. Martin. M. Roganeau has come rather near making a great picture in his large evening landscape *Le Soir à la Rivière*, with figures of women filling their waterpots out of the stream (a most unhygienic proceeding) and moving away with them; the figures are not quite interesting enough, but there is a large, calm serenity about the whole which is impressive. M. Joseph Bail, in *La Lectrice*, has forsaken that characterless type in his figures which Lady Bilderby approved of, and paints a young and old lady of strongly differentiated type; the accessories are painted with his usual power of execution, but the work is more frankly *genre* than has been usual with him.

Among pictures which have some special point of interest is M. Martens's experiment, in *Rayon de Soleil*, in producing an interior effect of light and colour, with a seated nude figure, in an *ultra-pointilliste* method of execution; one would not like to see all pictures painted that way, but this one is very clever and effective. M. Montchablon has painted a ghastly picture of the rowing-deck of a galley, *La Chiourme*, that terrible tragedy of human beings reduced to machines which so stained the naval

history of Rome and of Renaissance Italy. This, one may say, is one of the pictures painted to point a moral, or to make us realise something that once happened; which is not the real business of art, of course, nor of novel-writing, nor of drama. Nevertheless moral lessons have been powerfully driven home both in novel and drama, and one does not see why painting may not be occasionally pressed into the same service. Though the French are so essentially artists, there are always some moral pictures in the Salon, some very good ones; M. Geoffroy's, for instance, *A l'hospice des enfants assistés: l'abandon d'un enfant*: a tragedy in humble life powerfully told; and another rather amusing example is M. Steck's *Le soir au bord du Legué*, a decorative picture for the Salle des Mariages at Saint-Brieuc. Here we have the happy result of marriage: the family group of the artisan, the artisan's wife, and their child, all enjoying a holiday on the heights above the river. Thus does a paternal Republic encourage its citizens with the spectacle of the joys of family life. Among other points in the Salon are M. Georges Leroux's painting of an evening dinner under the loggia of the Villa Medici, with the heavy masses of trees dark against the twilight sky (the figures are rather commonplace); the odd idea of Mlle. Bonnier of a triptych of *vêtements feminins: matin; après-midi; soir*—garments *et praeterea nihil* (a lady to whom I mentioned this seemed exceedingly interested in the idea); and M. Mercié's portrait of a pretty little child under the title *La Puce*, with a flea delicately painted on the frill of her dress—a rather unpleasing joke for a great artist to indulge in.

There are a great many fine portraits, among which M. Humbert's *Portrait de Mdlle. N. . . . .* is perhaps the finest example of perfectly balanced style in painting in the whole Salon; some of the best French portrait-painters over-accentuate the costume in their portraits of ladies, so that it becomes a picture of the lady's dress rather than of herself; M. Humbert never makes this mistake, he knows exactly where to stop. M. Lauth has an expressive portrait of Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, the novelist; and M. Umbricht a charming one of his own daughter, in which he avoids the hardness of texture which some eminent French painters—M. Comerre, for instance—fall into in their over-finished productions. Important landscapes are not very numerous, but there are some very fine examples of that breadth of style which the best French landscape painters cultivate. French landscape would be thought by many English people coarse in style in comparison with much of ours; but the French do not paint pretty landscapes (except M. Biva, who in that way at least stands alone); they want the power and sweep of sun-

shine and shadow, as M. Ponchin gives it in his *Pine-trees at Carqueiranne* and his *Sunset after Rain at Venice*. A more perfect example of style and composition in landscape could hardly be found than *La Dune et le chêne vert* by M. Cabié, a worthy pupil of Harpignies; M. Couturaud (another pupil of Harpignies) has an exceptionally good winter landscape; MM. Quignon and Palézieux are both fine in their different styles. Among sea pictures there is a kind of pathos in M. Broquet's *La Trêve*, a wrecked coaster in shoal water, gently rocked by the sunlit morning sea where the storm had wrecked her overnight. And if you want to see storm on canvas, look at M. Lefort-Magniez' *Surpris par la Marée*, with its waste of white water and rack of ragged driving clouds; no exaggerated scenic effect here; it is Nature in one of her wildest aspects, painted with a power and truth that could hardly be surpassed.

There is not very much of interest in the New Salon; there is much that is preposterous. There is a good deal of beauty in M. Osbert's immense allegorical picture, *Le retour du jour*, in the staircase hall; more than in M. Aman-Jean's decorative picture, *Les Eléments*, for the new Sorbonne, which is attractive neither in colour nor composition. M. Aman-Jean has a great following at present; he has certainly made his own style, and, generally speaking, colour is his strong point; but there is a kind of worsted-work texture in his painting which does very well for draperies, but gives a very unhappy appearance to the faces in his figures. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's *Marguerite au Sabat* is not very successful. M. Caro-Delville, in *Les présents de la Terre*, one of three decorative paintings for a house at Buenos Aires, has painted a very fine nude figure; few painters of the day can surpass him there. M. Béraud, in *Chemin de Croix*, once more introduces the figure of Christ in the midst of a crowd of modern figures. It was worth doing once; and his first picture of the kind, a good many years ago—Christ seated among the members of a fashionable club, with a Parisian lady of the *demi-monde* playing the part of Mary Magdalen at His feet—was a powerful work with a telling point in it; but the frequent repetition of the idea is futile and in questionable taste. A picture which is amusing without any such intention is M. Courtois' *Persée délivrant Andromède*, where Perseus is obviously a bank manager who has forgotten to dress that morning; and one that is amusing of *malice prepense* is M. Guillaume's *L'Avis de la famille*, where a whole family, down to the little boy, bestow their opinions on the unfortunate painter of a picture of which we see the back: a bit of satire which many a painter will appreciate only too well.

There is little space left to speak of the Academy exhibition; but the size of the Burlington House exhibition, at all events, compared with the vast art-whirlpool of the Salon, is about in the same proportion; and those who may take the trouble to read this article will probably see the Academy for themselves, while many of them will not see the Salon, and may be interested to know something of what is in it. Sculpture at the Royal Academy is by no means so important an element in the exhibition, proportionately, as it is at the Salon; for, as M. de L'Atelier did not scruple to say on his visit last year, our institution seemed to him to be an Academy of painting, with a little sculpture and architecture thrown in. Nevertheless, for some ten or fifteen years past the sculpture has generally been the strongest part of the Academy show. The manner in which English sculpture has advanced during the last twenty years or so, in spite of the poor encouragement which the art receives either from the Government or the public of this country, is enough to show how much sculptural talent there is among us, if only it could find scope and encouragement for its development. True, we have had sad losses; Harry Bates, a true genius, was cut off at an early age; and Onslow Ford has gone; and of another sculptor of genius, Mr. Gilbert, we hear no more now. But there are still sculptors among us; and the annual exhibition of the work of the Academy students, where sculpture nearly always makes the best appearance, indicates that there are others to come forward when they can get a chance. This year the sculpture is less satisfactory than usual, but in a sense which is not exactly the fault of the sculptors. There are too many portrait figures in costume, which are not the kind of thing that sculpture is really meant for; but these are commissions, and cannot be refused. Where the costume is of a broad and simple kind something sculpturesque can be made of it, as Mr. Drury shows in his statue of *Elizabeth Fry*, and Sir George Frampton in his group entitled *Protection*, part of a memorial to Dr. Barnardo. It is the portrait statues of men in modern costume that are the difficulty, and there are too many of them this year. Even Mr. MacKennal's Gainsborough statue, where there is at least a better costume to the sculptor's hand than the modern coat and trousers, is not a satisfactory employment of sculpture; and in France Gainsborough would probably have been commemorated by a portrait bust on a stele, with a figure symbolical of his art grouped with it, whereby the whole difficulty of the costume is got rid of. But if the superiority of this method is suggested to English sculptors, they will reply (as one of them did in fact in my hearing) that they would be only too happy to adopt it, but that the English public will not have it; they will have the whole figure, realistic costume and all.

Clearly, therefore, if English sculpture is to have the best opportunities, the public must first be taught to take more interest in sculpture, and to understand better what it means; and that is a long business.

Among the works which are really sculpturesque in style and subject, and aim at conveying a meaning beyond mere modelling, is Mr. Garbe's group of *The Magdalenes*, one standing, draped, looking down on her nude sister at her feet. What the artist exactly intended by this is not quite obvious, but there is a pathos about it which is to be felt nevertheless. Mr. Lucchesi's bronze group, *The Two Voices*, is also a work expressing an idea; and Mr. Gilbert Bayes' *Fountain of the Valkyrs*, with the Valkyrs on horses careering round it in a rather Donatello-like relief, is an exceedingly clever and effective piece of decorative work on a small scale; probably intended as a model to be carried out on a larger scale. If Mr. Bayes were in France he would probably get a State commission to carry this out for some public place; but, alas! what chance is there of that in a country where money spent on art is officially considered to be a sinful waste of public funds? In the Lecture Room we find in Mr. Colton's *The River unto the Sea* a small but fine marble group of poetic significance; and Mr. Babb's life-size *Love and the Vestal* next to it is also a work expressing an idea, and very spirited in conception and execution; but it would require to be placed in a niche or on the front of a building, as there is nothing in the back view but the broad surface of the Vestal's cloak. Sculpture that is to stand in the open must be capable of being looked at all round. Mr. Reynolds-Stephens exhibits his talent for decorative work, in which figure and pedestal have an almost equal share in the design, in his bronze statuette portrait of a lady seated on an admirably designed pedestal in marble and various metals; the effect is a little disturbed by the very large and conspicuous pattern on the dress of the figure, which seems rather out of scale with the other details. This form of decorative work in various materials has not been much illustrated in English sculpture (though Onslow Ford did something with it), and after the great success which he made with his *Philip and Elizabeth*, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens is wise in developing this as his own special province. Mr. Trent's sketch model for a memorial to the late King, to be erected at Brighton, looks very well as a whole; this, besides some other works on a small scale, is exhibited in one of the picture galleries. But the Academy ought to do much more for sculpture than merely dotting about some small works in the picture galleries; sculpture wants another room, and ought to have one. If the large gallery were devoted to sculpture it would be no more than is

just to the art, and that would do something to correct the popular idea that 'art' means 'pictures.'

A first general look through the picture galleries left the impression that one had been seeing a considerable number of highly finished paintings; many of them charming, no one of them great. But the proportion of pictures which are crude, commonplace, and uninteresting is certainly smaller at the Academy than at the Salon; of course the actual number of pictures is much less. On the other hand, one can find nothing so powerful as the best work at the Salon, more especially in two classes of work—nude figures and landscape. Nude figures, in fact, seem almost entirely at a discount; English popular prejudice, perhaps, for one thing, is against them; and, when they are there, they are generally rather feeble productions, Mr. Tuke's male figures excepted. A great deal of English landscape-painting is beautiful in its way, Mr. Davis's pictures, for instance; but they look weak beside the Salon landscapes; and in some cases, too, there seems so little attempt at composition in English landscape; a remark which does not refer to Mr. Davis's pictures, still less to those of Sir Alfred East, whose landscapes have always a unity of conception, a look of building up, about them; indeed, in *A Tranquil River* he has perhaps too much sacrificed local colour to unity of effect; *Under the Wold* is his strongest work this year. Mr. Arnesby Brown's *A Norfolk Landscape* is a vigorous work, especially in the treatment of the cattle in the foreground, but the distance is surely a little confused in effect. Mr. Gwelo Goodman strikes rather a new note in *The Walls of England*; the effect may be somewhat loaded and heavy, but it is the work of a painter who means something in his landscape, and is not merely painting a scene. Of course, in sea-painting, as long as we have Mr. Hemy with us, we may face the world; but the French, who used to be nowhere in sea-painting, are beginning to find out something about it, and may be formidable rivals before long.

Pictures which mainly deal with human life and character are not very strong this year. Abbey's *Education of Isabella the Catholic* (unfinished) offers a rather striking contrast between the face and manner of the young girl, evidently full of delight in life, and the ascetic figures who accompany her; that is the point of the picture, and it is forcibly illustrated. Sir L. Alma-Tadema has moved from his usual place in Gallery III. to Gallery I., where he confronts us with *Preparations: in the Coliseum*; the Imperial box being furnished with flowers and refreshments; the figure is of little interest, the whole picture consists in the marble and silver details, the mosaic-laid floor of the box-lobby, and the numbered seats for the populace rising in the background;

but what is the construction of the balustrade separating the seats from the arena? It is rather puzzling, as it has always been said that the top member of the railing was a wooden round bar turning on a centre, lest peradventure some lion or tiger should get a clutch on the top rail. Of other contents of this room, Mr. Henry's sketch of a picnic in a forest is a fine piece of colour, and Mr. Hacker may be congratulated on his *Imprisoned Spring*, where the sunlight pours into the room which the cottage girl cannot leave. Mr. Sims's *The Shower* is too absurd; it may be maintained that the object of a picture is to be a decorative scheme and not to represent an incident; but we do want some kind of meaning and coherence in it. The large pictures of the year are very doubtful; Mr. Gow's scene in the House of Commons, 2nd of March, 1628, does not impress one as real; Mrs. Knight's *The Flower* is exceedingly clever, but who wants a picture of that size with absolutely no subject in it? Four figures against the sky doing nothing; though no doubt, like the House of Lords, 'doing it very well.' Mr. Wetherbee is charming in his *Butterflies*, a landscape with three figures in consentaneous movement down the ridge of the ground, in chase of the butterflies; that is not a subject picture, it is a painter's vision of a moment of delight, but its point is quite clear, and it is not, like Mrs. Knight's picture, too large for the subject. There are pictures in the Academy that make one wonder whether some painters ever think at all of what they are painting. Here is Mr. Waterhouse, who gives us *Penelope and the Suitors*; Penelope, a pretty, middle-class woman of five-and-twenty. Penelope was a middle-aged Princess with a grown-up son; the picture, under such a title, is absolutely ridiculous. If Mr. Beadle had been present when the 'forlorn hope' rushed up to the breach of St. Sebastian, he would have found them something different in action and expression from this group of stage soldiers; and here is another gentleman who paints a picture of *Hunting in the Midlands*, from which one would gather that the practice in the Midlands is to ride over the hounds. I should like to hear the M.F.H. on that picture.

The strong point of the Academy exhibition is really the portraits. We have no M. Humbert, but Mr. J. J. Shannon is not much behind him, and two or three of his portraits of ladies here might vie with most of the French portraits, in regard to style and colour. Mr. Orpen's portrait of a gentleman, in the second room, is exceedingly successful in making the head stand out light without the banality of a dark background; his portrait group in the third room is a very good example of his old method of portraiture, treating the sitter as a figure in the centre of a room which forms part of the subject of the picture. I prefer the portrait simply

as such myself; but Mr. Orpen's method is an interesting variation of method.

In short, we are saved by our portraits this year, in what would otherwise be a very weak exhibition. There is plenty of room for a new genius who would treat great subjects in a great manner. But we want the great subject as well as the great manner. The misfortune is that some people who can paint in something like a great style waste their talents on trivial subjects. Subject counts for something after all.

H. Heathcote Statham.

THE SENUSSI AND THE MILITARY ISSUE IN TRIPOLI

EVENTS in North Africa have entered a phase the significance of which is not completely recognised. Although the last vestige of direct Ottoman rule is in process of effacement, there remains the *foyer* of Islam, which has been deeply stirred by recent European aggression. In so far as its power may be expressed by concerted military action, there are two opinions : first, that military resistance alone is involved and must speedily succumb to the forces of Italy ; second, that the most fanatical element in modern Islamism, the Senussi confraternity, will determine the issue of the war in Tripolitania. Since I was responsible for introducing to the English public in 1899[1] the full significance and even the existence of the Senussi movement, I venture now to express my views on the political situation, which reacts intimately on the British Occupation in Egypt.

Our position in Egypt, in view of this war, is most delicate, particularly on the frontier of Tripoli (to revert to the popular rendering of Tripolitania). The 'ancient boundaries of Egypt,' as set forth in the *firmans* of the Suzerain, never have been accurately defined ; but in regard to Egypt Proper these have not been the subject of dispute, if we exclude the protest of the Porte in 1899, based on the extravagant claims in Said Pasha's despatch of 1890. In the West, the Libyan Desert is a no-man's land, in which frontiers are lost in a sea of sand, although nominally the Libyan Desert falls within the Anglo-Egyptian sphere of influence, as recognised by the Anglo-French Agreement of 1899. The frontier between Egypt and Tripoli, on all maps published prior to the issue of my book *From Sphinx to Oracle* and on most maps since, is shown to include Jerabub, the sanctuary and fortress of the Senussi (or, more correctly, Senussîa) ; and, doubtless, that was the ancient boundary of Egypt. But it is not the frontier recognised by the Egyptian Government, nor the frontier that would be acceptable to the Senussi, who, in the militant days of the late Senussi el-Mahdi (uncle of the present head of the sect),

[1] *From Sphinx to Oracle* : Through the Libyan Desert to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. (Hurst and Blackett.)

exercised an influence and a power transcending and technically infringing the sovereign rights of Turkey. As a result of my visit to the oasis of Siwa (the ancient Jupiter Ammon) in 1898, I was able to define the frontier which is tacitly recognised by the Egyptian Government and the local Senussi sheikhs, respectively. Starting from a point located at half-a-day's journey, or ten miles, to the west of Siwa town, the frontier extends northwards (roughly speaking, along the twenty-fifth meridian) to the Gulf of Solum, leaving the port of Jerjub in Egyptian territory and Jerabub in the vilayet of Tripoli. The caravan-road from Siwa to Jerjub, which Siwans (Siwaîa) regard as their natural port, would necessarily remain in Egyptian territory; but Jerabub—the Mecca of the Senussi—would lie outside the sphere of influence of Egypt, whose authority, for 200 miles to the west of the Nile Delta, was represented, until quite recently,[2] chiefly by the Coast Guard service, the oasis of Siwa being attached to the mudirîa of Damanhur.

These dry details are an essential premiss to my argument. It is important to realise, at the outset, that, south of the oasis of Siwa, one enters the heart of the Libyan Desert, which renders almost impregnable the oases of Kufra, from whence, at the present day, the temporal power of the Senussi is said to be exercised. This region of the Sahara, in which desert conditions are more pronounced than in any other part of the world, although left, in principle, within the Anglo-Egyptian sphere of influence, has no natural boundaries. But, although its physical limits are undefined, its conventional boundaries are politically recognised. Tripoli and Cyrenaica in the north, Fezzan in the west, the ancient boundary (Firman, 1841) in the east, the highlands between Tibesti and Ennedi, and the open desert in the south—these may be said to delimit the Libyan Desert on all sides, from the political point of view. The principal Senussi settlements in the borderlands of the Libyan Desert (apart from Kufra and Cyrenaica) are Aujila (where the Mojabra slave-traders of Jalo are their co-partners), Fezzan, Tibesti, Borku, Wanyanga, and Ennedi. Their domination over Kanem and Wadai was overthrown by France, and after the fall of Abeshr the heads of the confraternity

[2] Turkey, by agreement with the Egyptian Government, has withdrawn ('provisionally') her small garrison from the fort at Solum, which was occupied last December by 50 men of the Egyptian army under a British officer. In regard to this action, an official statement was made by our Foreign Office, in which the following passage occurs: 'The Turkish Government was informed as long ago as November 1904 that the line of the Egyptian western frontier ran up to and included Solum, and this was also communicated to the Italian Government. The present movement of Egyptian troops is merely due to the decision which has been come to recently by the Egyptian authorities to establish a frontier post at Solum within their own boundary.'

removed to Borku and Kufra—perhaps the least accessible regions of Africa. There is now an unconfirmed report of their return to Jerabub.

Any European Power attempting to occupy Tripoli (I stated in 1899, in *The Expansion of Egypt*, p. 396)

would inevitably find itself in opposition to the Senussi, whose base of communications is now established at Benghazi. Should any attempt be made to cut off their supplies of arms and ammunition, which freely enter at this port, under the averted eyes of Turkish officials, such an attempt would be in itself sufficient to rouse the Senussi to revolt, the consequences of which would injuriously affect every State holding territory in North Africa.



SKETCH-MAP OF TRIPOLI.[3]

And I went on to say :

It would be in the highest degree unwise, on the part of Italy or of France, to take any steps to change the *status quo* in Tripoli, which, anomalous as it may be, is fraught with serious issues to Egypt. *The settlement of Tripoli involves the solution of the Senussi Question*, which at present is dormant, though big with fate.

To that opinion I adhere, and for the reasons to be set forth. For, although since these words were written the power

[3] By kind permission of the Royal Geographical Society.

of the Senussi has been broken up to some extent by the French in Wadai and Kanem, it has been enhanced to an even greater extent by their present co-operation (of which there is no longer any doubt) with the Ottoman Government—an alliance which would have been impossible in the lifetime of the late Mahdi, and which none could have foretold who believed in the unchanging intolerance of 'the way of the Senussi.' To what may this adjustment of policy be ascribed?

In the main, it may be ascribed to the logic of events. The policy of the Senussi is essentially pacific and self-accommodating: so long as it was controlled by the *modus vivendi* with the Ottoman administration of Tripoli, points of divergence were readily adjustable. Senussi el-Mahdi recognised the temporal authority of the Sultan of Turkey because the principles and politics of the Senussi were respected by him; the Senussi representative at Constantinople was among the most trusted advisers of the ex-Sultan. The Senussi claim that they are neither reformers nor innovators: they wish to expunge all idea of revolution from their doctrine. They profess to preach the 'primitive contract,' or original teaching, of the Korán, free from all heresies but developed by the various mystic orders of the orthodox rites. They therefore revert to the Korán as first expounded, and recognise the authority of the Sonna (or collection of traditional sayings of the Prophet), affirming the necessity of the Imamat (pan-Islamic theocracy) and the excellence of a contemplative and devout life. But in practice, as in theory, their doctrine—reinforced by their policy of conquest by colonisation—inclines to accommodate itself to circumstances. Now it is, what we would call, Lutheran; now Puritan; and again, particularly in its political propaganda, wholly Jesuitical. Its most vital characteristic is, however, its capacity for assimilation. Thus, the Senussi claim the support of no fewer than forty (or, as some authorities would hold, sixty-four) groups—religious orders, or branches of these—more or less allied to the Shadli school of philosophy, which embraces the majority of the Moslem orders. Amalgamation is undoubtedly aimed at, and is, in truth, progressing rapidly: because wherever the Senussi settle, there they eventually rule. That is the cardinal fact and political significance of the Senussi. Latitudinarianism constitutes the greatest cohesive force in their propaganda.

The 'way of the Senussi' embodies a triple protest: (i) against concessions made to Western civilisation, (ii) against innovations—the result of what we would call progress—in Eastern countries, and (iii) against all fresh attempts made to extend Western or European influence in countries still preserved by 'the divine grace.' All good Moslems are enjoined to expatriate

themselves from countries under Christian domination : that is their fighting creed.

Convents (*zawîa*) of the Senussi are found throughout the length and breadth of North Africa, in Somaliland, Arabia, and in Mesopotamia. The most active centre is in the peninsula of Barka (the tableland of Cyrenaica), where the Senussi administer their own code of justice, cheek by jowl with the Turkish officials. At Tobruk—the finest harbour and most secure port in North Africa except Bizerta, although the Italians appear to favour Derna—they imported, unhindered, arms and munitions of war, which were landed by ships specially engaged in this contraband traffic ; at Benghazi, too, they had a free hand, under the Ottoman *régime*. In short, the Senussi possessed, and still occupy, in the most fertile and valuable district of Tripoli, a *pied-à-terre* of vital importance to their integrity and of essential value to the economical development of the vilayet. Any European Power taking possession of Tripolitania must come therefore into conflict with the Senussi—a conflict of interest, if not of actual resistance.

Minor settlements are found in Morocco ; in Algeria, which is honeycombed with Senussi intriguers ; in Tunis, where they maintain a precarious foothold ; throughout Tripoli ; in all the oases to the south of these regions up to Tuat and Ghat ; in the highlands of the Sahara, and in many parts of the Central Sudan States. In Egypt there are some insignificant settlements apart from the Zawîa at Siwa,[4] which was founded in 1843 ; there are probably, including Siwa, about 4,000 adherents in the country : in the Fayum, at Dakla, and along the Mediterranean littoral. Though successive Khedives have shown them favour, the Senussi never have had any hold on the Nile Valley, except in Darfur. They have, however, opened up new direct routes : from Kufra

[4] Owing to its remote geographical position and desert surroundings, Siwa, though falling within the sphere of Egypt's political action, enjoys a large measure of self-government, under recognised Sheikhs. The Berber population, which is intermixed with Negro and other racial elements from the Central Sudan States, maintains the ancient blood-feud between the Rharbyin and Sherkyin (Easterns and Westerns), the indigenous grouping of the tribes. These rival factions and the propaganda of the Senussîa compose a situation difficult to regulate, and, with the small police force at the disposal of the Egyptian Governor (Mamur), physically impossible to control. Thus, in October 1909 the Egyptian Government despatched a punitive expedition against Siwa. The expedition was under Colonel Azmi Bey (Mamur of Siwa, when I was there), and consisted of forty police soldiers, accompanied by two mountain guns and six artillery-men of the Egyptian army. Thirty-one persons were tried before the Siwa tribunal for being concerned in the murder of a Government agent (Mitwalli Effendi, the Mamur) and three policemen, who had taken proper action in connection with alleged dealings in slaves and arms by the local agent (*wekil*) of the Senussi. Osman Habbun—my *bête noire*—subsequently was hanged, together with his accomplices. Underlying that incident, however, was the significant and salient fact that Habbun had prevented Mitwalli from crossing the frontier into Tripoli, in his capacity as *wekil* of the Senussi.

to Jerabub, from Kufra to Siwa, from Farafra to Siwa, and from Kufra to Khargeh, the Egyptian oasis. Kufra comprises a group of at least five oases, with sand dunes intervening, and covers an extensive area of desert, in which vegetation exists almost everywhere.

It will thus be seen that, so far as Egypt is concerned, the storm-centre lies in the oasis which contains Jerabub and Siwa. The site of Jerabub was well chosen. Situated 160 miles southward of Tobruk, and less than 100 miles from Siwa, on the road to Benghazi (at least 300 miles distant) and to Jalo (about 200 miles away), it occupies a strategic position near the great caravan-route of North Africa. It is both sufficiently remote and conveniently accessible to safeguard and to serve the objects of its foundation as a sanctuary and a fortress. Walled in on three sides by high mountains, about eight miles distant, Jerabub is built on a nucleus of rock, somewhat higher than the surrounding *hamáda* (stony desert), on the southern slope and among the catacombs of the valley. It resembles all desert towns and villages in its character as a citadel, but differs from these by being built almost entirely of stone. A single road, and a very narrow one, leads past it, or through it, conducting to Siwa on the one hand, and to Benghazi on the other. A caravan, approaching or passing Jerabub, dare not leave this road, because, on either side, there lie *biáma*—desert-lands so impregnated with salt, that men and animals would be engulfed, should they stray (as once I strayed, but turned back in time) from the direct path and attempt to traverse such treacherous ground.

Jerabub is little more than a university town, in which the youthful Senussi receive their training, though it may serve also as an arsenal and fortress. Its importance as the Mecca of the Senussi confraternity is its chief significance for us. Under a fine cupola in the mosque, the remains of the founder of the sect, Sidi Mohamed ben Ali es-Senussi, are interred. The mausoleum bears the following epitaph :

> This refuge is a flowered garden watered by Divine Grace, and has become renowned by the presence of a descendant of the Prophet. The glory of the countenance of the Mahdi enmeshes it as with a rampart of light. He inaugurated its foundation with these words: *The sun of happiness projects its rays only through Ali Senussi.*[5]

This great and good man, scholar and saint, was succeeded, in or about 1859, by his son Sidi Mohamed el-Senussi, surnamed 'the moon,' on account of his beauty and popularity. Although he, himself, did not claim the title, his followers called him the Mahdi, in accordance with the prophecy of his father. Born near

[5] M. Labatut : *Bulletin*, Soc. de Géog. d'Alger, I, 1911.

Derna in 1844, he was carefully trained in the mysteries of his high office; and throughout his rule he evinced greater intolerance, more fanatical zeal, than his parent, who was bold only in words. He migrated to Kufra in 1895, accompanied by his councillors and a large following. In 1900 the confraternity moved to Gouro, and in 1903 the Sheikh el-Senussi died in Borku-Tibesti.

His nephew and successor, Sidi Ahmed el-Sherif,[6] is now about thirty-five years of age: the eldest son of Mohamed Sherif (the youngest son of the founder of the sect), who died at Jerabub in 1896. Of him little or nothing is known; but it is certain that he sent a mission to Constantinople, received from the Sultan a sword of honour and a jewelled order, and is now actively co-operating with the Turkish forces in Tripoli.

The special correspondent of *The Times* lately in Nigeria contributed last September an article on 'Islam in Africa,' from which the following quotation is taken:

> A few years ago Italian ambitions in Tripoli might, perhaps, have been achieved without very much difficulty—whether morally justifiable or not—but their active expression now occurs at a time when two circumstances have entirely altered the situation. I refer to the recrudescence of political activity on the part of Turkey in Tripoli and its vast *hinterland* in the Central Sudan; and to the recognition by the Senussi of the spiritual authority of the Sultan, an event of the deepest significance. . . . In the spring of this year [*i.e.* 1911] Turkish troops moved southward and occupied, almost simultaneously, Bardai in Tibesti, and Ain-Galakka in Borku, the mountainous districts lying south of the Kufra oases, west of the Libyan desert, and immediately north of Wadai. And there they remain. [The Turks also installed, in 1910, a Resident at Kufra; and subsequently appointed, as *Governor of Jerabub*, Sidi Radha, first cousin of the Sheikh el-Senussi. The Cairo correspondent of *The Times* states that the Ottoman Government granted Sidi Radha the rank of Sania, and he was decorated with the third-class of the Osmanieh; whilst the Turkish flag, to the hoisting of which el-Senussi gave his consent, *since confirmed*, was brought from Constantinople by special envoy.] By its action the Turkish Government would seem to have definitely intimated to all concerned that Turkey does not propose to remain a purely negative factor in the affairs of the Central Sudan. . . . The Turkish position in these regions has, of course, been immensely strengthened by the unrest which permeats the whole of the Islamic world of North Africa, of the Central, and perhaps to some extent the Eastern and Western, Sudan, by the occurrences in Marocco, the fighting in Wadai, and the occupation of 'Mauritania' by the French. To the fears which these incidents have generated, and, incidentally, to the anger at the decay in the trans-desert caravan trade from the Nigerian region with the north which has so impoverished Fezzan, must undoubtedly be ascribed the steps taken by the Senussis to come to a political understanding with Constantinople. This understanding is to-day an accomplished fact, and has been sealed by the despatch of a Senussi mission to Constantinople. Its existence must make of the Ottoman flag a symbol and a rallying-point for the whole mass

[6] M. Labatut (*op. cit.*) refers to *the* Senussi as Sidi Mohamed el-Abed. I believe he is mistaken in the name of the Grand Master.

of disquieted Moslem elements in a vast region of North and Central Africa. . . . Although Senussi-ism is essentially a religious and spiritual force, preaching avoidance of the European rather than active hostility against him, the aggression of a European Power upon that region of Africa, where its adepts are most numerous and most powerful, could not fail to light a torch which might well set all North Africa and many parts of the Sudan ablaze.

The length of this quotation may be excused on account of its important bearing on my subject and its corroboration of views expressed by me after coming into personal contact with the Senussi at Siwa, where I was turned back in an attempt to reach Jerabub. It emphasises the true reason why the pacific policy of the Senussi has been converted into hostility against the activities and aggression of Europe in Africa.

The Senussi are fighting now *under the Turkish flag* for their very existence, for their faith, and for their country; and Italy must be well aware of the fact: it may be, even, that she shirks the issue and turns abroad for adventure. Whether their power be great or not (and I admit it seems to have been exaggerated in the past), it is at least the most vital element in the Turkish resistance against the invasion of Tripoli, and constitutes the most potent factor in the pacification of Tripolitania. Further south the prospect is no brighter. 'The Central Sudan,' says Dr. Carl Kumm, 'is at present [1910] in a state of religious solution, and should a fanatical rising take place there after the tribes have been won for the Crescent faith, such a rising may have very serious consequences. The German Government in Adamawa is directly and indirectly advancing and supporting the spread of Mohammedanism. . . . The British Government in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is also involuntarily advancing Mohammedanism among the pagans in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. When Great Britain occupied that Province in 1899 the land was entirely pagan. To-day it is being permeated by the Crescent faith. The military in that province are recruited from the pagan tribes. As soon as the men enlist they have to swear their oath of allegiance to the Khedive of Egypt; they are circumcised and made Mohammedans.' (*From Hausaland to Egypt*, pp. 268-9.)

The Sultan's suzerainty over Egypt always has been loyally recognised by the Protectoral Power—in principle, if not in fact. In principle, the Sultan might call upon Egypt [7] to send troops to his aid; but, in practice, this act of fealty would be embar-

[7] The principle of Egyptian autonomy was laid down in the Separate Act annexed to the Treaty of London of the 15th of July 1840. Art. VI. of this Act (the stipulations of which the Great Powers and the Porte bound themselves to observe) provides that the military and naval forces of Egypt 'shall always be considered as maintained for the service of the State'—*i.e.* Ottoman Empire.

rassing, more particularly in present circumstances. Clearly, the Sultan's suzerainty is a diplomatic fiction, substantiated merely by the fact of his receiving the annual tribute, which, virtually speaking, is now an indemnity, and by the continuance of the Capitulations, which are limitations to his sovereignty. The obligations of Egypt, under the Protectoral Power, are confined, therefore: (i.) to maintaining the integrity and neutrality of Egypt Proper; and (ii.), since the Tutelary Power is responsible for the territorial integrity of Egypt, as well as being the executive Signatory of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888, to police the Canal in accordance with International Law. There is, however, another aspect of the situation, which profoundly affects our *status* in the Mediterranean: the occupation of Morocco by France and the occupation of Tripolitania by Italy involve the *permanent* occupation of Egypt by Great Britain. That is the logical and inevitable sequence of events: *we can never evacuate Egypt*. That, too, is the reason why we must take more than an academic interest in the settlement of Tripoli and of the Senussi question, which are inseparably associated.

The invasion of Tripoli by an Italian expeditionary force, and the occupation of its seaports, is merely the initial stage in a campaign which, necessarily, must be directed to the conquest of Cyrenaica—the stronghold of the Senussi—before any active steps can be taken to pacify the tribes of the *hinterland*, or inner-lands. It took France thirty years to pacify and effectively control the turbulent tribes in the *hinterland* of Algeria;[8] and the task which confronts Italy, in her present equivocal position, is no less formidable, owing to the desert character of the theatre of war, which is more inimical than hostile tribes. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the entire country is a desert, dotted here and there with oases; it is also a rainless region, up to within a few miles of the coastal zone. Except for the latter, too,

[8] The analogy is strikingly suggestive. The Arabs and Kabyles, though hereditary enemies, joined in their opposition against the European intruder: for the nonce they were united by the bond of a common religion. A Holy War was preached; a Mahdi, Abd-el-Kader (whose son is now serving at the front with the Turkish troops in Tripoli), appeared; a host of marabouts and other fanatics fanned the flames of the conflagration. It took three campaigns (1854, 1856, 1857) to subdue the hardy mountaineers of the Jujura: Kabylia was conquered for the first time in history. The French conquest of Algeria may be divided into four periods: (i.) the occupation of the Mediterranean ports (1830-1833); (ii.) the conquest of the Arab country, except that to the west (between Oran and Algiers) ceded to Abd-el-Kader (1835-1837); (iii.) the submission of Abd-el-Kader and of the Kabyle tribes of the Sahara (1847-1870); and (iv.) the establishment of French posts in the Sahara and the expansion of political influence southwards (1870-1894). Had France first conquered Tunis, the submission of Algeria would have been achieved more rapidly; but she had no such choice. For 'Tunis' read 'Cyrenaica,' in the task before Italy.

it is all but unexplored and unknown. Away from the seaports, wild nomads inhabit it. It is a stricken land.

The natural divisions of the country are Tripoli Proper (the coastal zone, from Tunis to the Gulf of Sidra), the limestone plateau of Cyrenaica, with gentle slopes towards the Aujila-Siwa depression in the south, and Fezzan (the southern province of Tripoli). A low-lying, rocky, and sandy coast, there are but few natural harbours. The Port of Tripoli, exposed to gales from the north-east, is unapproachable in stormy weather; Benghazi and Derna are not much safer; Bomba and Tobruk alone are secure and good natural harbours. Vegetation along the coast is confined to a very narrow strip of fertile land, where the rainfall is adequate; but in Cyrenaica conditions are more favourable. The cultivated area round Tripoli town, the Meshia, extends for about three miles inland; the remainder is invaded by sand dunes, between which are plots of cultivated land and camel-pastures. Wadis, sloping from south to north, intersect the plain and carry off the rainfall from the mountains to the sea in the winter (November to February). These mountains, situated at from forty to eighty miles from the coast, present steep ascents on their northern face, and slope gently towards the south. Gharian—one of the objective points of the Italian Expedition—is a mountainous region (in which the highest summit in the country, Jebel Tekut, reaches 2800 feet), supporting the best cultivated lands, with fig and olive trees, vines, and corn. The country southwards becomes more and more desolate and arid up to the vast rocky plateau of Hamada el-Homra. South of the *hamada*, the oases of Fezzan are first encountered. Perhaps we need go no further. Ample particulars, of which some are given here, are provided in an instructive article by Dr. Adolf Vischer in *The Geographical Journal* for November 1911.[9]

Professor J. W. Gregory, who visited Cyrenaica in 1908, says of this country: 'A section north and south across Cyrene shows that the country consists of three main levels; on the north is a low, narrow coastal plain, which ends inland at the foot of a steep cliff. The cliff is the front of a platform, the surface of which rises from 1000 feet above sea-level at its northern edge to 1300 feet further inland. This sloping platform extends inland for a width of five miles. Then follows another steep ascent to the height of Cyrene, of 1900 feet, and behind this cliff lies a wide undulating plateau, which gradually rises inland to over 2500 feet.'[10] Of the inhabitants, Dr. Adolf Vischer says:

[9] I am indebted to the Royal Geographical Society for the use of the sketch-map accompanying this article.

[10] 'Report on the Work of the Commission sent out by the Jewish Territorial Organisation,' &c. London, 1909.

'Most probably the number does not surpass 150,000; Benghazi, the capital, having about 12,000, and Derna half that number. They include both Berbers and Arabs. The products of the soil are barley, wheat, and maize, but more important are the products of cattle-rearing. There is little doubt,' he continues, 'that it forms the most valuable portion of the vilayet, and that which offers most advantages for permanent settlement.' He does not, however, refer to the large number of camels which the Senussi are said to possess in Cyrenaica, apart from their other resources for military action.

The sedentary Berbers who inhabit the Coast towns and the Jebel in Tripoli Proper number, according to Dr. Adolf Vischer, not more than 300,000. The nomad Arabs are more difficult to estimate, but can hardly exceed 50,000. A large number of Jews—about 11,000—live in the town of Tripoli and in Gharian; and there are (or, rather, were) some 4000 Maltese included in the 50,000 population of the capital.

The trans-Saharan trade, of which, in the past, Tripoli was the *entrepôt* and terminus, is moribund. The camel-caravans that crossed the Sahara traded in slaves, ivory, ostrich feathers, skins, metals, spices, gums, rock-salt, etc., which were exchanged for the manufactures of Europe. Fezzan was an important trade centre; Ghadames and other oases were also objective points for caravans. But with the settlement of Africa and the development of its resources, other and more practical routes from the Central Sudan to the nearest available ports have been opened up, more particularly by the natural highway of the Niger Basin. The great trans-Saharan slave-trade, though not extinct, no longer pays—and never did pay, apart from the trade in ivory, which gave rise to it. But the Senussi are active slavers, and people their oases with captured slaves; those for export were (before the war) taken to Benghazi, and some were smuggled through to the Mediterranean littoral. I, myself, saw and photographed a large number of slaves at Siwa, where they were being fattened up for the European market after their exhausting journey across the desert. Apart from the pilgrim traffic to Mecca, the caravan trade of the Sahara will soon be an affair of the past, so far as commerce is concerned.

The commercial resources of Tripoli Italiana are very meagre; and these are exclusively agricultural—esparto grass, fruits, and vegetables—but the Italians may possibly extend viticulture. Professor J. W. Gregory found no evidence of mineral wealth either in Tripoli or in Cyrenaica; and, in order to develop the agricultural resources of the country, an enormous outlay of capital must be sunk in irrigation works. As a colony of exploitation, Tripoli is all but worthless to a European Power;

whilst its administration will be very costly, far in excess of its returns. There must be, then, other reasons why Italy has staked her national honour on the conquest of Tripolitania. What are the consequences?

The balance of power in the Mediterranean may be affected profoundly through the invasion of Tripoli by an Italian expeditionary force; whilst the seizure of Turkish islands may open up questions of European interest. It shapes well for British policy in the Mediterranean, because, if there be any logic in the course of history, it must detach Italy eventually from her subservience to the interests of the Triple Alliance, which in the main are continental. Apart from the integrity of her eastern and western land frontiers—towards France and Austria-Hungary, respectively—the national interests of Italy, exposed to attack along an extensive seaboard, lie 'on the water': under the present system of European alliances, the tendency of events must trend more and more in the direction I have predicted, since both France and Great Britain willingly accept Italy as a neighbour in North Africa. In spite of our protestations of good faith and responsibility towards the Mohammedan world, we are disposed to regard benevolently the occupation of Tripoli by a Power with which we have many interests in common—not the least being the maintenance of *Pax Britannica* in the Mediterranean, to which she virtually subscribes. Whether Italy herself can make any use of Tripoli as a naval base is, however, another matter. Neither commercial nor naval considerations seem to hold out sufficient compensation for a campaign that must encroach seriously on the resources of Italy. But this campaign of sentiment, for the realisation of national aspirations, is not to be ascribed solely to State aggrandisement: it fulfils a destiny that perhaps arose in the policy of the Italian Republics (Venetian, Genoese, and Sicilian), which enjoyed a monopoly of the trade of Tripoli in the fifteenth century. In the modern partition of Africa, Italy always has been regarded as the residuary legatee of Turkish Tripoli. That circumstances forced her hand into a premature display of force is due to the accidents of *Realpolitik*, and, perhaps, in some measure to mistrust between the Allies. That the annexation of a country should precede its conquest is only one of the many Gilbertian incidents which characterised the opening scenes in the invasion of Tripoli. For good or ill, the Turkish vilayet of Tripoli is, and must remain, under the crown of Italy, whose national honour is pledged by the declaration of sovereignty. This rash step stands in the way of mediation or peaceful settlement: it is an *impasse*, more embarrassing to her friends than to her foe.

It is a strange spectacle: an army of occupation encamped on the seaboard, under the protection of the guns of a supporting fleet: an army, paralysed for the moment, in the absence of any definite objective save the seizure of strategic positions on its immediate front: an army forever on the alert, on the defensive, in expectation of sudden attack from the far-flung screen of desert, behind which the mobile enemy can deliver 'bolts from the blue': an army flanked by a fanatical foe—the Senussi of Cyrenaica—whose country is a natural citadel and the most fertile in the vilayet!

Is it not obvious that, before any advance into the desert can be made with safety, Cyrenaica must be reduced to submission, must be conquered and held? Why, we well may ask, is there talk of postponing the campaign of conquest until the autumn, on account of unfavourable climatic conditions, when the most obvious and urgent objective lies on the coast? Passive resistance will not impair the fighting power of nomad Arabs and hardy Turks inured to life in the desert; supplies may fail them—though they need relatively few—and reinforcements of arms and men may be cut off; but, of the two belligerents, Italy must be the greater sufferer through a policy of inaction. The *moral* of the Army—passive under constant strain, in the heats of summer—will be injuriously affected; and sickness may decimate the camps. Sea-borne supplies run up a big bill; and, meantime, the Italian Peninsula is depleted of an appreciable proportion of its military and naval powers of defence, whilst time is given to the enemy in Africa to prepare all sorts of unpleasant surprises, not excluding the possible proclamation of a Holy War against the infidel. Why this truce of God? Can diplomacy win what the arms of Italy cannot immediately exact? It may be so: but time is all on the side of the Turk, who is past-master in passive resistance and masterly inactivity. The evacuation of Tripoli would be a serious blow to the popularity of the Young Turk party; but if defeat in the field be their *bach*—their fate—they would bow to the decree of Providence. Moreover, European prestige in Africa loses by every day of delay in vigorous offensive action: word has gone forth that Italy is impotent in the accomplishment of her design, and reinforcements are flocking to the standard of Islam.

'The boundaries of Tripoli Italiana,' remarks a correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Tripoli on the 16th of March, 'have not been appreciably widened since the final clearing of the oasis; not a yard has been gained since the occupation of Gargaresh on the 20th of January.' Commenting on this lack of initiative, he says, further: 'The idea of Gharian as an immediate objective would seem to have been abandoned, and

the question now exercising the lay mind is whether any less ambitious operations will be undertaken before the sun makes desert campaigning unduly risky. In Italian interests it appears desirable that some offensive action should be taken, and it is difficult to understand the reasons for the policy of masterly inactivity, which has immobilised a large, keen, and efficient army for more than three months, and is reported to contemplate an indefinite prolongation of the preparatory period.'

No doubt the plan of campaign is influenced by that of the re-conquest of the Egyptian Sudan; of advance by railway construction, step by step, until the Italians find their Omdurman somewhere in the outlying desert. The line of advance—eventually, one presumes, towards Fezzan—is already indicated: the Tripoli-Gargaresh line, and the extension of the Ain-Zara line to Homs. The recent attack in force, by sea and land, on Zwara, though a strategic gain (Zwara being the base of the enemy's line of communication, west of Tripoli), was mere *Kriegspiel*; whilst naval operations, beyond the immediate objective in Tripoli, only exasperate Turkey and alienate neutrals. So that, when all is said, the only true objective likely to influence the broad issues of the war seems to be, as I have suggested, the occupation of the tableland of Cyrenaica, which is within striking distance of the Coast. It may be noted, too, that Cyrenaica is a sub-province of Tripolitania, under the direct administration of the authorities in Constantinople. In every respect, *it is the key to the situation.* It is the Turco-Arab base, the nodality of highest resistance. The best ports are there; the enemy is there, in his strongest position and perhaps greatest force; whilst not far off (160 miles south of Tobruk, the best naval base) is the *foyer* of the Senussi sect, Jerabub—the Omdurman, in my opinion, of this war. Fezzan can wait—for years, if necessary—but unless Italy can come to terms with the Senussi (which to me seems to be out of the question), the sooner she occupies Cyrenaica the better it will be for her cause.

Fighting the desert is like fighting a swarm of bees in flight: the enemy is too elusive, and the sun is in one's eyes. Cyrenaica is a beehive. One cannot advance into the desert, leaving an enemy-country on one's left flank.

ARTHUR SILVA WHITE.

HOME RULE AND FEDERALISM

Concessions on the part of the friends of the plan, that it has not a claim to absolute perfection, have afforded matter of no small triumph to its enemies. 'Why,' say they, 'should we adopt an imperfect thing? Why not amend it and make it perfect before it is irrevocably established?' This may be plausible enough, but it is only plausible.—Hamilton: *The Federalist*, No. lxxxv.

The true law-giver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his *ultimate* object with an instinctive glance; but his movements towards it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is only to be wrought by social means. There mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce that union of minds which alone can produce all the good we aim at. . . . By a slow but well-sustained progress, the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first gives light to us in the second; and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see that the parts of the system do not clash. The evils latent in the most promising contrivance are provided for as they arise. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another. We compensate, we reconcile, we balance. We are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various anomalies and contending principles that are found in the minds and affairs of men. From hence arises not an excellence in simplicity, but one far superior, an excellence in composition.—Burke: *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

THE Bill to amend the provision for the government of Ireland is a singular triumph of empiricism. It defies the frontal attacks of the theorist, for the simple reason that there is nothing theoretical about it. It is not 'Federalism,' it is not Dualism, still less is it to be compared with a colonial constitution of the usual type. That it is 'unsymmetrical,' as Mr. Balfour complains, may readily be conceded. That, perhaps, is not the least of its merits. There is no such thing as 'stock sizes' in constitutions except in the ingenious brain of a Sieyès, and the political exigencies of no two countries in the world are exactly alike. There are critics who seem to contend that the Bill violates some law of nature as to the progress of society, and Mr. Balfour, in his most speculative mood, has laid down five propositions as to such progress, and finding the Bill fails to conform to each and all of them, can find nothing more to say for it. This political rationalism would have been in place in the eighteenth century, but in an age

in which legal and economic history has taught us to beware of the *a priori* method, and to consider each case on its merits, it has a curious air of unreality. One might as well condemn the Bill out of Aristotle's *Politics*. It is the method of a schoolman, not of a statesman. To argue, for example, from the creation of a new State, such as that of the American Republic, to the readjustment of an old one like the United Kingdom, and to condemn the Home Rule Bill of 1912 because it fails to conform to the principles of the American Constitution of 1787 is, indeed, to exhibit a wonderful agility of mind, but it is not a sound application of the method of analogy. It is quite true that the Federal Constitution of 1787 was a step towards 'closer union'; it is conceivable—though not indisputable—that the Home Rule Bill is a step towards looser union. But the union between Ireland and Great Britain after the Home Rule Bill has been placed on the statute-book will still be closer than the bond which unites Massachusetts with the United States to-day. There is all the difference in the juristic world between the surrender of certain powers by a group of sovereign States like the American 'colonies' to a new Federal Government and the delegation of certain powers by a single sovereign State like the United Kingdom to a provincial Legislature.

The difference will be apparent to anyone versed in constitutional history or constitutional law. Until 1861 it was contended—not without considerable show of authority—that sovereignty in the American Republic remained with the States; but no one would seriously contend that under the Government of Ireland Bill sovereignty will be anywhere but where it is at present—viz. in the Imperial Parliament. Even to-day the Federal franchise in the United States is completely under the control of the individual States;[1] under the Home Rule Bill the franchise for the Imperial Parliament will remain after the appointed day, as it was before it, governed by the laws of the Imperial Parliament. There will then, as now, be a common citizenship throughout the United Kingdom; but there is no Imperial citizenship in Germany, and in the United States the sphere of citizenship has not yet been wholly nationalised, despite the pious hopes of the men who framed the famous Fourteenth Amendment.[2] Between the United Kingdom and the United States there is just this difference: that the former has a sovereign Government and the latter has not.

No one has any doubt where sovereignty resides in the United Kingdom, but the utmost perplexity exists among jurists as to

[1] Cf. Cruikshank's Case. 92 U.S. Rep. p. 555. The Fourteenth Amendment has made but little difference.

[2] Cf. The Slaughter House Case. 16 Wall. 36.

where it resides in a Federal system. It may reside in 'the people,' as Webster argued in the case of the United States, or in the group of State Governments as Laband argues in the case of Germany, though each theory has any number of dissentients in both countries; or it may be conceived of as residing in the Federal Constitution.[3] But we have yet to find anyone who will contend that under Home Rule sovereignty will reside in the Irish Constitution, unless he is prepared to 'kick the Crown into the Boyne.' The Crown—its supremacy, its perpetuity, and its indivisibility—is a juristic fact which opposes a stubborn obstacle to those who try to treat Home Rule as a case of federation.[4] Nor is the distinction mere pedantry. The veto of the Crown on Irish legislation—a veto for which there is no parallel in a Federal system such as that of the United States or Germany—is a fact which at once puts the Irish Parliament entirely out of the category of the State legislatures in a Federal system. Their large residuary powers can only be controlled by stretching the 'sovereignty' of the Federal Constitution to its utmost limits by judicial interpretation of it. On the other hand, the veto of the Crown has always been present to the minds of their lordships of the Privy Council as decisively distinguishing the subordinate Legislatures within the British Empire from all Federal analogues.[5] So long as that veto exists the Irish Legislature will never have the powers of a State Legislature of the United States. Or turn from this executive veto of the Crown to its legislative veto in the Imperial Parliament. Wherever an Irish statute conflicts with an Imperial statute, the rule of construction will be in favour of the latter. But wherever a Federal statute conflicts with the statute of a State in America, there is no such rule in universal operation: the Federal statute must be shown to come within the powers expressly surrendered by the States under the Constitution, or else it is null and void. Or, again, there is a third aspect of sovereignty—the supremacy of the common law in the United Kingdom,[6] and of the Supreme Courts of Appeal. In a Federal system it is not always easy to determine

[3] 'The original Thirteen States made the Constitution, but *it* in turn made the other States'—Landon: *The Constitutional History and Government of the United States*—a statement of fact which furnishes a crushing commentary on Mr. Balfour's theory that every federal constitution has from the beginning been 'round and perfect and self-contained.'

[4] Bacon, in his opinion in *Calvin's Case* (State Trials, Vol. II., p. 559, etc.), shows a perception, remarkable in those days of the infancy of political theory, of the juristic importance of this distinction. In monarchies, he points out, sovereignty is in the Crown, but in 'the busy and curious frames' of other commonwealths it subsists by 'a law precedent,' written or unwritten.

[5] Cf. *Bank of Toronto* v. *Lambe*, 12 App., Cas. 575.

[6] I should say England and Ireland. Scotch law is, of course, to be distinguished.

whether there is common law for the whole nation. Is there in the United States? Doubtless the Supreme Court when it has to interpret the Federal Constitution and Federal statutes assumes an independent interpretation of the law, and interprets them by an unwritten law of its own.[7] But supposing it has to decide in a suit by a citizen of one State against another State, it has to follow the interpretation based on the law by the highest court of that State. Now the Judicial Committee in the case of an action by an Englishman against the Government of Ireland—we will suppose a case of petition of right for breach of contract by an Irish department—will itself determine the principles by which it decides the case; it is not bound by the principles laid down by the Court of King's Bench in Dublin. Again, if a statute of an American State Legislature is challenged in the Supreme Court on the ground that it deprives a subject of his property 'without due process of law,' due process of law will be defined by reference to the law and constitution of that particular State. But if a subject of the Crown challenges an Irish statute on the ground that the Irish Government have, in acting under it, infringed his common law rights, the Judicial Committee in Whitehall will apply the rules of the common law of the United Kingdom in laying down that no common law rights can be taken away except by express statutory words. Nay, to go further, not only will the Imperial Court decide such cases as come before it by its own principles of interpretation, but its jurisdiction will itself be equally unrestrained. In the United States no appeal lies from the State courts on matters of State law; it is only when a question of infringement of Federal statutes or the Federal Constitution arises that an appeal will lie. Otherwise the State courts are supreme. The Irish courts are not supreme, and will never be—the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords over all causes will be exercised in all its plenitude by the Judicial Committee.

It will be apparent, therefore, that from whatever aspect we regard the new Constitution—executive, legislative, judiciary—it is a flagrant abuse of terms to call it Federalism and to brand it, as some of its critics are inclined to do, with all the vices of the Federal type and none of its virtues.

The argument that the tendency of all political unions is towards closer union is therefore seen, on closer examination, to resolve itself into the question: 'What is meant by union?' That confederations tend to become federal is perfectly true, but

[7] There was a remarkable example of this in the case of *Dorr* v. *United States*, 195 U.S., 138, when the Supreme Court, in deciding that trial by jury did not extend to the Philippines, had, *motu proprio*, to determine what was a right fundamental in its nature. See the *Harvard Law Review*, xix. 547.

federal unions do not tend to become unitary. The States of America have never shown the slightest inclination to grant to Congress the supremacy which is possessed by the Imperial Parliament, and which will continue in its possession after the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. There is, indeed, a kind of ebb and flow in the current of 'Unionism' in the constitutional history of the United States; one generation of judges, represented by Marshall's famous decision in the *McCulloch* v. *Maryland* case, stretches the Constitution in the direction of closer Federalism, another generation represented by the decision in the *Dred Scott* cases relaxes it in the direction of State autonomy; a revolution, largely precipitated by the decision in the *Dred Scott* case, imposes restrictions on the State Legislatures by changing the text of the Constitution, and another generation of judges set themselves to work to modify those restrictions.[8] Not movement but equilibrium[9] is characteristic of the history of that great archetype of Federal Constitutions. The equipoise of the Constitution is, perhaps, never quite restored to its earlier position; it seems to describe through history not a circle but a parabola. Machiavelli may have been wrong in his theory that history repeats itself, and that mankind moves through the ages in great cycles; but, in looking at the rise and fall, the ebb and flow, the continual mutations, of political forms throughout history, one seems to see no universal law except the law of a Heraclitean flux. The appeal to history should be one of emancipation, not of servitude. History, as a great legal writer[10] reminds us, 'sets us free'; it teaches us when we may discard the ancient usage by showing us what was its original purpose and to what extent it has outlived it. To critics of Mr. Balfour's school *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.* But this is to exchange statesmanship for fatalism. And history shows that nothing is stationary. Were Alexander Hamilton alive to-day he would hardly recognise some parts of that Constitution of which he was the godfather.

Not content with his theory of a universal law of closer union, Mr. Balfour would fain have us believe that all political unions are from their very commencement 'round and perfect and self-contained,'[11] and that they are built up on an equality of parts.

[8] Cf. The Slaughter House Case, *supra,* and the liberalising use by the Supreme Court of the 'police power.'

[9] And cf. the recent decisions of the High Court of the Australian Commonwealth.

[10] Mr. Justice O. W. Holmes in the *Harvard Law Review,* xii. p. 452.

[11] The nimbleness of mind exhibited by this fluent generalisation is truly astonishing. It vaults over some five centuries of Swiss history, half a dozen years in the diplomacy of the North and South Bünde in Germany, and 120 years of American constitutional development. The decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington in the 'Annexation Cases' in 1903 show that the 'perfection' of the American Constitution is still to seek.

Now it is very doubtful if this could be said of any Constitution that has stood the test of time. On the face of it, a political organism which, like the lowest organisms in biology, is made up of a perpetual repetition of rudimentary parts must be in a very backward stage of development. Differentiation is the law of all progress. It is quite true that the Constitution of the United States provides for the equal representation of the States in the Senate; it is also true that as regards the power of the Federal Legislature over each State there is uniformity—that is to say, the Federal Legislature cannot legislate for one State more than another. But in so far as this is used as an argument against granting Ireland greater legislative powers than Scotland or England it is singularly illusory.

No study of the American Constitution is complete unless we also take into consideration the constitutions of the individual States, and the moment we do this we shall find that the powers possessed by each State Legislature are anything but uniform. In theory each State has the same residuary powers —*i.e.* all the powers not granted to Congress—as every other State, but that does not mean that the State Legislature has them. In many States the legislative powers are, under the State Constitution,[12] reserved to the people, whether by a referendum, or a convention, or otherwise, and in them the State Legislature is little more than a place for drafting Bills for submission to the electorate, or for enacting Private Bill legislation. Here all is heterogeneity. The conditions of an advanced State, like New York, may allow of a high development of representative government; those of another, like Oregon, may admit of the primitive forms of a *Landsgemeinde*. The 'equality' of the State Legislatures *inter se*, and from the point of view of the Federal Legislature, is therefore very illusory. It would, doubtless, be better that Congress should have larger powers of legislation over some States—especially the more backward States, whose Legislatures, as their peoples have found, cannot be trusted—than over others, but that is impossible owing to the contractual character of the original Constitution, and the referendum and the convention are a kind of desperate escape from this undiscriminating uniformity. The uniformity of the legislative power of Congress and the equality of State representation in the Senate are not a political ideal but a political compromise—a compromise between the jealousies of the original contracting States, each of which, whether large or small, was unwilling to surrender less or more of its legislative power than the others. This is a defect, not a virtue, of the Federal system, and the draughtsmen of the latest

[12] It must be remembered also that the States possess the power—which Ireland will not possess—of changing their own Constitutions.

experiment in Federal Constitutions[13] have been at pains to avoid it.

Fortunately for us we *start* from the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; and it is one of the great virtues of that Parliament that it can and does legislate more for one part of the kingdom than for another; that it can differentiate between Ireland and Scotland and England and Wales.[14] Any student of the statute-book can discover for himself how far this differentiation has already been carried. A friend of the writer, Mr. H. de R. Walker, has, after a careful estimate, come to the conclusion that in no fewer than 49.8 per cent. of the Public General Acts of the United Kingdom for the last twenty years has Parliament legislated separately for the separate countries of the United Kingdom; in only 50.2 per cent. has she legislated for the whole.

Nor is this the whole story. Even the latter category bears within it evidence of legislative separation. Bills relating to the whole of the United Kingdom have, owing to the differences between Scottish, Irish, and English law and administration, to be drafted as composite Bills with what are known as application clauses, which define and vary how much or how little of the Bill is to apply to Scotland and Ireland as the case may be. Such a Bill is a kind of skeleton-key designed to fit three different locks, but it requires an expert locksmith to forge it, and the process does not make for the participation of the untutored private member in its construction. Nor does it make for simplicity, and yet one of the first canons of legislation is, as Bentham long ago pointed out, that it should, in the language of the Prayer Book, be easily understanded of the people. We have recently had in the case of the Insurance Bill an example of how difficult it is to draft a great measure for the whole of the United Kingdom, involving large questions of administration, without raising difficulties such as those that are forced to the front by the position of the Health Committee under the Scottish system of local government. All this amounts to saying that we already have legislative devolution in a state of arrested development.

Few people who have not studied parliamentary procedure realise how much our present 'Unionism' conceals a process of legislative disintegration. We are faced with a kind of incoherent devolution—executive devolution and legislative devolution—but unfortunately the one stands in no logical relation to

[13] In the Australian Commonwealth the equality of States representation in the Senate may be overborne, through the agency of a joint session, by the numerical preponderance of the more populous States in the House of Representatives.

[14] There is a remarkable clause in the Scotch Act of Union (Article XVIII.) providing that changes in Scotch law shall only be made by the Imperial Parliament where it is 'for evident utility of the subjects within Scotland.'

the other. Putting on one side the almost complete administrative separation which already exists between Great Britain and Ireland—Ireland, which, in the words of Grattan, was left by the Act of Union with 'all the appanage of a kingdom except a Legislature,' and which has a Chief Secretary who is a kind of Prime Minister without a Cabinet, presiding over some forty-two more or less irresponsible departments—we have a growing administrative separation between England and Scotland. Every day the powers of the Secretary for Scotland are increasing, but he is not thereby brought under the control of the Scottish Standing Committee. To create a new Scottish or Irish Department does not thereby increase parliamentary control over Scottish or Irish administration—rather it diminishes it. The heads of the Scottish Education Office, Local Government Board, and Department of Agriculture have been made responsible not to the House of Commons, but to the Secretary. Like the Chief Secretary for Ireland, he is a Prime Minister without a Cabinet and without a Legislature, and his policy is apt to be determined primarily not by Scottish opinion but by the alien issues of Imperial politics.

The Act which restored the Secretaryship of Scotland to life after a hibernation of 140 years conferred on him the functions of half-a-dozen great departments of State, and as time goes on those functions tend to increase rather than to diminish. It is beyond the capacity of any one man to be responsible for a Scottish Local Government Board, an Education Office, a Crofters' Commission, and a Congested Districts Board, to say nothing of excursions into Private Bill procedure. These great and manifold powers, and those of the departments subordinate to him, may be enlarged without any exercise of parliamentary authority. A departmental minute, supported by a Treasury grant, has sufficed to confer large powers in regard to secondary education upon the Secretary, and by the exercise of his right of supervision over Scottish Private Bill procedure he has contrived to confer upon the Scotch Office executive powers such as should only be conceded by a public Bill with the full and explicit consent of Parliament. I am far from saying that these extensions were in themselves undesirable; all I am concerned to show is that the Imperial Parliament does not and cannot control the government of Scotland. Moreover, Scottish Private Bill procedure has got into an *impasse*; we have set up in Scotland committees without a Parliament, just as we have established an Executive without a Legislature. It has been found impossible to concede final and exclusive control over Scottish Private Bills to the itinerant Commissioners—a right of appeal (with considerable restrictions) lies to the House of Commons, a power of reservation of such Bills is entrusted to the Chairmen

of the two Houses at Westminster, and a considerable degree of supervision is exercised by the Scottish Office in Scotland. The appeals are expensive, the reservations are apt to be invidious, and the supervision is bureaucratic. Yet there is no denying that the Scotch Office, owing to its acquaintance with Scottish law and administration, has far better qualifications for such supervision than the Imperial Parliament. I think it is obvious that all these considerations point to the necessity either of a Scottish Parliament or of the enlargement of the powers of the Scottish Committee, to perfect this procedure. If this be true of Private Bill procedure, it is no less true of that procedure in regard to public Bills by which the latter are referred to a Standing Committee of the House of Commons composed predominantly of Scotsmen. Such a Committee can never be its own master at Westminster, because, as Mr. Balfour remarked in his evidence before the Select Committee of 1906, the House views with extreme jealousy the delegation of its powers to these committees, and is apt to insist on turning the Report Stage into a second Committee stage, with resulting delay, confusion, exasperation, and, not infrequently, failure. He might have added that his own party have opposed the institution of such committees for no better reason than the deplorable one that when a Liberal majority in Scotland co-exists with a Unionist majority in the Imperial Parliament, a Unionist Government cannot afford to delegate such autonomy to the Scottish members within the walls of the House—a singular commentary on the extent to which local legislation is sacrificed to alien considerations of party warfare. If such Bills are in charge of private members the Government will not find time for their Report stage; if they are in charge of the Government, the Opposition will oppose that stage in order to embarrass the Ministry.

To talk therefore to-day of the necessity of safeguarding the supremacy, and still more the unity of the Imperial Parliament, may be important for the jurist (and we do not propose to neglect an examination of it), but for the political student it has lost much of its meaning. The legal supremacy of Parliament is still unimpaired, but its legislative freedom is seriously diminished. We have something like devolution in a state of arrested development. It is therefore possible—and indeed essential—that, without losing sight of the special claims of Ireland, we should treat the problem of Home Rule as but one aspect of a larger problem—namely the restoration of Parliamentary control over the Executive. The growing volume of complaint against the arbitrary action of Government departments in the interpretation of statutes and the exclusion of both the courts and the House of Commons from control over them,

the secretive character of our foreign policy, the unchecked growth of expenditure, will all be found in the last resort to arise directly or indirectly from the increasing congestion of business in the House of Commons. Sir William Anson has gone so far as to speak of legislative sovereignty having passed from Parliament to the Cabinet. The remedy for this state of things may or may not be found at Westminster. Devolution of legislative business upon Committees of the House itself has perhaps been carried as far as is compatible with the preservation of that House in its existing form. Exigencies of time of themselves set a limit to the scope of Grand Committees; concurrent sittings of the whole House and of Committees of the House are fatal to the activity of the one or the other. The autonomy of a Committee is limited by the necessity of securing within it something like a representation of the distribution of parties in the House.

Such is the 'unity' of the United Kingdom. Can we speak of all this process as conforming to Mr. Balfour's law of a tendency towards closer union? The only tendency I can discern is towards a growing renunciation of legislative power on the part of the House of Commons and its displacement by an autocratic Executive upon which are devolved powers of legislation so large as to be quite unprecedented.[15]

Is it not obvious that if we are to associate ourselves with the law of tendencies the obvious line and the line of least resistance is to bring these incoherent attempts at devolution, which have been forced on us by the inexorable pressure of facts, into something like an ordered system of constitutional development? To do so is not to 'break up the Constitution'—it is to restore it. Our Constitution is, in the language of Burke, 'a permanent body composed of transitory parts,' and 'the whole moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.'[16] So long as we maintain its two fundamental principles—'the rule of law' and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament—we have little to fear from changes of adjustment to new conditions. The real danger to be apprehended is not from such a tentative, empirical, and limited devolution of legislative power as is contemplated by the Government of Ireland Bill, but from the final, logical, and extravagant 'Federalism' of our new *a priori* politicians. The Conservative party seems to be infected by the same spirit of violent revolution as animated them in the controversies over the Parliament Bill. Then they must have a new Senate; now they are content with

[15] See the issue of this Review for April 1911, in which I traced the growth and attempted to indicate the dangers of this tendency.

[16] *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

nothing short of a new Imperial Constitution. But this is not the way in which the English people have been accustomed to meet their political difficulties. They have wisely sought to deal with each contingency as it arises, using the means which experience has taught them to be the best, instead of roving the world of political speculation for far-fetched analogies and model Constitutions. We could not, if we would, deal with each part of the United Kingdom as if all were exactly alike. The case of Scotland, although it presents many resemblances, is not exactly analogous to that of Ireland, and the geographical fact of the insular position of Ireland, the political fact of her intense Nationalism, and, most of all, her differential treatment in the pages of the statute-book, put her in a different category.

It may be found possible to limit devolution of legislative powers in the case of Great Britain to an alteration in the procedure of the House of Commons. The one difficulty I see is the responsibility of the Executive for legislation. Can a Liberal Government with a majority in the whole House afford to allow legislative autonomy to a Committee of English members in which it is in a minority, and conversely can a Unionist Government in a similar position in the whole House afford to allow legislative autonomy to a Committee of Scotch members in which it is in a minority? Possibly. There can be no doubt that the doctrine of the responsibility of the Cabinet of the day for legislation has been carried much too far—it was almost unknown at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the private member was as powerful as to-day he is impotent. A system of 'national' committees in legislation might restore to the House the autonomy of which it has been deprived, and one might then see something of the legislative initiative, activity, and independence which Deputies exercise in the committees of the French Parliament.

One thing is quite certain—however many 'Legislatures' we may have in the House of Commons, we cannot have more than one Executive; and therefore, unless we have separate Parliaments we must make some distinction as to what kind of legislation the Government of the day is to be responsible for. There are no precedents to guide us. It is true we have a Scotch Standing Committee in the House legislating in exclusively Scottish affairs, but this proves too little or too much; too little because that Committee has only been in existence when the majority of Scottish members have been of the same party as the majority in the whole House; too much because the Scotch Committee is not really autonomous—all its measures have to be submitted on Report to the whole House. The present Lord Chancellor did

indeed put forward, in an article written in 1892 and re-published by him in the *Contemporary Review* for March 1911, the ingenious suggestion that there might be two Executives existing concurrently in the House of Commons—an Imperial Cabinet consisting of four Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Treasury, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, these being, in his opinion, purely 'Imperial' Ministers; and a British Cabinet consisting of such Ministers as (among others) the Home Secretary, the Presidents of the Local Government Board, Board of Education and Board of Trade, and the Secretary for Scotland. The classification will not bear a very close examination; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary, and the President of the Board of Trade would not easily find an exclusive place in either category. Moreover, the scheme involves some strange complexities and readjustments of the 'conventions' of the Constitution. What would be the position of the British Executive if defeated in the House of Commons on British affairs? Would it resign or would it be entitled to call for a dissolution confined to Great Britain alone? If it could only do the former, its authority in the House would be precarious; if it could command the latter, the position of the Imperial Cabinet would be intolerable. Nor could the distinction between the two Cabinets really be maintained. What, for example, would be the position of such 'Imperial' Ministers as the Secretary for War or the Home Secretary, if a vote of censure were passed on either or both by the British members, for the employment of troops in an industrial dispute in Great Britain? The position of Ministers under such a system would be worse than precarious, it would be servile—they would be like the mediæval villein, the legal test of whose servitude was found by the common law in the definition that 'he knows not to-day what he may have to do to-morrow.' A scheme such as this represents a kind of inchoate devolution—a differentiation in the Executive without a corresponding differentiation in the Legislature. Two distinct Executives are only possible if there are two distinct Legislatures.

It seems to me that this is eminently a case for experiment under the Standing Orders of the House of Commons. The great advantage of such a procedure is that it is experimental, and in no sense final. By delegating business to a Grand Committee by a Standing Order the House never entirely renounces its control over such legislation, and it can decide in each individual case whether it will dispense with the Report stage or not. The flexibility of such a procedure is obvious. The Government of Ireland Bill, instead of laying down a uniform system of local

legislatures for the United Kingdom, has confined itself to Ireland as a special case, and leaves open the possibility of differential treatment of the other parts of the kingdom. This seems sound. As for the provisions of the Bill itself, as distinct from its general principles, I have no space to discuss them in detail in the present article, but I think it may be truly said of them that they follow the line of historical development. Here is no repeal of the Act of Union. The Bill recognises that Ireland has been bound during the last hundred years by innumerable legislative ties, pre-Union statutes and post-Union statutes. *Litera scripta manet.* Those ties are never likely to be seriously relaxed. History has done its work. Grattan's Parliament may have been premature, and it is possible at one and the same time to defend the Act of Union and to plead for its modification. Of this Bill, and of its whole method of approaching the subject of constitutional reconstruction, I think it may justly be said that the men who framed it have laid to heart the wise words of Burke: 'I would make the reparation as nearly as possible in the style of the building.'

J. H. MORGAN.

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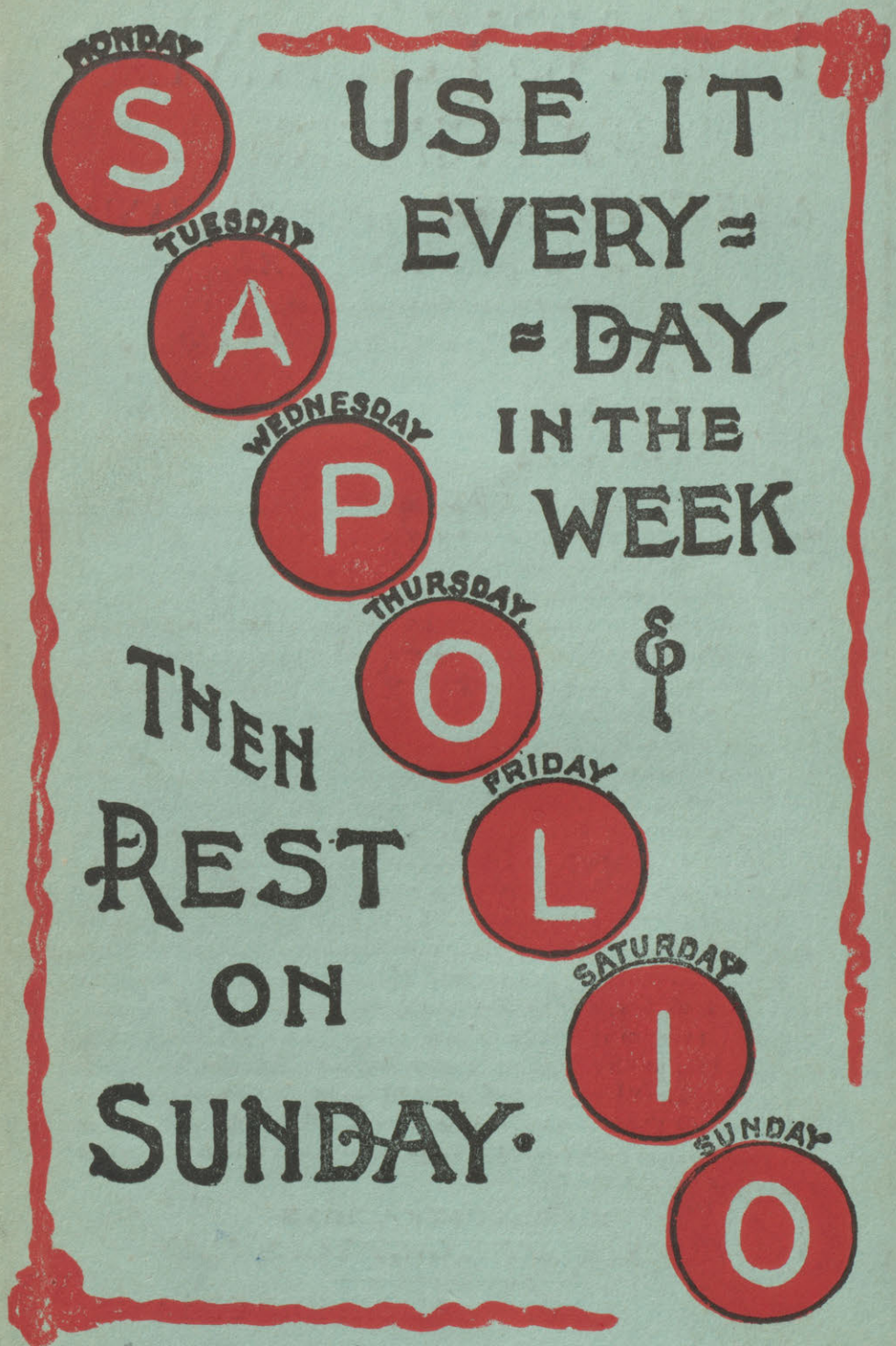
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